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ARTHUR MEE'S HERO BOOK

BOOKS BY
ARTHUR MEE

ARTHUR MEE'S HERO BOOK
ARTHUR MEE'S WONDERFUL DAY
ARTHUR MEE'S GOLDEN YEAR
LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND
ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

ARTHUR MEE'S CHILDREN'S BIBLE

LETTERS TO BOYS
LETTERS TO GIRLS

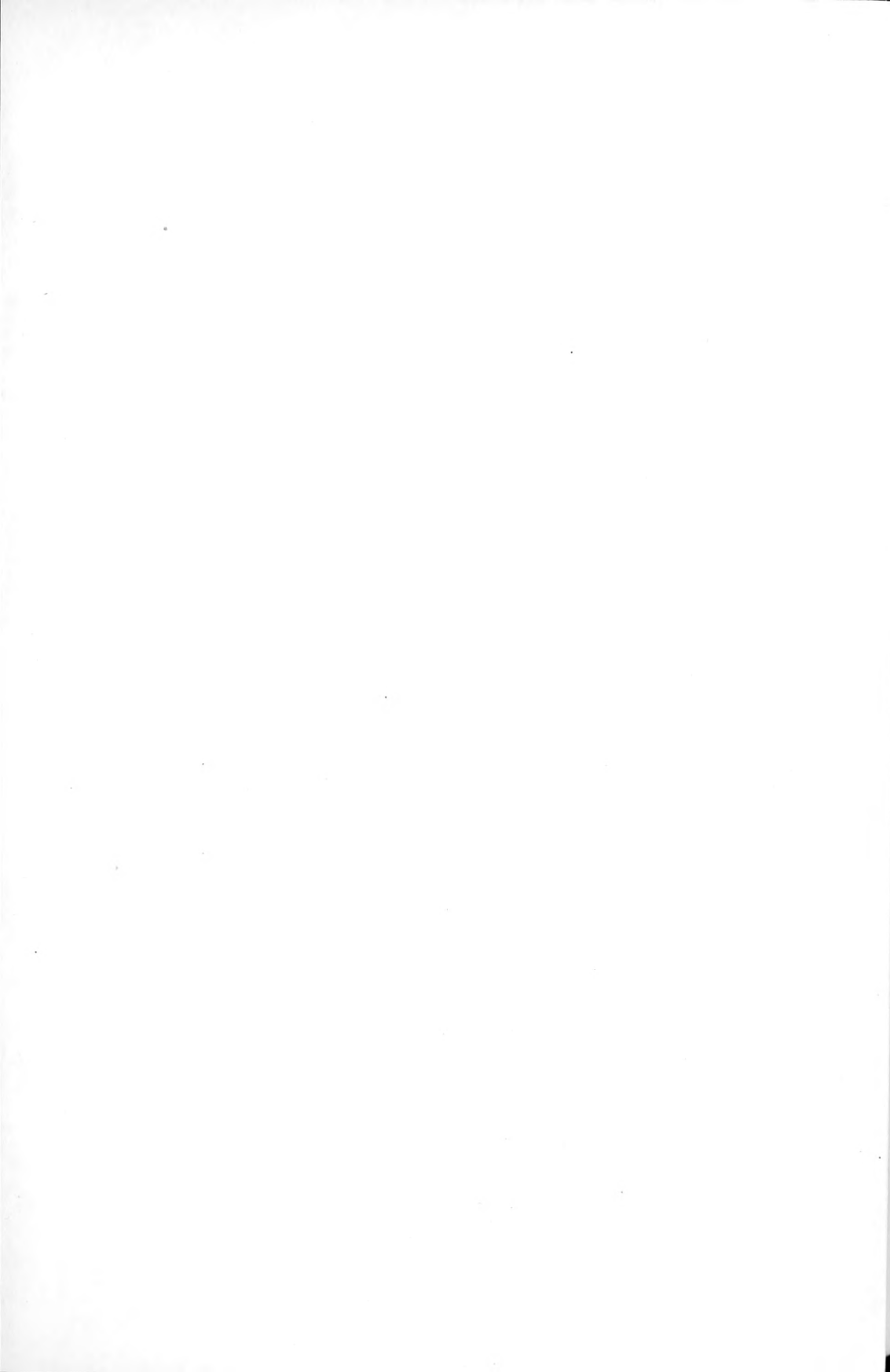
ARTHUR MEE'S LIBRARY

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THE STORY OF THE ISLAND
THE GLORY OF THE ISLAND
THE ADVENTURE OF THE ISLAND

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON LIMITED
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WALTER GREENWAY, FROM HIS MOTOR-BOAT ON THE TIGRIS, SEES THE SUN RISE ON BAGDAD

ARTHUR MEE'S HERO BOOK

A Companion Volume to
LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND

By the Editor of
The Children's Newspaper

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

HODDER AND STOUGHTON LTD

TORONTO LONDON NEW YORK

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE WARWICK SQUARE E.C.4

TO THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS OF
FIVE THOUSAND WORKING DAYS

The Staff of the Children's Encyclopedia

MARGARET LILLIE
CHARLES RAY
HUGO NELSON TYERMAN
FREDERICK ANGER
ANNIE LEIGH TURNER

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THE CALL OF BRITANNIA—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE

THE CROWDED HOURS

Time passes by ; the Earth goes round the sun ; winter changes into spring and summer fades to autumn ; the rainbow comes and goes ; the storm bursts through the heavens ; the waves of the sea roll on ; the great oak stands against the wind : Nature in her majesty is about us everywhere.

Wordsworth's heart leapt up as he beheld a rainbow in the sky, and truly the solemn wonder of the world about us stirs the soul within ; but what is it, as we sit alone with Nature, that thrills the human mind and stirs the heart with pride ? Is it not the thought that all the glory of this world has been fashioned by the Hand of God for you and me ?

A little thing a man seems on this Earth that is like a speck of dust tossed about in the track of a million rolling worlds ; yet in the boundless universe is nothing more sublime than the power within a man. Nearer to God than any other thing that He has made is that heroic thrill that rises in a man in some great hour, and sacrifices love, and hope, and joy, and pride, and fame, and Life itself, for something that is more than all.

All through history we have seen the heroism of mankind. In every time and place we find it. No boundaries can limit it. No age can claim it as its own. No race can say, "This thing is mine." Something in the human heart there is which, when its hour has come, will reach to God Himself.

These crowded hours of glorious life that Time itself cannot forget—are they not the noblest thing that history has, the rarest inheritance of the human race ?

There was Abraham Lincoln's hour, when the boy from a log-cabin saw a slave girl sold by auction and made up his mind to hit slavery; and there was that hour when he signed the proclamation that set the slaves free.

There was Walter Raleigh's hour, when he sat on the wall of his prison tower and let his thoughts follow the running river to the sea, dreaming of Virginia, and crying out: "I shall yet see her an English nation."

There was the hour that came to Socrates, when he refused the gift of life from smaller men than he, and told his judges to be of good cheer about death and to know this of a truth, that to the good man no evil thing can happen.

There was Francis Drake's hour at Panama, when he climbed a tree and looked out on the Pacific Ocean and prayed that God would let him sail that sea in an English ship; and there was that hour when he fulfilled his prayer.

There was the hour that came to Columbus, when he saw the vision beckoning him, when neither fears nor threats nor mockeries nor mutinies could hold him back; and when at last he saw upon the waters a bird floating on its nest, and knew that beyond it was the unknown world.

There was the hour of Joan of Arc, when she heard the voices in the garden and followed them, when she found the king and bade him follow her, when the English Army fled before her and the king was crowned at Rheims.

There was the hour of Grace Darling, when she rowed from Longstone Lighthouse to the sinking ship and saved all those who were not yet drowned.

There was the hour of Sir Philip Sidney, scholar, traveller, poet, musician, athlete, horseman, soldier, when, dying at Zutphen, he called in his raging thirst for a cup of cold water, and, seeing a soldier gazing pitifully, gave him the cup saying, "Soldier, thy need is greater than mine."

There was that hour on the Birkenhead when she broke

in two in a dark night on the coast of Africa, and 454 men went down into the sea at attention, like soldiers on parade.

But who can think of what the world has been, of the way mankind has come, and not be stirred by the crowding memories of heroic deeds?

We remember those villagers of Eyam in the hills of Derbyshire who, when a packet of tailor's patterns from London brought plague into their midst, shut themselves up from the world until every family in Eyam had its grave, and only forty-one of three hundred people were left alive.

We remember Katharine Douglas, who thrust her arm through the rings of the door to bolt it against the enemies of the king, and held it there till the door burst open and snapped her arm in two.

We think of Father Damien, the young Belgian who, when the lepers of Molokai were abandoned to their fate, went and lived among them, built them a church, gave them clean houses and a water supply, nursed them and dug their graves, until the doctor said to him one day, "Father Damien, you are a leper."

We think of Florence Nightingale, who left the luxury of a London drawing-room for the filthy hospitals and battle-fields of the Crimean war, who found forty-two in every hundred dying and brought the number down to two, who saved an army of wounded soldiers and fought an army of stupid officials, and made her name so loved by suffering men that they kissed her shadow as it passed across their beds.

We think of Elizabeth Fry, the rich man's wife who would sit all night in the condemned cell of a poor woman to be hanged in the morning, who went in and out of Newgate like an angel, into cells crammed with desperate criminals whom the Governor dare not meet alone.

We remember that battlefield of Gettysburg, where those men died whom Lincoln praised, where five standard-bearers were shot down one after the other, each passing the colours to the next so that they never touched the ground.

It is to tell the history of mankind to tell the tale of heroes, for courage is the common thread that binds our race. Thomas Carlyle, when a servant girl lights the fire with the manuscript of his book, sits down and writes his book again. Alfred Russel Wallace, thinking out the Origin of Species in a distant land, holds back that Darwin's fame may be undimmed. Sir Robert Peel, accused of dishonour in the House of Commons, keeps secret all his life the letter that would have vindicated him and ruined his accuser. Each one of these had in him that spirit of Regulus two thousand years ago, when the men of Carthage captured him and sent him back as their ambassador to offer their terms of peace to the Roman Senators. If he failed he was to return to Carthage, "on his word as a Roman." Regulus sailed up the Tiber to the gates of Rome, delivered his message to his countrymen, and urged them not to make peace with Carthage but to conquer her; and then he sailed back to the scene of his captivity, and suffered a degrading death.

Down through the corridors of time they come to us, these shining deeds, these everlasting men, these hours of glorious life. They give the world its noblest memories, its never-failing inspiration. They send a thrill that never dies from age to age, but is summoned for ever to the hero's aid in some dark hour.

And so we will salute our heroes, the brave of all times and all places. We may not share their fame, but we, too, are of their race and may share their immortality, cherishing the faith they strengthen within us that

*Enough, if something from our hands have power,
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.*

I
THE HERO OF PATRIOTISM
JOAN OF ARC

*Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,
The name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right.
A name like a star, a name of light :
I give you France.*

Henry Van Dyke

JOAN OF DOMREMY

IF we run through all the great names of the world, and think of all the great things men have ever done, we shall find nothing to stir the human heart like the story of Joan of Domremy. She never lived beyond her teens, and all her greatness came in two short, vivid years, but in those two years she made herself the wonder of the world.

She startled France and England too; she struck dismay to the hearts of kings and lifted up the hearts of common people; she led armies into battle and gained great victories; she raised her country up from misery and gave it hope and confidence; and as a reward they took this matchless girl and put her in the fire, and sat round her while she burned.

It is the most unbelievable thing in history—the greatest story, the most thrilling adventure, the most pathetic tragedy, and the most incredible fact in the story of a thousand years of Europe, and every word of it is true. The life of this village maid is the only life in history of which every fact is proved on solemn oath. The archives of France are the witness to the truth of it, and we see in this wondrous story a miracle as if the Hand of God Himself were writing it for men to read.

God sent Joan into the world five hundred years ago, in the village of Domremy, on the banks of the Meuse. He took her back to Him in nineteen years. She came into our human history through a heavenly vision. She

burst upon France like a miracle. She lives in its memory at this very hour like an inspiration and a dream.

She came into a France that was torn to pieces as France has been torn since, but the France of Joan was torn to pieces from within. We think of our King Harry in those times, and we love to think of him with the glow of Shakespeare about him, with his fine speeches and his quenchless love of this land, this realm, this England,

That never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

But let us think of France in those days of Agincourt. France lay stricken at the feet of her English kings. Deep in the valley of humiliation lay that beautiful land. Her own king was mad, and his son was worse than mad. Her people were split into groups which hated each other more than they hated the foe, so that Paris hailed the English king and half of France allied itself with the invader. The king's son, heir to the throne, lived like a poltroon in a court which would have seen France bleed to death and care nothing so long as it could eat and drink and sleep.

So the life of France swayed this way and that, as the life of an army sways. Men-at-arms would burst on towns and villages, pillaging and sacking them. Boys would watch all day from the church towers to see if the soldiers were coming. On the high-road to Germany lay the village of Domremy, and as Joan sat in her father's fields with his flocks and herds, or sat sewing with her mother by the window, making embroideries for the church, she would hear the tales of war. She would be eight years old when France was delivered to the English king;

she was ten when Henry died and left an English child as supreme lord of France.

She loved France—France with her little churches and her great cathedrals, France with her heroes and saints; she loved the church bells and the oak wood near Domremy, and the magic well, and the great tree, and all the legends that seemed to be so true; and especially she loved the light that shone through the old church windows, with St. Michael in his shining armour and St. Margaret holding up her cross.

These things were real to Joan. She saw the vision and heard the voices as from heaven. She saw the white and shining saints and believed that they were calling, and one day in her garden these voices startled her. She was to save poor France, she was to go to the Dauphin, the king's son, and save him from his evil court and crown him king at Rheims. "Daughter of God, go on; I will be with you," the voices said, and Joan listened with trembling and wonder, for she was a simple village maid and knew nothing of that great world about the throne.

Little did the peasants passing by that cottage garden realise the wonder that was working there. All this child's pity for France in its great agony, all her scorn of the enemy within its gates, mingled with the vision and the voices, and slowly she felt beyond it all a power that was not of this world. Her life was illumined with a light from heaven; the solemn forces that lie about and above and beyond mankind were working in her: this country girl was all aglow. She moved on earth, yet she seemed like one in another world. Looking back through all these centuries, we feel that of all the people on the earth in those unhappy times this child was the

most inspired. She believed that God was speaking to her through His saints, and she did a rare thing in this world. *Believing in God, she lived every hour as if she believed in Him.*

No facts can explain Joan; she turns all history upside-down. We have simply to believe what happened. This girl of sixteen set out to save France, to set a tottering king firm on the throne, to drive the English from their strongholds, and to give France a vision that should lift her high among the nations. She set out on this great adventure with no other weapon than her faith in God, and she did what she set out to do. Five hundred years have passed, and France would lose all the priceless treasures in the Louvre, all the glories of art in her streets, all the money in her banks, and all the visible wealth she has, rather than lose the sweet and precious memory of Joan of Arc.

Nothing could keep Joan back—she saw her path and followed it. Her father would rather drown her in the Meuse, he said, than see her riding with soldiers, and when she went to the captain of the town and said that she must go to the Dauphin to make him crowned king, the captain told her friend to box her ears and send her home.

But Joan came back undismayed. She consulted her uncle, the uncle consulted the captain, the captain consulted the priest, the priest consulted Joan, and in the end the priest took this child with the spirit of God in her and ordered the spirit of the devil to come out of her. But God is not mocked. He chooses the simple things of this world to confound the wise, and in the end the captain of Vaucouleurs set Joan, with two guardians, on the road to the court at Chinon. She guarded herself and her

stainless name by putting on boy's clothes, and for eleven days these three travelled by dangerous ways. They slept by day and rode by night to avoid the bands of Englishmen, and forded rivers to miss the towns, but Joan was unafraid. "God clears the way for me," she said; "I was born for this"; and at last they reached the court.

It was the most contemptible court in Europe. To the end of time it will remain a mystery why a pitiful creature like Charles the Seventh should have been saved by Joan of Arc. To most of us it seems an appalling thing that the inspiration of this heavenly maid should have gathered round a man so base as Charles. He was a fop and a fool. He wasted his life in an idle court, surrounded with snobs and dandies and tinselled ladies. He sat there, said Mark Twain, looking like a forked carrot. He wore tight clothes, shoes with a curled-up toe a foot long, a crimson velvet cape, and a sort of thimble cap with a feather sticking out; and it was this jest of France, looking like a box of paints in all his colours, and nursing a pet dog, who stood for the great idea of monarchy that held nations together in the ancient days of superstition.

We must remember that all through the story of Joan. It was not for Charles the Base she did these things—it was for the King of France. The king was the centre and very heart of France, and Joan could see no hope for France until its heart was right. And so for the sake of the kingdom she tried to save the king. He was not even sure, this poor creature, whether he was the lawful king or not, but Joan had no anxiety about that. What she was sure about was that no king was true till he had consecrated his life to noble things. This Dauphin, if he

would lead a new life in France, must be anointed by God and crowned king, and Joan would see to it.

And so, after two days' waiting, they led her in to the king. She was now seventeen and he was twenty-six. We can almost hear the tittering of the fops and dandies as the country maid walked in, but Joan ignored them all and knelt before the king. "God give you good life, gentle Dauphin," she said; and then the Dauphin played a trick on Joan. "It is not I who am the king," he said; "there is the king." But she was not to be deceived. "Gentle prince, it is you and no other," she said; "I am Joan the Maid. I am sent to you by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall be crowned at Rheims." And then she took the king aside and said something in secret to him which for ever after he regarded as a proof of her sincerity and inspiration. The king had a bitter secret, and what Joan said to him showed that she understood.

But the king, believing in Joan as he was bound to do, was afraid of the pompous clowns about his court. He could not stand their ridicule, and priests and soldiers and lords and ladies pooh-poohed the country girl. "You say God will deliver France," said a priest; "if so, He has no need of men-at-arms." "Ah," cried Joan, "the men must fight; it is God who gives the victory." Another monk pooh-poohed the voices, and asked what language they spoke. "Much better than yours," said Joan. They asked her for signs, and she said: "I have not come to give signs; take me to Orleans."

She was rather clever, they must have thought, and in the end, after much more questioning, it was announced that the king, "bearing in mind the great goodness

that was in the Maid," would make use of her. The English were besieging Orleans, and their great fortified towers around the town blocked the king's road to Rheims. To drive them from these towers and raise the siege was the first thing commanded of Joan. They gave her a standard of white and gold, and on it was embroidered the portrait of Christ. All through her triumphs, to the end of her days, she bore with her own hands this standard of the Light of the World. The king would have given her a sword, but she asked that someone would go to a certain church and bring a sword that was buried behind the altar there, and they went and found the sword and brought it. It is said that through all the battles which she led she never struck a blow.

She was put at the head of all the king's armies. She had power over all his generals and captains, and in April, 1429, she led them to Orleans. She must have looked a heavenly figure, clad in armour of dazzling white. The peasants pressed about her horse to touch the hem of her garment. All through her life the simple folk believed in her. It was the generals and the priests who stood in her path and pestered her and thwarted her. She chose her own way for approaching Orleans, and the generals deceived her and took her by another, but she found them out and said: "The counsel of God is more sure than yours."

Having reached the town, she sent a letter to the English, asking for the keys of all the good towns they had taken by violence in God's France, and begging them to leave the kingdom. If they would not believe her, she would make her way, "and make so great a commotion as has not been in France for a thousand years." The

King of Heaven would send more strength to the Maid than the English could bring against her in all their assaults, but if they would act according to reason the English might still come in her company "where the French will do the greatest work that has ever been done for Christianity." The English mocked her as her own generals did; they sent their fierce defiance to the dairy-maid, and bade her go back to her cows.

But words were almost the only weapons the English fought Joan with in the siege of Orleans. She led her troops towards them, and the battle swayed this way and that, but never did the English fire when Joan came on. They stood still and trembled before this dazzling figure in white armour. The arrows flew about her, and she cried with the pain as she drew one from her body with her own hand, but this figure in white, bearing the flag of white and gold, must have awed the English in the towers. She led her troops as one man to the wall. They flung themselves against it and the English fled, their forces broken.

It was like a bolt from the blue. Resting in a vineyard after her wound, she heard talk of retreat. She knelt and said her prayers, planted her standard on the edge of the moat, and said: "Let me know when the pennon touches the wall." "Joan," they cried, "it touches!" "Then on, on! All is yours!" she said, and the town was relieved. The siege of seven months was raised in eight days. Joan of Domremy was Maid of Orleans.

The news flew from end to end of France. The king and all his fops were staggered. The priests could hardly believe. The generals were struck dumb. Joan urged the king on to Rheims, but they were all afraid. The king held long councils, but Joan rapped hard at the door,



JOAN OF ARC AS SHE RODE TO HER TRIUMPHS—THE MONUMENT OF THE STAINLESS MAID
IN THE STREETS OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL



THE VISION OF JOAN OF DOMREMY—BY GEORGE W. JOY



JOAN IN HER CELL



JOAN OF DOMREMY BEARS HER FLAG TO THE FIELD—BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN



THE LAST HOUR OF JOAN OF DOMREMY—THE SADDEST THING THE ENGLISH EVER DID
From the painting in the Panthéon in Paris

burst into the room, and cried: "Noble Dauphin, why should you hold such long and tedious councils?" The court was impatient with this country girl. Not even Orleans could justify her in their eyes. There was plenty of time, said the Dauphin, and then Joan said one of the saddest things she ever said: "*I shall only last a year; use me as long as you can.*"

It was true: she lasted only a year. They reached Troyes, where the king was afraid to attack the English garrisons. "Noble Dauphin," cried Joan, "order your people to assault the city. Hold no more councils, for, by my God, in three days I will introduce you into the town." "Joan," said the Chancellor, "if you could do that in six days we might well wait." "You shall be master of the place," said Joan to the king, "not in six days, but tomorrow." And on the morrow, at the sight of the Maid, the English left the town. After Troyes fell Chalons, where the gates were opened to them, and, Chalons being not far from Domremy, a group of neighbours came to see if all these tales were true about their little maid. They saw her riding with the king, they saw her in those great triumphant hours, and, pressing round her, they asked if she were not afraid. "I fear nothing but treason," said Joan; and on she went, fearing nothing else. The campaign had lasted six weeks. There had been a victory almost every day, and Joan had never been defeated.

They reached Rheims, and the king and his court rode into the wondering town. Two bewildered rustics were watching from the windows of an inn. One was the uncle who had taken her to Vaucouleurs; the other was that father who had said he would rather see her drown

than see her riding among troops. It must have seemed like another world to him to see Joan standing by the king in Rheims Cathedral, to see her kneeling before him thanking God, crying amid her tears: "Now is the pleasure of God fulfilled."

The king was crowned. Her vision had come true. She had done the work God had sent her to do, and she wanted to go home. France had a king again, and Joan was satisfied. To go from Rheims to Domremy was all she wanted now.

But she had made herself useful to the king and his fops, and perhaps even Charles was not altogether ungrateful. He offered her anything she asked for after he was crowned. She might have had horses and chariots, a palace full of servants, and raiment of fine gold. But what do you think she asked? She asked that Domremy might be free from taxes. It was all she asked, and they gave it freely. For 360 years you will find in the books of taxes, where the payments of all the towns and villages are set down, that opposite Domremy is no record of taxes paid, but simply the words "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid."

But, though they gave her what she asked, they broke her heart. Charles the Base, with his fools and his fops, was satisfied, and would do no more. He was satisfied with the name of king; to be every inch a king was not for a man who was every inch a clown.

And so, perhaps, Joan might indeed have gone back to Domremy had it been left to Charles, but at last the generals, stirred by triumph after triumph, were anxious to go forward. Joan, for the first time since she left home, doubted and faltered. She had done what the voices told

her to do, and the voices were no longer clear. But she went on, and at last she was resolved to deliver Paris. Soissons surrendered before her, Château Thierry gave way, and then this base king, who would have given her anything at Rheims, made a secret truce with his enemies and betrayed his own army. When Joan appeared before Paris, the king was safe seven miles away, and in the night he had destroyed a bridge that his army needed for its assault. Now, in the crisis of the battle for Paris, he called back his generals and abandoned Joan.

It was the meanest thing that even a king has ever done, but this creature on the throne of France was base enough for that. Joan found herself alone. The generals obeyed the king and left her. Never till that hour had Joan been beaten; it was the desertion of the king that changed her fortune. The loyalty about her was breaking down; authority was overcoming her. She had never mutinied; she had never acted independently; it was her mission to save the king and the kingdom of France, and she saved the kingdom through the king. She could not mutiny now, and she went to the Cathedral of St. Denys and laid her armour on the altar there. Her work was done.

Even then she would not desert the king who had deserted her. They gave her a place in the castle, where she stayed while the court went on with its idle life. This court was not too low to produce a rival maid who was willing to say anything that was put in her mouth; but Joan was too noble to be troubled by things like that. It was not natural, however, that her stainless purity could long endure the foulness of the court of Charles, and one day Joan left the castle suddenly. She said no farewells. There was nobody in all the king's court who was

fit to tie her shoelaces or to tread the ground she walked on, and, as far as we know, she never saw the king again.

But once more these two come together in this story. Charles the Base was in danger at Compiègne. It was the place where, a little while before, Joan in an outburst of grief had said to a little group of children standing by : " I have been sold and betrayed, and shall be given up to death. I beg of you to pray for me, for soon I shall no longer have any power to serve the king and the kingdom." It was pitifully true, but she gave her last strength to help this creature she had crowned. She hastened to Compiègne ; she raised a troop to help the craven king ; and there, in a wild rush of battle, she was surrounded and betrayed, and dragged from her horse into the dust.

And now we come to the saddest story since the day of Calvary. There was not a hand in the world that was lifted for Joan. There was not a kind word that was said for her by anybody who had power. There was not a general among all those whom she had led to victory who sharpened his sword to help her. Joan stood like One before outside Gethsemane—alone. If there was a spark of chivalry left in France, it was helpless and dumb. The people of the towns she had delivered wept for her ; the whole population of Tours walked barefoot through the streets ; but all official France was silent, while Paris lit its bonfires and sang the Te Deum in Notre Dame because Joan of Domremy was chained up in a cage.

Yes, they chained her in a cage. They sold her to the English, they put her in an iron cage at Rouen, they bound her to a pillar by her hands and feet and throat, and they set coarse soldiers to peep at her and mock her.

Think of old Rouen in those days—its quaint streets,

its beautiful houses, and the majesty of its great cathedral—and picture everywhere a throng of swaggering men-at-arms, smug and comfortable priests, great men of the University of Paris, and bands of French traitors allied with the English invaders. They were there to hunt a girl to her death; they were there to fling the purest girl on earth to the most frightful fate they could think of.

Not an Englishman breathing is there now who is not ashamed of this page in our past, but to the English Joan was at least an enemy; she had beaten them in battle, and flung them from their strongholds. If we thrill with shame at the thought of what Englishmen did at Rouen, what shall we say of Joan's own countrymen, who sold her to her enemies and sat by, idle and silent, while the hours of agony tolled slowly out for this fair maid of France? Since Judas sold his Master had been no more bitter day than this, when France sold its deliverer.

They kept her in her cage six weeks, watched night and day by common men, so that she was never for a moment alone. They made openings in the walls, through which she was spied on; they listened through crevices and keyholes for some word which might convict her; and then they dragged her to the chapel of the castle of Rouen, where sixty of the cleverest men in France confronted her.

They were her judges. The iron hand of the Church was over men in those days, and the Church was not what it is today. If you did not believe in it, and dared to say so, you were burned. In the centre of the judges sat the chief judge of all, the monster put there by the powerful Bishop of Winchester, who represented the English king. It was a clever trick to have Joan tried

by her own countrymen, but it was foul play and not justice, and Bishop Cauchon, who conducted with a sort of glee this drawn-out torture of a peasant maid, was a selfish man who made himself a brute to get favour from his English masters. He was trained, as all these men about him were, in all the tricks and traps of a theology in which they had smothered religion, and it was nothing to him that this girl before him was the purest girl in France. He would chuckle, no doubt, to think that she was chained by one foot to a wooden beam by day and to the post of her bed by night. That was one of the pretty jests of this court of justice at Rouen.

But Joan was equal to her Inquisition. She faced her judges with the calm of Socrates and with something of his skill in answering questions. She held her own against them all, this girl fresh from her dungeon. She had loved the fields of France, she had striven to make its people free, yet this country girl, stifled for months in a dungeon and set before the greatest judges in the land, stood before her judges brave and not confused. They tried to baffle her with inane questions about the saints, about their hair, and whether they wore crowns, and how they were dressed, and about their voices, but Joan would say that their voices were beautiful and humble and sweet, that she understood them well, and when they asked how the voices could speak without bodies she would say: "I refer it to God." They pestered her about a thousand trifles—every trick of a petty cheap-jack lawyer these bullies tried. They called up every incident that could be remembered in her country life; they treated her as some foul criminal.

They accused her of vanity because once or twice she

wore the beautiful robes the king gave her. She loved all lovely things, and these men so near to beasts thought it worth while to call it a sin for the Maid of Orleans to like fine clothes. They accused her of self-glory because she carried her own standard at Rheims, and Joan said, with great feeling and great pride: "It had borne the burden; it had earned the honour!"

For six days the public trial continued, with Joan in chains by day and night, and it seemed as if opinion might change about this girl who was not to be frightened by all the priests and bullies that could come against her. Once an Englishman cried out: "Why was she not English, this brave girl?" But still no hand was raised for her, and Cauchon declared that he would examine her in secret in her cell. Perhaps he was ashamed to do his work in public, but in public she appeared again, and again and again. She was pressed and trapped and reminded of the torture-chamber, but whenever she was asked to submit she would say: "I can say no other thing to you," or "I refer to the answer I made, and to our Lord." "Do you hope to catch me in this way?" she would cry in the great hall to her sixty-three judges; and when at last they brought her to the torture-chamber the only thing she answered was: "Truly, if you tear the limbs from my body I can say no other." But there were only two in thirteen who would have tortured her body, and she was saved from that. It was the only cruelty she was saved from.

For three months the battle between Joan and her judges went on, and at last the decision arrived from the University of Paris, where the judges had gone to make up their minds. It declared her to be murderous and

blasphemous and cruel and lying, and it handed her over to the secular judge. Nine men crowded into her chamber for a last appeal. If she would submit to the Church Joan might yet be saved. If she would say she was guilty of sin, if she would stoop down to the depths of these men, they would save her. If she would embrace the Church and abandon God, if she would sign this paper which said she was murderous and blasphemous and cruel and lying, they would not kill her.

Who would not like to have seen our proud Joan as she gave these nine men their answer? She said to them that *if she were in judgment and saw the fire lighted, and the faggots burning, and the executioner ready to rake the fire, and she herself within the fire, she could say no more.*

We do not know what the nine men said to themselves, but one man in that cell had a touch of chivalry left. He was Gilbert Manchon, the clerk who took down the whole record of the trial of Joan. Many times he was lifted up with admiration at the courage of this brave prisoner. Once he refused to go with Cauchon to his secret questioning in Joan's chamber because it was not lawful. Once he wrote on his notes that the words put into the mouth of Joan were the opposite of what she had said.

And now, at this great scene in her chamber, Gilbert Manchon forgot once more that he was but a clerk and remembered only that he was a man, and he wrote down in the margin against Joan's final answer, "Responso superba"—the response superb, the proud answer of Joan.

Joan's year was ending; it was her last week on this earth. She waited for the voices, but they did not come, and her heart began to fail.



JOAN OF DOMREMY FACES HER ENEMIES IN THE PRISON CELL

She must have thought of her home at Domremy and the great days at Orleans and Troyes and Rheims. She must have thought of those great ladies of the court who would sometimes stoop to kiss her cheek in their excitement. She must have thought of the generals who seemed so loyal to her in her triumphs. She must have thought with tears of the common people who wept with joy to welcome her, and the mothers who held their children forward to touch her white armour. She would think of it all like a dream as she waited for the voices that seemed to fail her now, and this heart that had never been untrue since it began to beat, this heart that had never been afraid since it first knew danger, began to fail. She seemed to hear the hum of a murmuring world talking of a witch who was to be led out to the fire, and one morning they led her to the scaffold.

The great Winchester sat there, and the little Cauchon. There was a famous preacher to lecture Joan, and almost the last amazing thing we read of Joan is that she listened calmly to his preaching and interrupted only once—to defend the king from the insult of the preacher! Charles was base as base could be; he had deserted her though she delivered him; but still to Joan he was King of France, and she who had been captured in defending him stood by him on the scaffold from which he raised no hand to save her.

Once more they pressed her to submit. Did she not love her life? Would she not save the fire? Did she not love sweet liberty? Would she not trust the Church? “Joan, why will you die?” the voices came from the crowd. “Joan, will you not save yourself?” Her heart began to break. “All that I did was for good, and it

was well to do it," she cried back ; and at last, while still there was time, she cried : " I refer everything to God and to the Pope." But God was too far off from these men—from Cauchon, standing there with his two sentences written out : Imprisonment for life if she submitted ; burning at the stake if she did not. They gave her papers and pressed her to sign, and in that last moment Joan signed her name. Gilbert Manchon was there to make his record, and on the margin he put down these words : " At the end of the sentence, Joan, fearing the fire, said she would obey the Church."

Then they sent her, not to liberty, not to justice, but back into captivity, back to the watchmen and the spies, and they put above her signature papers that she had not signed. These bishops put a lie above her name ; these judges forged a confession.

Joan found them out, and all her courage came anew. She scorned them all. She would not have their lies above her name. She had confessed no guilt, she told them ; all she had done was in fear of the fire.

It was what they wanted. Cauchon laughed when he heard it. " Make good cheer, the thing is done," he cried with glee to a courtyard full of Englishmen. Joan followed him—he to laugh and she to die.

They came to her in the morning, and again her heart failed at the thought of the fire. " My body, which has never been corrupted, must it be burned to ashes today ? " she cried. " Ah, I would rather be beheaded seven times than burned ! " Eight hundred English soldiers followed the cart as it rumbled to the old market-place of Rouen, and it seemed impossible to Joan that the powers of the universe would not intervene. " Rouen ! Rouen ! " she

cried. "Am I to die here?" They reached the platform, with the chairs and benches for the bishops who were to watch her burn and the pulpit for the preacher who was to lecture her. Over the platform they put these lying words, which Winchester and Cauchon must have thought long over:

Jeanne called the Maid, Liar, Abuser of the People, Soothsayer, Blasphemer of God, Pernicious, Superstitious, Idolatrous, Cruel, Dissolute, Invoker of Devils, Apostate, Schismatic, Heretic.

That was what these people said of Joan, and those who knew her to be what she was—the messenger of God upon the earth—said nothing. She stepped on the platform and asked for a cross, but these bishops had not dared to bring a cross with them. It is good to think that an English soldier standing by took a stick, broke it in two, and quickly made a cross; it is good to think that it was an Englishman who gave Joan, in that dread hour, the emblem of the only hope she had. She believed to the last that help would come. We are almost sure that her thoughts went back to the little church at Domremy where she first saw St. Michael on the windows, for she cried out from the depths of her heart: "St. Michael! St. Michael! Help!" It was enough to break the heart of Winchester, and even Cauchon wept.

Let us pass it over. The fire was lit. Joan looked out through her tears for the last time on a world she had filled for ever with glory and pride, and the heart that had failed at the thought of all this was lifted up again by powers beyond this world. She heard the voices in the fire. "My voices were of God," she cried; "they

have not deceived me." It was the last thing she said before the brave Bishop of Winchester threw her ashes in the Seine.

The executioner sought out a confessor and prayed to be forgiven. An Englishman who had sworn to add a faggot to the flames ran back with fear as he approached. A priest before the fire cried out: "Would that my soul were where the soul of that woman is!" One of the secretaries of the King of England left the scene in great agitation, exclaiming: "We are all lost, for we have burned a saint!" As for Charles the Base, who amused himself while Joan was burning, he did nothing; but twenty years after, when they taunted him with receiving his throne from a witch, he had Joan tried again and found her innocent, and declared her great—to *save his dignity*, the dignity of such a thing as he. But as for Gilbert Manchon, he "never wept so much for anything that happened to himself, and for a whole month could not recover his calm," and then, with the money he received for making the record, he bought a book of prayers that he might pray for her.

That is the story of one who died at Rouen as One once died on Calvary.

II

THE HERO OF THE FLAG

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

*Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long
ago !*

Henry Newbolt

DRAKE OF LONG AGO

THE rolling ocean, for ages the great divider of the human race, has become the highway of the peoples, and it was Francis Drake who opened up the way.

He was born into an age when the inhabitants of the British Isles were prisoners in the sea. He set them free, and took their ships around the world; he terrified and broke their enemies; and when he died there was no man on earth who dare flout a British ship at sea.

We shall never see such men as he again, desperate men with something of the gentleness of women, men at ease in Queen Elizabeth's Court one week and raiding a Spanish treasure-train the next; men with tons of gold and jewels in their grasp who yet loved England more than all beside; men down on their knees at night crying for mercy to Jesus Christ, up in the morning selling slaves.

Strange men they were, strange days they were, out of which our Empire came. When Drake was born at Tavistock in Devon, just before the middle of the century of Elizabeth, Spain was rising up amid a world in terror, barring England's way at sea. Columbus had found a new world, but the Pope of Rome divided up the Old World and the New, and gave half to Portugal and half to Spain. All the sixteen million square miles of America the Pope gave to Spain, and when Philip seized Portugal he held the domination of all known seas, and the whole known earth was his to loot as one vast treasure-house.

Rich beyond the dreams of empire, Philip sought to use his treasure to set up a tyranny that menaced all the world, and it was to destroy this menace that Drake decided he would give his life.

Drake grew up hating two things. He hated Rome for her tyranny over the human mind, he hated Spain for her tyranny over England. He knew something of both these tyrannies. He had seen poor people suffer from the persecution of Rome, flying from the cruelty of the Inquisition to seek peace in some English haven; and, as for the cruelty of Spain at sea, he had seen a thing that even the patience of an Englishman could hardly endure, and could never forgive.

He was still a boy when Spain seized every English ship she could, and it hit Drake hard, for he had been apprenticed to a skipper, and his good master had died and left Drake his ship; and now Spain had killed his trade. He was on fire. He sold his ship and joined the expeditions of old John Hawkyns. They sailed in six ships in October, 1567, Drake in a ship called Grace of God.

They took five hundred Negroes from the African coast and sold them on the Spanish Main. They stormed the towns and made the people buy these Africans, and went on their way till their ship was loaded with gold and pearls. They were lying off the coast of Mexico one day when a treasure-fleet arrived. It had on board a whole year's produce of the Indies, and it was at the mercy of old John Hawkyns, for unless he allowed it to come into port the next storm must sink it.

Such treasure had never yet been in the grip of an Englishman, but Hawkyns did a striking thing. He let the fleet come in, and fixed up a convention for the right

to use the port. He sacrificed the greatest prize a pirate ever had for the freedom an Englishman loves.

Then the thing Drake never forgot happened in that port of Mexico. The Spaniards broke their word and attacked. Enraged by this surprise, the English sank four Spanish ships and slew four thousand men; but fire-ships drove the English off, and they staggered home with two shot-riddled ships and very little food. Philip of Spain had won another fight, but if he could have seen the end of it he would have sacrificed his fleets and all their treasure rather than have suffered it.

For Francis Drake was filled with a passion that was to last until the power of Spain was broken. He had crept along a hawser from a sinking ship and come safe home, and the end of his journey brought him to the council chamber in a mighty hour for England. As Drake was riding up the road that leads from Plymouth to London, Elizabeth was fuming with the Duke of Alva for some affront, and the angry Alva was before the council when the door burst open and Drake burst in. A few words were enough. The scale was turned. England would have no dealings with men who broke their word.

Drake made his vow. The honour of England should be redeemed, and Spain should tremble for this infamy. The fire of youth was fierce within him, and he set out in May, 1572, on one of those great voyages that were to make his name immortal and set it ringing like a death-knell from end to end of Spain.

He sailed with two ships and seventy-three men, only one man over thirty, and they were to capture Nombre de Dios, the treasure-house of the world. They sailed to a bay in the Gulf of Darien, where they had already

buried stores, and here again Drake found a tale of Spanish treachery, told on a tablet left by a friend. Some Spanish prisoners he had set free had betrayed his hiding-place and removed his stores, but Drake found help from a friendly tribe of blacks who had been driven inland by the cruelty of their Spanish masters.

In this quiet little bay Drake and his men built up three pinnaces, and there appeared one day off Darien a strange squadron, which proved to be the pirate fleet of old Ned Horsey. Ned had become Sir Edward, and was a gentleman at home; but Drake joined with his ships, and one dark midnight they lay outside the famous treasure-town. They waited, and at dawn Drake with his crew swept into Nombre de Dios.

The Spaniards fled before the sudden storm of piercing arrows and flaming pikes, and the Englishmen made for the governor's house. There they saw an enormous pile of shining metal, a room seventy feet long packed with solid silver. They left it alone, for the alarm bell was still ringing, and Drake knew that the King's treasure-house was stored with gold close by. A friendly Negro warned them that they were to be overwhelmed; but Drake opened the door of the house of gold and cried, "I have brought you to the mouth of the treasure-house of the world; blame yourselves if you go away empty!" Then, as he stepped to lead the way, he fell to the ground, and they saw that his footprints were marked in blood.

Not a man thought of the treasure before him. The life of Francis Drake was dearer to his men than all the wealth of Spain, and they carried him, while he grumbled at them, back to his pinnacle. His strength was giving way. He had struggled valiantly against a desperate

wound, but back on his ship he was himself again, and to a Spanish officer who came aboard he said, "Tell your governor to hold his eyes open, for, if God lend me life and leave, I mean to reap some of your harvest which you get out of the earth and send into Spain to trouble all the world." Then he sailed, and as a parting shot at Spain he called at Cartagena, where, in the teeth of booming guns, he swept into the harbour and carried off a ship discharging treasure.

When they looked for him he was gone, but he was not so far away as the Spaniards hoped; he was busy building up his fleet in Darien again. In that quiet little harbour the silence of the centuries was disturbed by English hammers and axes and anvils building ships, with the ringing merriment of Englishmen playing bowls and archery and quoits, with their building of rows of cottage homes, and all the noise and clatter of a little dockyard.

They called it Port Plenty, for, sweeping out from this secluded hiding, bursting suddenly from one or other of this maze of islands, they would surprise great Spanish ships, seize them and relieve them of their treasure, and disappear where no one knew. They came, it seemed, from nowhere, and went back to nowhere. They haunted the track of Philip's men like ghosts, and these Spanish fleets that had so long had their way, that had so long wrung the treasure from the earth at the price of blood and slavery, that piled their treasure up to bolster tyranny throughout the world—these fleets were in the grip of fear at last. A power they did not understand was on the sea.

Yet for Drake, too, the sea had its terrors. Tragedy and misfortune dogged him at Port Plenty. One brother

died, then another; rain and pestilence set in, and the poisonous forest air sapped the strength of his men. They dropped dead one by one. Of the 73 who had departed from Plymouth only 44 were left, and only 18 could be spared for the great adventure that lay ahead. They were to march overland with thirty Negroes, through a thick forest, to lie in wait for the great mule-train of the Lord of Lima, which was to pass that way.

As long as Drake lived he remembered that forest. It was like a plunge into one of Nature's ancient fastnesses, a slow, difficult trail through wild and gorgeous growths, through a wonderland of birds with glorious colours, of giant plants and mighty trees, of fruits unknown before, with game and wild life in astonishing abundance. Led by their faithful blacks, they went their way in silence and amaze through this wild garden of the earth. Day by day they walked in silent wonder, and then they reached the summit of the forest.

It was a great place and a great hour. An Englishman was looking out across America, and there he was to see a vision—not, indeed, of all the glory that should be, but of things immortal that shall never fade.

For there, on the summit of the range, Drake's faithful black man led him to a tree, a glorious tree with steps cut in its trunk, up which Drake climbed as up stairs. There, in that "goodlie and great high tree," sat Francis Drake, looking at what no Englishman had seen before. One way lay the great Atlantic, which he knew; the other way rolled the broad Pacific, of which no Englishman had dreamed—two oceans with but a path of land between. It was a sight to stir the soul of any man of Devon, and up in that tree, looking out across the forest at the bound-

less waters stretching on, Drake prayed "that Almighty God of His goodness would give him life and leave to sail once in that sea in an English ship." His prayer was to be answered; God was to give him life and leave.

Out of the forest they emerged in sight of Panama, with a fleet of gold-ships lying in the harbour. They sent a spy into the city and brought back news that two mule-trains were ready to leave the market-place, with the treasure of Lima and nine mule-loads of jewels and gold. With that great prize in their grasp, Drake's plans were all upset by a drunken man; and in the end Drake sought escape through Venta Cruz, where he burst upon the town.

The cry that Drake was there drove consternation through this place, for Venta Cruz was a health-resort, where leisured ladies came to rest from Nombre de Dios. But no harm came to these harmless Spaniards; the woman never lived upon the earth who need have been afraid of Drake. He never hurt a woman's hair, nor did his men. It was death to any man of Drake's who wronged a woman; and Drake himself would make his way to the bedsides of these panic-stricken women of Venta Cruz and comfort them. Queer tales must they have told their lords from Nombre de Dios of how El Drake had been and disappeared again, speaking gently to them like a woman.

When the alarm brought up the reinforcements, Drake was gone; he was at sea again. A ship with a million pounds worth of gold had just escaped him. Another came home to report that Drake had boarded her, stripped her of her wealth, and carried off her pilot. El Drake was everywhere. He would pop out from his

hiding, take the treasure off a ship, and pop back to hide it in holes under trees or to bury it in river-beds.

One day Drake reached a place where his boats should have been, but there were no boats there, only seven Spanish ships. All hearts failed but Drake's. They were drenched with rain and weary to exhaustion, but no tragedy of fate like this could shake the spirit of Drake. This man would stop on his way through trackless forests and teach the Lord's Prayer to Negroes living there; and now his voice was heard above the storm, crying that if the Spaniards had taken their ships God had sent tree-trunks down the river with which to bring them back. They strung together a raft, they sailed astride it in the storm, guiding their way with a young tree shaped for an oar and a biscuit-sack for a sail; and they found their boats.

Drake found his fleet again, and his ships were laden with treasure. It had come from two hundred ships, and the vessels they had captured were more than they could navigate, so that Drake gave one to his Spanish prisoners, with his regrets for keeping them so long. They passed by Cartagena Harbour once again, and, seeing the Spanish fleet ready to sail, but being so laden with treasure that he was bound to leave it, Drake ran into the harbour to give the fleet a close view of the flag of St. George. Then he came home. He had been away fifteen months, and when he reached Plymouth, on a Sunday, the news that Drake was come emptied all the churches, and the preachers were left preaching alone.

We who look back and think of this immortal Englishman, breaking down the tyranny of Spain and opening for England the gates of the world, can hardly under-

stand the giants of despair he met at home. The great Elizabeth would willingly have flung her arms round any man who brought her home a treasure-ship, but Spain and its ambassadors were whispering in her ear, cravens were all about her at her councils, and Drake coming home from his adventures was always half a pirate and half a heaven-sent saviour of his country: Elizabeth never knew which, nor did her statesmen. It depended on their little moods whether they would give our heroes a scaffold or a crown.

It happened that the terrible Philip seized a ship of one of our merchant princes and flung its crew into dungeons, and the Queen was furious with rage. The Earl of Walsingham came knocking at Drake's door one night, and unfolded a map on which Drake was to mark the places where Philip could be most annoyed. But Drake was wise. He knew the ways of courts, and in the end he saw Elizabeth herself. It was in 1576. The great flirt captivated him, and the next time he set out it was with the pomp of something like an admiral, and his cabin was fragrant with perfumes from the Queen.

He was going on the voyage of his dreams, but no man save he knew where. His voyage will rank, whatever voyages there are still to make in earth and sky and sea, among the greatest of them all, for before he came back home again he was to go around the world, to burst into the secret world of Spain where her treasure was, and bring home such knowledge for our merchants as was to sow the seed of wealth beyond their dreams.

They sailed across the Atlantic and along the coast of South America. Somehow, somewhere, he must get through to the ocean he had seen from the tree. They

drew near to Magellan's Strait, the terrible passage through which no Englishman had passed. They approached it in a storm that filled men's hearts with fear. If fear could ever come to Drake it must have come to him then, for he was setting out without charts into an unknown sea, with a crew half terrified and half in mutiny, with every man on board believing in dragons and devils, with Drake himself believing that storms were due to sorcery, with summer changing to winter as they sailed. To satisfy the evil powers that sent the storm Drake sacrificed a ship, but still the storm went on; and in the midst of it, in that tremendous hour for Francis Drake, there came into his life as poignant a grief as ever pierced a human heart.

His dearest friend had gone out with him, his mind poisoned by enemies at home; and he stood at Drake's side to betray him. He was Sir Thomas Doughty. Before the expedition was far on its way he was tampering with the crew, and Drake took away his command and put him in disgrace. When he still tried to paralyse the expedition, Drake bound him to the mast, and when that was not enough, when Doughty still believed that Drake "would not mete out to gentlemen the punishment fit for dogs," Drake called his men together and told them of the treachery of his friend. "They that think this man worthy of death," he cried, "let them with me hold up their hands."

Drake set his teeth, and the ship stopped within sight of a gallows set up by Magellan on his first voyage through the Straits. Beneath it were the graves in which he had laid two mutineers. There Drake resolved that the man who had been his dearest friend should die. They spread



DRAKE DINES ON THE GOLDEN HIND TO THE SOUND OF VIOLINS



FRANCIS DRAKE SENDS OUT HIS FRIEND TO DIE—THE FAREWELL TO SIR THOMAS DOUGHTY

their tables for a farewell banquet, they talked of other days and great adventures, and Drake embraced his comrade. Side by side they knelt at an altar to receive the Sacrament, and Doughty laid his head upon the block. He had betrayed his friend, and he paid the penalty.

Troubles pressed about him. Men quarrelled among themselves and mutinied against him. One captain was dismissed his ship and all his officers cashiered. One ship was broken up to supply the others with firewood. Once Drake called his crews together and gave them such a sermon as they had rarely heard, so that in the end his men and officers flung themselves before him and implored him to trust them; and they set out for the Strait of Magellan.

First of all Englishmen they sailed this unknown way, beneath dark skies and through terrific storms. The squalls and currents buffeted their ships, and for two months they drifted without sails in these waters that no man had mapped. The light of fires lit by natives on the desolate shores added to the weirdness of the voyage, and fear and superstition and the dread of some impending doom grew more and more. One of the three ships went down, another deserted, but the Golden Hind sailed on in spite of all, and after fifty-three days, with the storm abated, Drake stood on his ship where the waters of the Atlantic rolled into the waters of the Pacific. He was anchored among islands that no geographer in England knew, and it is said that he landed on the farthest island and walked alone to the end of it, lay down on the earth, and threw his arms round the southernmost point of the whole known world.

Drake's hour of triumph had come. He had set out

like a king, and now he ruled as a king indeed. His men adored their brave captain who had led them to the unknown sea. He must have felt like a conqueror as he sailed by the sleepy coasts on the Pacific side of America. He sat at a table glittering with silver, and dined to the music of violins. He carried artists who charted the coast wherever they sailed, so that no man coming after him should be without maps. They sailed north to get back to the Atlantic, seeking their passage through.

There was never a voyage like that. The Golden Hind was safely through the valley of the shadows, and its crew were like boys on some astounding escapade.

As men set free from some dire peril, they sailed along the unfrequented coast. Nothing could stop them. No fear of anything unknown could hold them now. They saw a Spanish galleon and beat a drum to welcome it; and the Spaniards had hardly recovered their breath before the Englishmen were hitting about with their fists, old Tom Moore shouting, "Down, dog, down!" They found a Spaniard fast asleep with thirteen bars of silver beside him, and they took the silver and left the man his dreams. They would land to relieve a gentleman of a heavy weight of treasure he was carrying. They would lighten ship after ship of its cargo of jewels and gold.

So they sailed merrily along, picking up silver, exploring ports, making for Lima and Panama. They entered Lima side by side with a Spanish ship, which must have thought the end of the world had come; in another town they found the Law Courts sitting, carried off the judges to the ship, and ordered them to clear the town while

the Golden Hind renewed its stores. The Viceroy of Peru came up with two thousand troops, but Drake was unafraid.

It was Spain that was afraid. Consternation seized its fleets and banks and treasure-trains. Bishops melted their bells into guns, and Spain, indeed, had little chance for ringing bells. The quaking Philip offered forty thousand pounds to any man who would kidnap or kill El Drake.

But El Drake was not a bird for the claws of the hawk of Spain. Out in the broad Pacific he was facing mightier foes. Still sailing north in search of another passage through America, he was caught in a storm, his rigging frozen, his crew half paralysed. Finding nothing but land on his right, and nothing but water on his left, he put into a harbour near San Francisco and prepared the Golden Hind for a tremendous journey home. He was going again where no English ship had been—he set his sails to cross the Pacific Ocean.

Day after day, week after week, they saw no land, no other human being, no ship, no sign of life; for sixty-eight days the boundless waters encompassed them, and then, in the first days of 1580, they sighted groups of islands—the Carolines, the Philippines, and the Moluccas. Hope came afresh to them, but the Golden Hind ran on a reef, and for twenty hours they were faced with doom. They took the Sacrament in hourly fear of death; they threw guns and treasure overboard; but a change of wind lifted the vessel off the reef. In two months they were collecting stores in Java; in six months they were cheering at the sight of the Cape; in nine months they were sighting home.

One day in early autumn, in the year 1580, the Golden

Hind, all eaten up with worms, all laden down with gold, sailed into Plymouth once again. It had seen what no other ship had seen; it had been where no other English ship had been; it was bringing home the most valorous seamen who ever sailed the seas. Francis Drake was home again at last, the first man ever born who had lived to captain a voyage round the world.

All England was on fire. The year's suspense was broken, and there was great relief. Nobody talked of the pirate Drake. They took the Golden Hind up the Thames, and would have put it on the top of St. Paul's if that could have been done. Every day Drake saw the Queen and whispered in her ear that if the whole world were the King of Spain's garden it was for her to pick the fruit.

Elizabeth loved the little sailor, and especially his treasure. His splendour was beyond his dreams, and even his men seemed princes. One day the Queen went down to Deptford and knighted Drake on the Golden Hind, and in the sure faith of those stirring times she sent word to Philip that "the use of the sea and the air is common to all, and neither Nature nor use nor custom permit any possession thereof." It was a noble document of liberty; it was the first British declaration of the freedom of the seas.

And yet there are two things in the history of those days which stand out: the ineffable treachery of Spain, with the mastery of the world passing out of its grasp; and the paltering and shuffling of the Court of England, with the gates of the world wide open before it. Drake had brought home the keys of the earth, and our dilly-dally Court, packed with spies and plotters and cravens,

would have let them rust for a thousand years if the movement of events had not been too strong for them. Even when Philip, begging an English fleet to carry relief to his famine-stricken subjects, seized the relief ships to feed the armada he was building, Elizabeth would listen still to creatures of Spain about her throne, and Drake, burning with righteous anger, would set sail short of water, short of stores, against orders, and in spite of weather.

Blow upon blow he struck at the fleet of a despot incapable of honour, and though three hundred of his men were slain by sickness he never flinched. Once, at San Domingo, a lad sent with a flag of truce to a Spanish camp was so cruelly treated that he could only crawl back to Drake's feet and die. Drake hanged two Spanish prisoners on the scene of the crime, and declared that he would hang two more each morning till the offender was brought down and hanged by the Spanish authorities. The man was brought down and hanged, and Drake sailed away, with thousands of pounds and hundreds of guns.

So he humbled and broke the pride of Spain; it was bending like grass before the wind. Naval warfare was beginning, new Powers were on the sea, and Europe was filled with wonder. The world was not to be at Philip's mercy, after all. He could not raise his loans. Protestant princes raised their heads again, and England was alive with joy that this Philip, crushing the earth beneath him like a car of Juggernaut, was reeling under the hammer-blows of Englishmen.

And yet when Drake came home again the paltering Queen would have held him back from his next attack. She sent her messenger to stop his ships, but Drake had

made hot haste and taken good care to be gone. It was Drake and not Elizabeth, he and not her counsellors, who broke the power of Spain. He went to Cadiz and attacked a forest of masts in the harbour; in thirty-six hours he destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, including the finest ships afloat; and, revictualling his fleet, he captured four ships and came away without losing a man.

He went to Lagos Bay and landed a thousand men to take the town. They found the castle too strong for them, and Drake, with his own hands, piled up faggots by the walls, toiled hour after hour like a common seaman amid flames and bullets, and opened the castle gates. His men, close by, were taking a hundred ships and fishing-boats, with miles of fishing-nets; he took more ships and a hundred small craft, called at Lisbon and offered to convoy the Spaniards to England if they were going that way, and set all Spain in a panic till he sailed out again.

At sea he was caught in a fearful storm with all his precious prizes, but it passed away, and with the calm there came into his hands the greatest Spanish merchantman afloat. He brought it home, and so rich a prize had never reached our shores. It had on board a million's worth of treasure in our money, but even that was poor compared with something else Drake found in its cabins, for there were papers with all the written secrets of Spain's East India trade. The English merchants were staggered. These papers were worth to them all the golden treasure Drake had ever seen, and they founded the East India Company, opening up for us that mighty Empire which has come to be known, with the passing of the centuries, as the pearl in England's crown.

It is incredible, but true, that even now Drake found

himself once more a sort of pirate coming home. Elizabeth was stricken with gloom over Mary Stuart's execution; her chancellor was half-apologising to the desperate Philip that Drake had exceeded his instructions. So cringing was our English Court to that Court which even then was trimming the sails of the Armada. Had Drake been allowed to sail as he wished in the spring of 1588, the panic of that summer would have been averted; but our courtiers had their way, and the man who had broken Philip's power was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe one afternoon in June when Philip's fleet was sighted in the Channel. Dilly-dally was rewarded with its natural consequences; Spain was thundering at our gates at last, and we were all unready.

But not even our English Court could lose that war with Drake alive. He finished the game of bowls and beat the Spaniards too, and all the world knows how. For days the fight went on—Spain with her 129 ships, many of them the biggest ever seen, manned with 27,000 men and armed with 2000 cannon; and England with just over half the ships and under half the men. In the critical moment the command fell to Drake—off Gravelines on July 29—and at the end of the fight from dawn to dusk the Spaniards fled to their appalling doom. Crippled for want of men, the few men he had famishing for food and powder denied him by the Queen, and dying fast from the poisonous beer the Queen had forced on them, Drake smashed for ever the frightful power that wrung the treasure from the earth and menaced all mankind.

It was the final hour, the zenith of sea-power and the noonday of Drake. He had set his star in the firmament.

His fame was at its height. He had set the power

of England on the seas for ever, and shattered the tyrant of Spain. But are men ever satisfied in this world? Drake let that autumn pass, and winter, and in the spring he sailed for Spain with the biggest fleet that ever left our shores. It was a swift adventure of ten weeks, and in it Drake destroyed the nucleus of a new Armada, burned two Spanish ports, beat one army and made another run, and captured nearly a hundred ships. But with this great conquest came a great storm, and it scattered his fleet beyond recovery. Disease broke up his men, and Drake came back to Plymouth in despair. It was the beginning of the end.

Yet little the world dreamed of the breaking heart of Francis Drake. While Drake was busy fighting his battles at Court, Philip was seeking his revenge, and again and again alarming news arrived from Spain. At one time Plymouth was panic-stricken, and people abandoned their homes; but Drake went to his London house and lived there quietly, and the panic was allayed.

Such was the extraordinary power of this extraordinary man. He had never lost a ship, and his fame rang through the world; and even in those days, when the shadows were gathering about him, the knowledge that Drake was building ships at Plymouth struck terror in Lisbon, where thousands of people left their homes and Philip's crews deserted in hundreds. Every friend of England believed in Francis Drake; every Enemy feared him. He was the only man who could get crews together without the press-gang.

But, whatever the news from Spain, the fickle Queen would wait and wait while Philip built up his fleet, and only the news of a treasure-ship disabled on the seas could tempt her to send Drake out once more. It was



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE MAKES A HURRIED CALL AT PANAMA



the end of 1594, and it was his last voyage. On the first voyage he had captained he had gone out under Hawkyns; on this last voyage Hawkyns went out under Drake. They had 27 ships and 2500 men, and, owing to the dilly-dally of the Court, they found themselves expected everywhere.

One of our great ocean tragedies was this last voyage of England's greatest seaman. Powers that no conqueror can contradict were conquering Francis Drake. Hawkyns died, several chief officers were shot down by their enemies, and Drake was ill. The worry of this expedition to the West Indies, long delayed and ill-equipped, weighed heavily upon him, and all his men knew that his hour had come. On January 28, in the year 1596, lying in his cabin tenacious of life, Francis Drake passed out of the world, and in a leaden coffin they dropped him into the sea he loved so well.

A wonder-man of all ages he was. He had opened the sea-gates for his great sea-race; he had introduced astronomy into navigation; he had brought about a naval discipline hitherto unknown; he had infused into the lives of thousands of his countrymen a love of the sea and the spirit of adventure that has never passed out of these islands. And he had truly earned that tribute of old Thomas Fuller, who lived soon after him, that "this our captain was a religious man toward God and His houses, generally sparing churches, where he came; chaste in his life; just in his dealings; true to his word; and merciful to those who were under him; hating nothing so much as idleness." Strong with the tenderness of a woman; stern and masterful, but chivalrous and human; just as justice, but loving his men; chafing under oppo-

sition, impatient of advice; ever ready for a fight, but weighing his preparations well; afraid of neither man nor circumstance, trusting in God and calling upon Him, cheerful and even merry, the spirit of this man is in the woof and warp of England. While England lives he will remain, for never were lines more true than those Ben Jonson wrote in his remembrance :

The stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here :
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

III

THE HEROISM OF OUR COMMON RACE

WALTER GREENWAY

*The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke ;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke,
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :
Play up, play up, and play the game !*

Henry Newbolt

WALTER GREENWAY

HERE is the tale of a Yorkshire boy who began his life as a good-for-nothing, and ended it fit to stand in history with Captain Cook and Francis Drake. Through all the thousand years of our country's heroes has been nothing more stirring than the life of Walter Greenway.

We meet him in mystery, we leave him in mystery, and most of what we know of him is gleaned from prison cells or from scraps of torn-up paper. Walter Greenway of England was one of twenty thousand miserable cases that have passed through the hands of Mr. Robert Holmes, police-court missionary of Sheffield. But for Mr. Holmes we should never have heard of Walter Greenway, and English history would have lost a wondrous story, incredible if we did not know that every word of it is true.

Sometime in the year 1907 there was locked up in a police cell in Sheffield a little man with big dark eyes, who would not speak a word. They brought a deaf and dumb interpreter to him, but not a sign could the little man comprehend. They called in Mr. Holmes, but, beyond discovering that the prisoner seemed intelligent, wore decent clothes, and seemed to be about thirty, the police-court missionary left the cell no wiser than he had entered it.

They left him to the warders, and somehow the warders forgot to give him his dinner. They forgot to give him his tea, and again they forgot him at supper time; and great was the noise in that cell. As if sud-

denly remembering the poor man, the warders hurried to his cell with two gallons of water in a bucket, and a tin mug to drink it with. By every means he could devise, waving his arms about and opening his mouth, the prisoner sought to indicate to these dull folk that what he wanted was something to eat; but how dull these warders were! It occurred to one of them that the prisoner was pointing his arms to his bed, wanting it removed, and the warder picked up the rugs to take them from the cell. It was enough to make a dumb man speak, and the dumb did speak. He shouted out that he would be starved to death if somebody did not bring him something.

So they brought him back his rugs, they brought him some supper, and they found out that this was Walter Greenway, twenty-nine years old, a clerk, not married, living with his father, a retired chemist in a neighbouring town. He had been well educated, and spoke several languages. He was a teetotaller and a non-smoker, he had never gambled, and there was nothing at all against his character except that he had been convicted as a burglar nine times in four years. He could climb like a cat, the detectives said, and could run along housetops as if they were kerbstones. He would climb up a pipe and get through a top window—always he would get in at the top.

He could do most things and do them well. He could bind a book or keep accounts; in prison he had been a printer and a painter and a steeple-jack; and he could play cricket like an Australian. But somehow, at twenty-five, he became the family ne'er-do-well, and started getting through attic windows. "I can't resist an attic window," he said to Mr. Holmes. "Wherever I go my eyes turn

upwards, and I see how careless people are with their top windows. I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics. Put me on a sailing ship where I can climb the rigging, or in an Indian wigwam village, or in a Bedouin camp." The chaplain pleaded for him—but that, said Walter Greenway, was only because he translated some theological stuff for him. The poor father, tired of his burglar son, gave him up at last, so it was left for Mr. Holmes to deal with him, and Mr. Holmes put him on a ship that was going to Colombo. A year passed away and he heard no more; one more ne'er-do-well, he thought, and he seemed to be right, for news came a year after that Greenway had gone ashore and not come back to the ship. More years passed, the Great War broke out, and in the second winter of the war there came to Mr. Holmes one day a letter from Mesopotamia, written in pencil on twenty-five scraps of faded paper.

It was from Walter Greenway, and it told of a poor deaf and dumb Bedouin about Greenway's own age, and so like him as to be a twin brother, wandering aimlessly about among his Mohammedan countrymen, in and out of Turkish camps. Afflicted by Allah as he was, they let him roam about, half amused, half pitying him as he looked on in childlike wonder at the great guns, the maze of trenches, and all the hidden engines of destruction. They gave him food, throwing their scraps to him as they talked over their plans; Turkish commanders freely talked over the orders of their German masters as the Bedouin mute sat there—"for he is deaf, he cannot hear; he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. What was there to fear from him? He must be pitied, lest any tormenting him should be likewise smitten by Allah, or perish."

So the poor Bedouin, "like enough to Walter Greenway as to be his brother," wandered from camp to camp, and at times he would hover about the British lines, eating ravenously when they brought him food but speaking not a word; and at length, "mooning off to headquarters." It took Mr. Holmes's breath away to realise that Walter Greenway was at his old game again, doing a good day's work for England as a spy. He felt so proud of his ne'er-do-well that he sought out his father and mother. But both were dead, and as Walter Greenway was an only child not a relative could be found. The only thing Mr. Holmes could do was to write to the curious address from which the letter came, and in three months a second letter arrived in Sheffield.

It told how the Turks had got to know that the Bedouin had been in the British camp, and how they were filled with suspicion when he came back. They fired rifles close to his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him to a big gun and made him stand beside it till the vibration of twenty explosions made his ears and nostrils bleed; but he was deaf as a stone. Still, he might speak. They touched him with hot irons and scarred his flesh; they tore out finger-nails; but, though tears rained down his cheeks, he gave no sound. He was as deaf as an adder and as dumb as a stone, and his torturers prayed to Allah lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to this poor man's sorrow. Now, in their pity they treated him with kindness, and he wandered up and down the camp recovering from his wounds. Once more he appeared in the British camp, with gangrene setting in from the wrenching of his finger-nails, and the British doctors took off his left arm. After that a strange



THE TURKS FIRE RIFLES BEHIND THE EARS OF WALTER GREENWAY TO SEE IF HE IS REALLY DEAF, BUT NOT A SOUND DOES HE SEEM TO HEAR



WALTER GREENWAY CLIMBS A PIPE WITH ONE ARM, TO RESCUE A CAT IN DISTRESS

thing happened; *the dumb began to speak*. He spoke about the plans of the Turks. He described the positions and batteries in the enemy's camp. Clearly, what he knew was precious to British headquarters, and worth many British lives. But his life was ebbing out. He had drunk foul water, and dysentery followed the trouble with his arm, and it was all the doctors could do to pull him through. He talked about a little place of his own that he had not far from Aden. Once he got there he would do nicely, he said, with his wife and his three bonnie children. If he took his wife to England they would turn up their noses because she was not white, but "she was pure as a lily, and her heart was like gold." She could not read or write, but how he longed to see her once again, "as pretty a mother of as pretty a couple of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born."

So one day this poor Bedouin slipped away from the British camp in Mesopotamia, a bit of a wreck physically, feeling that his work was done. "But somebody is waiting for me at home, thank God," this letter ended, "I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir; good-bye."

The waves of war rolled over the site of Old Babylon, and one day there was posted in Mesopotamia a little packet of botanical specimens—coarse grasses and dry leaves, which the censor had readily passed, but which greatly bewildered our friend Mr. Holmes when the postman delivered them in Sheffield. Unrolling the leaves with great care, he found hidden away in them more scraps of faded paper, which he pasted together until

they made up three letters worth many times their weight in gold.

Walter Greenway was still writing as if the Bedouin was his friend and not himself, and he told how the Bedouin, having slipped away from Mesopotamia a physical wreck with only one arm, arrived at Aden as the sun was setting on the palms. He was weak and ill, but, once in Aden, he set out for the place that was home to him. Resting by the way, he neared his home as the moon began to rise, and then crawled through the trees to within a few paces of the old home, with the beautiful wife as pure as a lily, and the three bonnie children. The thought of them gave him new life, and he began to run, but the sight that met his gaze as he came through the trees brought a cry of terror from his heart. A heap of ashes was all that was left of what had been his home. Let Greenway himself tell what this sufferer suffered then.

Down he went like the most ancient of human sufferers, upon his heap of ashes, in an agony of grief. Surely he had died of a broken heart, but merciful Nature, refusing to endure more, wrapped him in a swoon. He woke presently in drowsy fashion. A tender arm supported his head. A gentle voice coaxed him. Sitting beside him, holding his head upon her breast, her face now gazing upward in devout thanksgiving, now cast down to sprinkle his own with tears falling from those wondrous eyes, her soft arms clasped about him as they might have clasped a little child, was she whose spirit had accompanied him in all his wanderings—his precious, womanly wife.

Walter Greenway was home at last with the wife who was all the world to him. But she kept him dumb, not letting him speak a word, while they carried him by easy stages to her father's place some miles away. There he

rested while health and strength came back to him, and there he learned the story of the burning of his home. The Turks had come down from the north on horseback, and friendly warning had reached his wife to fly for safety to the wilderness. When night fell over the desert she wandered back alone, to find everything destroyed or carried off—the house, the little plantation, the coffee crop, and all they had. An Arab woman, out of pity, took her in, and she sent her three bonnie babies to her mother while she waited there, knowing that Walter Greenway would come home. Week after week she waited, never leaving the ashes of their home except for food at sunset. She watched and waited three whole weeks, and she must have found him almost at once when he swooned at the sight of his ruined home.

Now see him among his children, the two bonnie girls and the bonnie lad who, with their mother with the heart of gold, were all the world to him :

Praise be to Allah for His gift of little children! Surely their laughter and their song are His own charms for giving back to a fainting man the youth and buoyancy which else were clean gone from him! He wakes from a doze; the dark-eyed little Iza stands beside his couch with folded hands and grave face till she sees him smile. Then she stoops, presses a kiss upon his lips, and, mindful of a mother's counsel, waves a hand and steps lightly away.

In a little while he is conscious of another kitten's presence. The stately Victoria has arrived with stealthy step, bent upon confirming with her fawn-like eyes the news her sister has brought. "Kiss me, my love," he beseeches. She touches his own with lips of bewitching sweetness, strokes his cheeks lovingly, and then, with all the authority conferred by six years' experience of life, goes out to gravely announce that father is nearly better.

He dozes off for a few minutes. A shy little brown dog trots in to gaze with infinite pity upon the thin, worn face. He opens his eyes and smiles. The little dog finds a British tongue. "Is 'ou better, fader?"

The presence of his wife and little ones brings him new life, and he dreams of perhaps another day's work for England before his failing strength gives out, and soon he is writing again—always as of his Bedouin deaf mute, to keep the censor quiet.

My Bedouin mute is himself again, thanks be to Allah. He was at Aden yesterday. His wife and children were among the throng in a bazaar. I noticed his eyes fixed affectionately on a pipe attached to a particularly tall building. In a moment he had dragged his feet a yard off the ground. Then he cast a mournful glance at his left side where the missing arm once was. He looked like giving up the job. But the terrified mewling of a too venturesome kitten, whom ambition had landed on a height so dizzy as to temporarily turn her brain, encouraged him upward on an errand of rescue. Spite of missing left arm, he scaled that fall-pipe in forty seconds by the clock. Laying hold on pussy, he placed her in his bosom, bringing her safely to the ground.

Watching in the crowd round the bazaar were two white men, talking German. They sneered at the folly of risking life to save a cat, and then passed on. Walter Greenway followed them, and they came to a quiet lane walking slowly in earnest conversation. He came up to them near a warehouse, and there he halted to spread his mat and say his prayer, for it was noon. Finding him in their path the two men kicked him; but the Mohammedan at his prayers paid no heed to their insult, and, ignoring his presence, the Germans stood and talked of many things. They were to come back to that warehouse by

night, for in the warehouse were clocks, brought there to distribute by Arabs among the coal on British ships.

Walter Greenway did not like these clocks, and in the dead of night, before the Germans came, our Bedouin was there. He climbed to an upper window, and entered the warehouse; he descended to the basement and stumbled upon the very pair who had kicked him on the mat. He hid himself in the shadow and listened while they talked of an arsenal near Bagdad, which the Turks had filled with munitions. One of them was to proceed to the arsenal after he had distributed his clocks; he showed a glistening uniform that he took from a tin box and put into a cabinet. Our Bedouin watched him from his hiding place, and saw also a heavy case of clocks, all neatly packed in boxes. The two men went away all unsuspecting, and, safe and alone in the warehouse, this intrepid Yorkshireman, opening the case of clocks, took out the little boxes one by one, deposited them carefully outside the warehouse, and then obtained four trusted Arab boatmen, who carried the boxes to a trading vessel lying in the harbour. The thought of the arsenal up the Tigris filled his mind; one more day for England he would see yet, and he would take the box of clocks with him. Not British ships should they blow up; our Bedouin had other work for them to do.

He settled his family in some convenient place, and left for Basra in a motor-boat belonging to his father-in-law. From Basra he was to go to Bagdad, where the Turkish arsenal was. A map in the pocket of the gorgeous uniform he found in the cupboard at Aden showed the arsenal quite clearly, and all he had to do was to get there. It was 300 miles up the Tigris, and if the motor

worked all right he could do the journey easily, even with one arm. Luckily the motor went well, and our solitary boatman neared Bagdad on the seventh morning from Basra. The sun was rising on the minarets as he reached the place, but most of its occupants were sleeping.

It was a proud and powerful German officer who landed on the shore, and proudly he paraded his glistening uniform as he roused the sleepers in a hut close by. He showed them the wonderful craft with which he had navigated the Tigris. He ordered them to hurry with bearers for the new stores he had brought, for he was due at the arsenal quickly with his precious goods. He was led to the Turkish colonel and received with the deference due from the Turks to their German masters. He had plenty of drink with him, and, knowing the way of drink to steal men's senses from them, he used it freely to make himself master there. When darkness fell that night the arsenal was his, and no man dare disobey the directions he had given for the safe keeping of these stores. His clocks were all wound up and going well, and as midnight approached he left the arsenal for a while on urgent business. When the clock struck twelve his boat was tearing down the Tigris back to Basra, and the last sight he saw of Bagdad was the arsenal blowing up with a roar which shook the earth and sent flames up into the sky. His clocks had worked well.

Walter Greenway reached home again, but his work was done. His strength was fast failing. He was filled with joy as he shared the life of his wife and their children. "Would that I had health and strength for them," he cried, "but her father is good and she is an angel." His thoughts turned to that other world in which those who

are kind and loyal and true must surely meet in peace and bliss. Voices that had long been still seemed to come whispering to him :

It is a solemn feeling I have. None are far away. Time is nothing and distance nothing. You are thousands of miles away, but I see and hear you clearly. I have not been what I might. Also I have been misunderstood somewhat. There is One I do not fear to meet now—once I did ; but that is past, “ For His mercy endureth for ever.”

And then, on August 8, 1917, he continued his last letter :

Weaker, but not a bit anxious. How many millions have felt as I feel, looking Death in the face ! The deaf mute in the Turkish trenches, also the German officer in the arsenal at Bagdad, felt as I feel now. I suppose it is common for men to face Death calmly, only we do not realise that till he approaches. If wife and children could accompany me I should be perfectly happy. Yet it comes to me that I need not fear for them. I hope you will get what I am writing—in great weariness. I fainted last night as I wrote. It is pleasant to talk, as it were, to a friend who feels as I do of dear old England. Ah, she will rule the waves for ages yet, thanks be to God ! It is good to feel that, and makes one proud and happy. I have a plan for getting this through. Botanical specimens are not examined very closely, I understand.

He was weaker and weaker ; he had worn out his strength for his country, and life was ebbing from him. He wrote on August 9 :

Utterly prostrate. Father-in-law taking little ones to his own place when he has lifted me on a horse my wife leads, seeking medical aid for me. I write lying on the ground. Thank you for many a kindness, and your wife and her friends for remembrances which my wife and

children will cherish for ever. Good-bye. My father-in-law may get what I have written through.

It was the last letter he wrote; it was the farewell to the world of one of the rarest men it ever knew. The next letter to reach Mr. Holmes came from a doctor at a hospital, and it brought the news that Walter Greenway had passed into another world:

A fortnight yesterday an Arab woman brought her husband, an Englishman, to this hospital. He was suffering from acute dysentery, from which he died on August 26. . . . He had lost an arm recently, and his body was badly scarred by burnings. His wife, whose English is very imperfect, made us understand that he had served for some twelve months with the British Forces in Mesopotamia. She had a letter which you had written to her husband, but she showed it me so jealously that I was unable to make much of it. It was evident the poor creature prized it too highly to let it leave her hands.

I am dreadfully sorry for the little woman—very pretty and refined for an Arab. She was devoted to her husband—she must have been, for she carried him somehow for more than seventy miles. She was the picture of despair when he died, and for eighteen hours she mourned at his grave. It quite affected and saddened us all to see her grief. A few hours ago her father, an Arab sheikh, who seems to have conveyed the children to his own home, came and took her away. She thanked us with tears for what we had done for her husband—little enough—then ran to the graveyard, and her father had a hard task to coax her away.

What has happened to this beautiful woman, this faithful Arab wife whose love urged Walter Greenway on? We do not know. No letters have found her. She went away with her father, who took her with her children on a long voyage, and sold his property before he

went. Who would not like to hear of her, and to know that all is well with this home in which the spirit of Walter Greenway lives ?

We know that his tale is true, marvellous as it is, incredible as it seems, for we have not only the evidence in the doctor's letter about the broken arm, and the body scarred by burnings, and the Arab wife's devotion, but there has come to Mr. Holmes a letter from a captain who called at Cardiff, and wrote that he had seen our hero "messaging about with a motor-boat." The captain did not think of Walter as a hero; he remembered him simply as a runaway. Here is his letter :

That reminds me. I saw Black Walt last April. You remember him. He deserted ship at Colombo after a year's good service. That was in the summer of 1908, and I saw him again for the first time when we ran alongside an Arab dhow clearing out of Aden, in April.

He was on deck, messaging about with a ramshackle old motor-boat, which he was trying to tinker up.

I should never have known him, but he hailed me in his old style. I asked him what game he was up to in the Bedouin dress he was wearing. "Oh," he said, "I've settled here; I'm one of the family." "And what's happened to your arm?" I said, seeing his left sleeve empty. "Ask the Turks," says he, laughing; "it came off through trying to do a bit for England." "How?" I asked. "Never mind how," said he. "And where are you off now?" I said. "Basra," says he, "trading." "Trading what?" I said. "Mechanical toys and officers' uniforms and liquors and what not," says he. "I dare say," I said; "them's likely goods for Basra." "They're all right," he says; "my little cargo's wanted up that way very bad."

And he gave me a wink with those merry eyes of his, all full of devilment, and went off on the dhow.

I wonder what he's been after all this time, and how he lost that arm, and what he'd got up his sleeve when I met him. Do you ever hear from him?

So ends the story of Walter Greenway, for whom there was no medal, no Victoria Cross, but for whom, whenever his story is told, there will rise in men's hearts the glow of pride that the thought of Drake and Nelson brings. He was one of the heroes of England, one of the immortals of the war.

We at least can strive to make our country worthy of heroes such as these; we can build anew and build better, and see that there shall rise, from the ruin and pity of these days, a nobler, purer, sweeter land.

IV
THE HERO OF FREEDOM
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

*“ Make way for Liberty ! ” he cried.
Made way for Liberty, and died.*

James Montgomery

POOR TOUSSAINT

*Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den ;
O miserable chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow ;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.*

WORDSWORTH, who loved to write of daffodils and daisies and laughing children round about his home, sat down one night and wrote this immortal sonnet on a man far, far away. His name was Toussaint L'Ouverture. Perhaps you have not heard of him, and yet his name is one of a mighty Three—Napoleon, who feared him and slew him ; Wordsworth, who enshrined him for ever in letters of gold ; and Toussaint himself, a solitary, great, and tragic figure, whom history almost forgets.

His name rang out from an island rising in the Atlantic Ocean—Hayti, in the West Indies, a mass of mountainous land about as big as Scotland. It may be that the cotton your coat is made of came from there, or that your coffee or cocoa or sugar or rice or maize may have come from

there, but Hayti, the black republic next door to Cuba, has a mournful story, a history as melancholy as any page in human annals.

It was discovered by Columbus, who found there five kings with absolute power over a million human beings. There was savagery everywhere, but Columbus set his Spaniards to build cities, and perhaps he might have saved the island from its tragic fate. But Columbus was recalled, and years of oppression and cruelty set in. The men were sent to the gold-mines or chained in slavery, and soon the population of a million people had been ground down by toil and hunger and fighting to hardly more than sixty thousand. As the years went on the number of people left was but one for every square mile of land in Hayti; there were fourteen thousand free men, with fourteen thousand slaves, and two thousand adventurers who cared for neither God nor man. In the troubles with Spain the adventurers appealed to France, which took over the island. It looked as if there might be hope for this poor land.

Time went by for a century, and the French part of the island had thousands of plantations, with millions of money invested. The enormous wealth of the soil of Hayti was being realised. The population was rising towards a million, with five hundred whites, eight hundred thousand blacks, and one hundred thousand mixed.

But these were not the natural people of the island. This multitude of poor blacks had been stolen from the heart of Africa. Hundreds of ships came to Hayti packed with Africans, torn from their homes, loaded with chains, and flung out on this terrible island. Rich men lived in Paris on the ill-gotten gains of Hayti. Many a dazzling

spectacle in the gay capital of France was paid for with money wrung from these poor slaves.

It was out of the heart of this miserable people, up from the depths of this pitiless world, that Toussaint L'Ouverture came. He was a Negro. His great-grandfather is said to have been a king in Africa, and his father was chief of a Negro tribe, who was captured and sold in slavery. Because of his good character, the count who owned him gave him full liberty on his sugar estates, and the slave chieftain lived a tolerable life. He joined a church, married, and had eight children, and his oldest boy, born on May 20, 1743, was Toussaint.

He was a wonderful boy. So weak and fragile that he was called "Little Lathe," he could do amazing things. He was the best swimmer and the swiftest hunter and the cleverest rider anywhere. But this strong and terrible man, with all the promise of his boyhood, grew up among the despised gangs pining away in the plantations. He saw all the horrors of slavery, the low, narrow, foul huts in which the life of his race was ebbing slowly out. He heard the crack of the driver's whip when the poor bodies of his people could do no more; he saw the bitter separation of parents and children; and the cruelty of it all scarred his life deep.

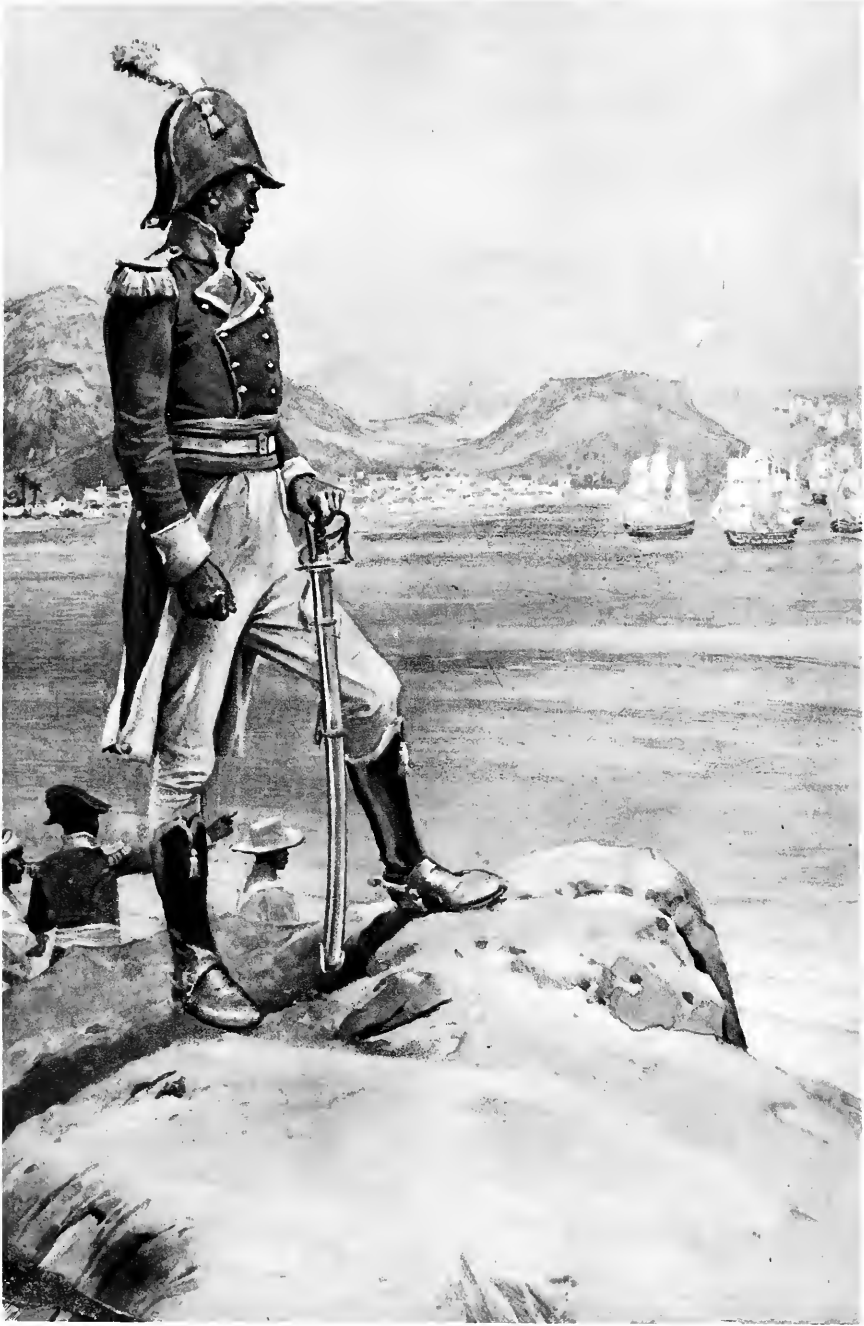
Abraham Lincoln, looking on at slavery, said of it, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I will hit it hard"; Toussaint, living in the chains of slavery, endured and waited his time. He behaved so well that his master made him his coachman. He married a good woman, and there, in his cabin, he lived as happy a life as a slave could live. He spoke African, but learned French and a little Latin, and when he was fifty-four he gave a handful of

Portuguese coins to a soldier who taught him to read and write. It was the time of the French Revolution, and it was well that Toussaint should be able to read. He read the history of the slaves, but he read another book which filled him with hope that he might one day save his people. It was the Bible.

The echoes of the Revolution stirred the island, but the planters who cried for liberty in Paris had not a care or a thought for liberty in Hayti. The Negroes sent a deputation to Paris asking for equality with the whites, and the President of the Assembly assured them that no part of the French nation should claim rights in vain at the hands of France. A famous member of Parliament, one of the richest owners of Hayti, avowed that he would lose all he had rather than forsake the principles of the Revolution. It had an immense effect. The Negroes were stirred, and the planters were astounded. They took the Negro leader and executed him, and the slaves grew hot with fury. Fire and war covered the island, and the slave armies went from victory to victory.

Toussaint was looking on. He was gravely moved, but he shrank from horrors such as these. He protected his master's property, guarded his master's wife, and sent their treasure away to safety. Again and again he intervened for mercy's sake. He saved the whites when the slaves would have put them all to death; he rose before an angry crowd seeking vengeance after the reading of a proclamation, read the proclamation again, and turned their vengeance so that tears ran down their cheeks.

It was not possible for such a man to stand apart, and Toussaint rose in influence. He had in him the elements



THE DOOM OF POOR TOUSSAINT DRAWS NEAR—THE NEGRO LEADER WATCHES THE COMING OF THE FLEET SENT BY NAPOLEON FOR HIS DESTRUCTION



NAPOLEON'S SISTER COMES HOME FROM HAYTI WITH THE TIDINGS OF DOOM

that make men great, and with all his limitations he rose to intellectual power. He added "L'Ouverture" to his name, the word meaning "the opening," as if he were to open the door of freedom to his people. When the French Government threw out tyrannical generals and broke the chains of the slaves they made him second in the government of the island, and the governor declared him the liberator and avenger of his race. The Negroes would have made him king of Hayti; they would have made him anything; but all that Toussaint wanted was that life should go on peacefully among his people, that the blessings of civilisation and progress should come to all the island, and this man, who for fifty years and more had been a slave, was wiser in freedom than the men who came from France to rule. The French governor stood always for instant freedom; Toussaint insisted that the blacks should first be fit for freedom. He sent his two sons to school in France. He induced the planters to start work again, with the blacks serving a sort of apprenticeship, in which they were to receive one-quarter of their produce. If they were fit to be free at the end of five years, they were to be given their freedom.

It did not suit the governor to have so strong a man as Toussaint in the island, and the governor, having failed in a plot against him, returned to France. But he left behind him a fearful thing: a proclamation intended to stir up civil war. It praised Rigaud, the leader of the mixed population—the mulattoes—and declared Toussaint a traitor; and, inspired by this atrocious document, Rigaud revolted and drew the sword. We need not follow all the excitement of war. Toussaint forced strongholds and captured towns, and struck terror to the mulattoes,

and when they thought their doom was come he would call them to the church, pardon them from the pulpit, give them clothes and money, and promise them protection. He would tear the flags from their masts, and command his men to bind strips of them round their bodies, so that if they fell they might die with the colours. It is not in the nature of things that men like that can be beaten ; and Toussaint marched to victory.

Now it is that we reach the height and depth of this great human story. Toussaint was at the height of his power in Hayti ; Napoleon, back from Egypt, was at the height of his power in Paris. He recalled Rigaud, upheld Toussaint, and ordered the flag of Hayti to be inscribed in letters of gold. It would seem as if all were well at last with this poor island. *But Napoleon's letters of gold were to spell a lie.* Toussaint was told to write across the flags, "Brave Blacks, remember that the French Republic has given you liberty." It was not true. The blacks fought for liberty and won it, and Toussaint, who knew of all the plots nourished in Paris, who again and again had appealed in vain for some direct word from Napoleon, refused to write this falsehood on the flag. He issued a proclamation of his own, in which all wrongs were forgotten and forgiven.

He was afraid of nobody ; he wanted nothing but the good of Hayti. When he found the French Commissioner sowing seeds of discord and plotting to break down his authority, Toussaint arrested him and sent him back to France. He took over the Spanish territories and raised the French flag over them amid peals of bells and the acclamations of the people. He proposed a broad constitution for the island, in which all honest men should be equal and free, marriage sacred, and the natural develop-

ment of the island the common interest of all. He set up free trade; he was the first statesman in the world to proclaim free trade, fifty years before Sir Robert Peel.

He sent his scheme to Paris for the approval of Napoleon. Twenty times he had written to Napoleon, and never had Napoleon answered him. Napoleon was growing impatient of Toussaint. Men of Hayti were coming to the Parliament in Paris, the colony was prospering and its revenue was growing, the blacks were stirring with the sense of their new-found liberty, and Napoleon was not quite sure of all these things. He must watch this new Moses who had led his people out of bondage and now talked of constitutions. Who but himself should talk of constitutions? What would Toussaint be doing next?

Then it was that Napoleon resolved to break Toussaint. This braggart upstart, who climbed to the throne of France on the bodies of its sons, could not endure this Moses who loomed larger and larger on the horizon of the Empire. This man in power amid the dazzling splendour at the heart of France could not endure this man in power far away, whom nothing could buy, who was nobody's tool, the idol and the guardian of his people.

And so Napoleon had scorned Toussaint in silence. Not once in all these years had this brave, great man received one word of sympathy, one word of thanks or recognition, from the despot who was playing in Paris with the destinies of mankind. The arrival of the messenger with the new proposals of Toussaint gave Bonaparte his opportunity. It suited him to receive the letter from Toussaint as a threat from a revolted slave. He would teach this brigand his business. He would send an expedition. It was convenient for this exalted bandit to

remove thirty thousand men from Paris, and it was convenient to have them sent against Toussaint.

From that moment Napoleon became an assassin. He set himself to destroy Toussaint. He issued a decree putting the colonies in the state in which they were before 1789. That is to say, Napoleon brought back slavery in Hayti. It was one of the blackest crimes in history.

There are still books in which we read of Napoleon as if he were an honourable man. The truth is that Napoleon was a liar, a forger, a thief, a sneak, and an assassin; he was made of the things of which kaisers were made in Germany. This man, plotting to take the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, having signed a decree to fasten the chains of slavery on this great man's race, called Toussaint's two sons to him, told them their father was a great man who had rendered eminent services to France, entertained them at a banquet, presented them with superb suits of armour, and sent them home as the guests of France to assure their father of his friendship and protection. All this did Napoleon, who never through all these years had sent Toussaint one friendly word.

So Toussaint's sons sailed home, followed by a fleet which was to destroy Toussaint. Toussaint's sons carried presents from Napoleon; Napoleon's brother-in-law came behind with a dagger in his cloak. General Leclerc, who had married Napoleon's sister, came at the head of this great force of France. There were all the best sailors in France in sixty ships, with an army of thirty-five thousand men, and Toussaint, watching the fleet approaching the island, burst out with a broken heart: "We must perish. All France is coming to Hayti. We have been deceived. They come to enslave the blacks." He refused to receive

the fleet, and one of his generals replied to the messenger :
“ Tell your general that his men shall march over ashes
and the ground shall burn beneath their feet.”

In the hope of winning Toussaint, Leclerc sent his sons with the letter from Napoleon. There was a moving scene when the sons reached their father and mother, but the letter they bore was as the hand of a friend with a dagger hidden in it, and Toussaint sent back his sons. Once more Leclerc used the boys to intervene. He promised Toussaint the greatest honour, and gave him the choice of being the first Captain-General of Hayti or of being declared an outlaw. He chose to be an outlaw, and Leclerc came on with thirty-five thousand men.

The fighting was bitter and terrible. Never were such warriors as these blacks, never such a leader as Toussaint, fighting one day in a ravine, dragging cannon by the edge of a precipice, pouring out his magical eloquence from a pulpit, stepping down from the pulpit for warfare and fire. His men would suffer anything for him.

Unable to win by war, Leclerc sought victory by peace, and undertook to leave the government of the island in Toussaint's hands and to respect its liberty. Quietly confident in his strength, Toussaint welcomed the reconciliation. “ Where would you have obtained your arms to carry on the war ? ” the Frenchman asked ; and the African said : “ I would have taken yours.”

Peace was back in Hayti. The towns were rebuilt, the harbours were filled with ships, and trade flourished again. And then it seemed as if Nature herself had struck a blow at this unhappy place, for yellow fever came, and the story of the Plague of London is not more terrible than the story of this last tragedy that Toussaint knew in Hayti. Hun-

dreds died every day. Fifteen hundred officers of the army died, thirty thousand soldiers and sailors, and seven hundred doctors. Hayti was under two terrors—the terror of the plague and the terror of Napoleon. Deeper and deeper the people were plunged into their misery, and through it all the spirit of Napoleon pursued its ruthless way. It did not suit him that Hayti should be free. With Hayti free, other colonies must claim their freedom, too, and what strongholds would France have then to keep the English down? Yet more and more he realised that he could not enslave the island while its leader lived. Was he for ever to be bothered with this slave, the first of the blacks as Napoleon was the first of the whites?

Not even in the presence of the plague, when Toussaint, with his native chivalry, scorned to use his power against Leclerc, did Napoleon stay his hand. He would make use of Leclerc, whom Toussaint's brave spirit had allowed to become sole master of the island. Toussaint was trapped into a room, where twenty officers faced him with drawn swords. He was put on a ship, his wife and family were carried off, and they flung him into a dungeon in Paris. Napoleon was having his way.

But there is a moral retribution in this world, and if the conscience of Napoleon was not stricken as he sat in splendour in the Louvre, with his victim in that dark and noisome cell, it must have pierced Napoleon's heart one day when the door of his room burst open and his sister entered. All through those terrible events in Hayti she had lived a gay life there. The cold brutality of Napoleon himself was not more callous than this woman's heart. While the army was perishing in Hayti she lived in endless pleasure at her husband's side. While Leclerc was

plotting to destroy Toussaint, she was planning new rounds of music and dancing, and not even the Angel of Death, visiting thousands of these poor people and these brave soldiers, could move her until the knock came at her own door. Her balls, somebody said, took place on the brink of the grave, and the dancers of the night were dead on the morrow. "These are our last moments," she would say; "let us pass them in pleasure."

Leclerc was terrified. The island reeled with plague and fire and mutiny. Scaffolds were raised in all the towns, and men and women and even children were hanged on them. In the midst of it all the old friends of Toussaint, the old generals who had left his side and joined Leclerc, were seized with a great remorse. His old friend Christophe, sitting at a banquet with Leclerc, was asked to drink, and an officer filled his glass. Seized with a great rage, he turned to the officer and cried: "Dost thou know, thou little white thing, that I would drink thy blood and that of thy general?" In the consternation that ensued the terrible Christophe burst out:

Vain is it to call your soldiers. Mine are under arms, and with one word I can make you prisoner. But learn to know me. I remain subject to you as I was to Toussaint. Had he said to me, "Hurl this island into the sea," I would have done my best. This is the way I obey and command. Faiths and oaths and treaties, security and hospitality—have not all been violated by your cruel policy? Prison, banishment, death, are the rewards of those whose blood flows for our liberty. No longer are you around me, friends, soldiers, heroes of our mountains; and thou, Toussaint, the pride of our race, the terror of our foes, thou whose genius led us from slavery to liberty, whose hand adorned peace with her lovely virtues, whose glory fills the world, they have put thee, like a criminal, in irons.

Then, overcome with his memories and the consciousness of his country's sufferings, Christophe denounced the Governor, and the banquet ended.

Leclerc was full of fear. He lived in panic as his wife lived in pleasure. There was nothing left for any representative of France except to save himself by flight, but in that dark hour for Hayti the Captain-General, broken with fear and trembling with remorse, died suddenly. It was then that Napoleon's sister was moved by Death knocking at her door. She left the island. She, who had come with her famous soldier-husband leading thirty-five thousand men, went back to France with her husband dead, twenty-five thousand soldiers perished, eight thousand more in hospitals, and only two thousand left.

There was something fitting in the tragic sight of this young widow standing before the eyes of France like the ghost of the mighty expedition that had sailed the year before, and to Napoleon it must have seemed like the hand of Doom. He listened to his sister as she spoke of that land of fire and blood and desolation, and then exclaimed in his great bitterness: "Here is all that remains of that fine army—the body of a brother-in-law, of a general, my right arm, a handful of dust; all has perished, all will perish. Fatal conquest, accursed land! Perfidious colonists, with a slave in revolt—these are the causes of so many evils!" It did not suit Napoleon then to remember that he had sent away his thirty thousand men lest they should stand in his way to the throne. It did not suit him to remember that Toussaint was at that moment languishing in darkness and hunger in a dungeon cell.

Napoleon cared nothing. He buried Leclerc in the Panthéon, and sent out another tyrant to the island with

twenty thousand men ; he left Toussaint in his dungeon, and made it his amusement to torture him. Toussaint lay in the castle of Joux, and there he wrote two letters to Napoleon which must move any heart not made of stone.

I beg of you in the name of God (he wrote) to cast a favourable eye on my appeal. If I have sinned in doing my duty, it is contrary to my intentions. I have had the misfortune to incur your wrath, but as to fidelity and probity I am strong in my conscience, and I dare affirm that among all the servants of the State none is more honest than I.

I was one of your soldiers, and the first servant of the Republic in Hayti, but now I am wretched, ruined, dishonoured. Let your pity be moved at my position. You are too great in feeling and too just not to listen to my appeal.

First Consul, it is a misfortune to me that I am not known to you. If you had known me you would have done me more justice. I am not learned, but my father showed me the road of virtue and honour. I am a victim of all my services, a prisoner sunk in grief, and I ask you for freedom that I may labour to support my unhappy family. Let your heart be softened and touched by my misfortunes.

There was no reply from the great Napoleon, who found time, instead, to write to the commander of the prison reducing Toussaint's allowance. At length they forgot him altogether, and one day in April 1803 they opened the dungeon door and found him dead, lying with the rats. Napoleon had conquered.

Far away in Hayti worked the forces of retribution. There was no peace for the new tyrant and his twenty thousand men. The things that happened in that terrible

year when Toussaint died are not to be fully told. Napoleon's soldiers put to death five hundred prisoners, and threw them in one grave, dug before their eyes. It was too much for those old generals who had known Toussaint, who knew how chivalrous he was, and how Napoleon had murdered him. Dessalines, one of the cruellest of all the men of this African race, was roused to fearful rage. He set up five hundred gibbets and hanged five hundred Frenchmen on them, most of them Napoleon's companions-in-arms. The French chained sixteen of Toussaint's bravest generals to the rocks, where they starved for weeks before the last man died.

In the end the French were doomed and conquered. A nation cannot endure in slavery and cruelty and injustice, and France has learned the lesson of Napoleon. In November 1803, all that was left of France in Hayti fled in terror from the infuriated blacks. The governor threw himself on the mercy of the English, and as the last ship sailed, with the blacks about to sink it with red-hot bullets, the British captain intervened, and France withdrew from Hayti under the protection of the British flag.

So lived and died, for this tragic island, the man whose quenchless courage touched the heart of Wordsworth when he wrote those lines that will never be forgot. Toussaint *has* great allies ; he has his place for ever in the deathless story of the heroes of the world.

V

THE HEROISM OF CONSCIENCE
THE PASSENGERS ON THE MAYFLOWER

*Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.*

*Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the distant aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.*

*What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the sports of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.*

*Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode,
They have left unstained what there they found :
Freedom to worship God.*

Felicia Hemans

THE PASSENGERS ON THE MAYFLOWER

TWICE the English race has sailed out to an unknown land ; twice it has written across the page of history the great adventure of Three Hundred Years.

There was that Three Hundred Years which saw the sailing of the English out of Schleswig, through the Elbe, across the North Sea to the shores of Kent, their struggles for the conquest of the Britons, and their settling down as masters of the island.

And there is that Three Hundred Years now closing, which has seen the second migration of the English race out to an unknown world, which has seen their slow but sure upbuilding of a mighty State, founded by a hundred simple folk, cemented by George Washington and crowned by Abraham Lincoln, until its hundred people have become a hundred millions.

It took Three Hundred Years to make the English masters of England ; it took Three Hundred Years to make their children masters of America. Is it not a solemn thing that it is within the power of this race now to make itself master of the Peace of the World ?

A mighty celebration that would be of the sailing of the Mayflower men, the rocking of the cradle of Mother England's first-born child, America. And it will come—if not today, tomorrow ; if not tomorrow, then some other day.

Nations have their troubles. Life is not for any of us a very easy business, and the human race has not come all this way, through ages of darkness and mystery and

savagery and plague, along a path of roses. But always Faith wins through; the laughing-stock of all the ages is the pessimist, the weakling, and the coward, and the story of the Mayflower men will have as its final chapter yet the leadership of the English-speaking races in the Parliament of the World.

What is this story of the Mayflower, this tale of Three Hundred Years that men for ever tell ?

It is one of the wonder-stories of the world, and there is nothing like it anywhere. It is the greatest story that comes down to us from Shakespeare's England, though Shakespeare never knew it. It is the most dramatic fulfilment in history of the old saying that the little one shall become a thousand and the small host a strong nation.

It takes us back to those dark days and to that strange world that Shakespeare knew, when this little isle set in a silver sea seems like a foreign land to read about. We can hardly believe today that England ever was like England then. But take up your John Richard Green, open his Short History at the pages which glow with his pictures of Puritan England, and see the wonder of it all.

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation, he says, than in those closing years of Queen Elizabeth, when England became the people of a book and that one book the Bible. There was nothing else for our people to read; all these books that cram our libraries, all this history and romance and poetry, all those realms of gold in which poor men may wander now, have come since then. And so we can well understand that when Tyndale's Bible was set up in churches, the people gathered together and hung on its words like music. The whole nation felt the change,

and not only nobles and scholars, but farmers and shopkeepers and labouring men felt indeed that life was earnest and solemn, not to be scornfully frittered away.

We see the spirit of Puritan England in one of its splendid figures, Colonel Hutchinson. His faithful wife has drawn his portrait for us.

He had "hair of brown, softer than the finest silk, curling with loose great rings." He had teeth as white as purest ivory.

He was fond of hawking, and skilled in dancing and fencing. He loved painting and sculpture, and all the arts. He took pleasure in his gardens, and planted groves and walks and forest trees. He had a great love for music, and played on the viol like a master. He was diligent in his examination of the Scriptures.

He was, says his wife, as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had. He delighted in all good conversation. Scurrilous talk he abhorred, and though he took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure.

He had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would employ many spare hours among soldiers. He never disdained the meanest nor flattered the greatest.

Such was the Puritan gentleman ; no gloomy fanatic. His temper, said John Richard Green, was just and noble and self-controlled, and all over the nation when the Puritans held sway, "life gained in moral grandeur, in the sense of the dignity of man, in orderliness and equable force."

Into an England like that came James, the first King of the wretched House of Stuart. It was as if a river of slime should run into a beautiful garden. Let John Richard Green describe him :

His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, stood out as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble, his want of personal dignity, his buffoonery, his coarseness of speech, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice.

That is James the First of England, though it must be added that under this ridiculous exterior lay a ripe fund of learning and mother wit, enough to make him, as our historian says, the wisest fool in Christendom. It was this man who ushered in that dark chapter of our nation's history which covered the reign of the Stuarts. He came into England in her noblest hour; he did his best to drag her to the dust.

The splendid men of Elizabethan England, those Drakes and Raleighs and Sidneys and Grenvilles and Frobishers who matter so much more than kings, had lifted England to a mighty height and swept the tyranny of Spain from off the seas. They had saved the world and human liberty from the iron grip of Spain; they had shattered the cruel tyranny of Philip and sent his Armada to the bottom of the sea.

But all this was as nothing to the royal buffoon then on the throne. He would teach this nation its business; he would rule it as he pleased. He drained its treasury to pay for his high revelry; he lavished wealth on any young adventurers who caught his fancy. He would sit in his Court with drunken actors rolling at his feet, and would go back to his room to write essays on the Lord's Prayer. He raised vice to a place of honour; he was not ashamed to count a murderer as his friend.

Those who would look for the cradle of America must



JAMES STUART, THE COWARD KING OF SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND, THREATENS THE PURITANS THAT HE WILL MAKE THEM CONFORM TO THE CHURCH OR HARRY THEM-OUT OF THE LAND



THE SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER AT PLYMOUTH HOE—THE PILGRIMS, DRIVEN FROM HOME BY JAMES STUART, SAIL FOR THE UNKNOWN LAND



THE SURPRISE OF THE MAYFLOW MEN—ONE DAY THERE WALKED INTO THE CAMP A RED INDIAN WHO LAID DOWN HIS ARROWS, CAME UP TO THE PILGRIMS, AND TALKED IN ENGLISH



THE PILGRIMS STRIKE THE SAND AND FIND CORN WITH WINTER COMING AND NO CORN TO SOW THEY COME UPON HEAPS OF SAND, IN WHICH WERE HIDDEN BASKETS OF CORN

look in quiet places in the English countryside, where men living clean and honest and useful lives, believing in God and loving their fellows, were angered to the depths by the spirit of this man set up by chance to rule over them. It was more than Puritan England could stand. Into the simple life of these plain people came this upstart James, strutting across the stage as if he were a god. A god, indeed, he thought himself, for he told the English people that "as it is blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption to dispute what a king can do"; and he set about the pitiful work of ordering the life of the English people in narrow ways that he laid down.

The Reformation of the Church had come and gone, but still the empty forms, the superstitions, the vain ceremonies, remained; and now came James declaring to the people that he was king by right of God alone, that he was in absolute power and above all law, that he could do whatsoever seemed to him good for the nation and all the people in it, that they should worship as he wished, that the synods of the Church should meet at his royal will, that bishops should be his royal officers, and that the Church should carry out his decrees. It need only be said that Puritan England had a nobler God to serve, and when the king saw the stuff these men were made of he burst out in his rage, "*I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land.*"

But it was more than any king could do to stop these Nonconformists. Men went to the stake and were burned alive rather than allow the king to come between their soul and its Creator. We will take just one of them, Rowland Taylor, the good vicar of Hadleigh, who was carried away in the darkness from the porch of St. Botolph's, in Aldgate.

Now, when the sheriff came against St. Botolph's Church, Elizabeth cried, saying, "O my dear father! Mother, mother! Here is my father led away!" Then cried his wife, "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" for it was a very dark morning. Dr. Taylor answered, "I am here, dear wife."

The sheriff's men would have led him forth, but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife." Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms, and he and his wife and Elizabeth knelt down and said the Lord's prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company.

After they had prayed he rose up and kissed his wife and shook her by the hand, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife. Be of good comfort, for I am clear in my conscience. God shall still be a father to my children." Then said his wife, "God be with thee, dear Rowland. I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh."

The streets of Hadleigh were beset on both sides with men and women of the town and country, who waited to see him; whom when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voices, they cried, "Ah, good Lord, there goeth our good shepherd from us!"

The journey was at last over. "What place is this?" he asked. "And what meaneth it that so much people are gathered together?" It was answered, "It is Oldham Common, the place where you must suffer, and the people are come to look upon you." Then said he, "Thanked be God; I am even at home."

But when the people saw his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears and cried, saying, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor; God strengthen thee and help thee; the Holy Ghost comfort thee!" He wished, but was not suffered to speak.

When he had prayed he went to the stake and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch-barrel which they had set for him to stand on, and so let himself be burned.

One of the executioners cruelly cast a fagot at him. Then said Dr. Taylor, "O friend, I have harm enough—

what needed that ? ” One more act of brutality brought his sufferings to an end.

So stood he still without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till one with a halberd struck him on the head that the brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire.

England was used to scenes like this. By the very spot on which these words are written, close by the office of the Children's Newspaper, the iron gates of a dungeon would swing back, men would be dragged by candle-light from the damp cells where they were chained, thrown in a cart, and led away to Tyburn Hill, there to be hanged, and their heads stuck on a spike, because they dared to write and preach that a man should worship God in the way that seemed good to him.

It was not enough for James Stuart that the noblest men in England should be persecuted and burned alive ; he would teach them another lesson. He would stop this Parliament of theirs which dared to cross his path. Death, dismissal, or disgrace awaited those who dared to challenge this man's will. But the House of Commons was unafraid. When James threatened its members with the Tower one of them said, “ Let us resort to our prayers and then consider of this great business ” ; and, having considered, the House resolved that the affairs of England and the affairs of the king were proper subjects to debate in Parliament, and that Parliament should have freedom to speak and reason and make decisions. When this was written in the Journals of the House, James sent for the Journals and with his own hand tore out the page containing it, as with his own hand he had once tortured a poor old man for causing a storm at sea.

Out of such things grew the Commonwealth; out of such things grew America. While the great pillars of Liberty were holding up the Parliament, breaking the power of James and all his Stuart brood, a group of people left these shores for Holland to find religious freedom there.

We date this great adventure of the founding of America from 1620, but in truth the search for liberty began twelve years before, when the Pilgrims to Holland founded a church at Leyden, where the great Dutch painter Rembrandt lived. We see in Rembrandt's pictures just that sort of people, just those quaint streets, just those jolly old windmills and steeples and bell-towers that the Pilgrims saw as they went about their life in Holland.

Even from there the King of England tried to get them back, but the arm of King James could not reach that little free land, and the congregation at Leyden grew to three hundred. The Pilgrims were so honest and quiet and fair in all their dealings that when they left Leyden a Dutch magistrate said, "These English have lived among us twelve years, and yet we never had an accusation against any of them." When those twelve years were over the eyes of the Pilgrims turned across the sea, and they longed to set up a home of their own and start a new England, as Captain John Smith and Sir Walter Raleigh had tried to do.

It was all arranged, and one fine morning in the summer of 1620 the Pilgrims met for the last time in their little room in Leyden. They said farewell to their pastor, John Robinson, and set out in a little ship that they had bought. It was called the Speedwell, and it brought the Pilgrims safe to England; but it was not the Speedwell that was to make so great a stir in history, for another boat

was awaiting them when they reached Southampton. The Mayflower had come down from London with another company, and the plan was for both these ships to cross the wide Atlantic.

They stayed in Southampton till the first days of August, full of anxiety and trouble, for they could not find the money to pay their harbour dues, and they had to sell sixty pounds' worth of food before they could leave, so that they had left "scarce any butter, no oyle, not a sole to mend a shoe."

But on August 5 both ships set sail down Southampton Water, through the Solent, past the Isle of Wight. Side by side the Mayflower and its little friend the Speedwell sailed three days and nights, and then the Speedwell sprang a leak, and turned up the River Dart for repairs. Then they sailed on by the shores of lovely Devon, on and on beyond Cornwall and Land's End, until they were three hundred miles from shore. There the Speedwell reported that she had sprung another leak.

It has been said that perhaps the leak was not in the boards of the Speedwell at all, but in the heart of its captain; but in any case there was nothing to do but to turn back once more, and the poor Pilgrims found themselves this time in Plymouth Harbour, so that it was an accident that has given the great tradition of the Pilgrims to Plymouth. From Plymouth they sent the Speedwell home to London Bridge, with 18 Pilgrims who refused to start again, leaving the final company on the Mayflower 102, besides the crew. They stayed at Plymouth till the wind was fair, and set out at last, sailing to immortality and an unknown land in the most famous little ship that ever sailed the seas, on September 6.

Let us look at this little ship that will live in history when even the *Lusitania* is forgotten. She was about thirty yards long and eight yards wide, and it took a crew of fifteen or twenty men to manage her. She had three masts to carry her sails before the wind. She has been described as "broad of beam, short in the waist, low between the decks, and in her uppers none too tight." She sailed very low in the water, and shipped more sea than was comfortable in a storm. She must have been a little cramped with over a hundred souls on board when she set out from Plymouth on that sixth of September.

They carried little furniture, and hardly any tools with which to start civilisation in their unknown world, but much of the space between decks was crammed with the parts of a smaller boat, which they were to put together on reaching land. They lived in cabins and bunks between the decks, shut in as tightly as they could be shut, but not too tightly for the sea to come pouring in through the boards.

In that cramped and stifling space they lived on bacon, salted beef, smoked herring, and cheese, with a little butter, vinegar, mustard, and probably lemons and prunes when they wanted luxury. Most of their food must have been eaten cold, for the only opportunity these hundred people had of cooking was a frying-pan over a charcoal box, and a kettle suspended from a hook over a box of sand.

But these *Mayflower* people, who were setting out to make the biggest piece of history in the modern world, were not to be daunted by sixty days of tossing about in a little sailing ship. They were sturdy folk. Out of the 102 who sailed in search of liberty, 77 came from London

and the three counties of Norfolk, Essex, and Kent. There were 44 men, 19 women, and 39 children; and 18 of the women were married. Among them were 22 servants. It is believed that only two of the grown-ups were over fifty, and only nine were over forty; so that the party was hardly a company of Pilgrim Fathers, as history has called them. This little ship, with so much before it, was rather a cradle of youth.

We can hardly call it a cradle of wisdom, however. Courageous as they were, facing they knew not what in this amazing journey, pioneers of faith and founders of civilisation in a strange land, they can hardly be said to have shown much worldly wisdom, for they were sailing to America entirely unprepared for such conditions as they were bound to find. It has been said of them, by one of their best historians, that they took "really nothing except good constitutions, loyalty to each other, good sense, patience, forbearance, and devotion to a high religious ideal. They lacked everything but virtue."

It is true that they took with them a few peas, beans, and vegetable seeds, some salt, some clothing, a few vessels of wood and pewter, a few carpenter's tools, and the equipment for a blacksmith's shop. They also took guns, swords, and powder, with armour and breastplates. But what are these to found a colony? For agriculture they had almost nothing—not one beast of burden, not one plough, neither a cart nor harness of any kind, and not one of these men of the Mayflower had ever caught a fish. Only one of them, as far as we know, had ever used a gun, so that for finding food they had hardly any means worth talking of.

- So they set out for an unknown world, surely the most

ill-equipped company of pioneers that ever embarked on a great adventure.

The story of the next sixty-five days is an oft-told tale. The immense Atlantic waves swept the little Mayflower from stem to stern and from side to side till the vessel shivered and moaned as she beat against the storm, with 102 men and women and children crammed tight between the decks, shutting themselves in for fear the storm should drown them, yet longing to be out lest the air within should poison them. There was a death and a birth on board ; strange it must have been to hear the cries of a new-born child against the roar of the wild Atlantic Ocean !

There was almost another death, for one of the Pilgrims who could not stand the stifling atmosphere crept up to the top through the gratings, only to be picked up like a feather and flung into the angry waves. Happily, a cord of one of the sails had been torn and was trailing in the sea, and the drowning man clutched at it, so that the sailors were able to pull him back to deck, and he lived to tell the tale and to die on land, worth " three horses, 17 cows, 13 swine, 45 sheep, and nearly two whole pounds in money."

Not only his life, however, but the lives of all on board were imperilled one day when there came amidships a creaking sound as if the storm-tossed ship were cut in two. It was the main beam of the ship that had given way under the lashings of the storm. It held the sides of the Mayflower tight, and unless it could be repaired the ship must crumple up. *There was the cradle of America reeling in mid-Atlantic on a broken reed.* Some of the Pilgrims would have sailed back home, but they were far away across the Atlantic ; England was as far off as America. The terrible wrenching of the beam cracked the sides of the ship, so that the sea was

pouring through, and whatever could be done must be done quickly; they must get the beam in its place again.

We may imagine the fears of the captain, for he seems to have been as ill-prepared for this broken beam as the Pilgrims were for their fishing; but there was one good Pilgrim who had looked well forward, and happened to have a great iron jack in the hold, with which the crew were able to force the beam back to its place, forcing a wedge in with it to keep it true.

So the founders of a nation forged their way in a frail barque through an angry sea to the scene of their landing at Cape Cod. There was a great rush to the bows of the Mayflower when a sailor cried "Land ho!" and there, on November 9, they saw America in front of them. It was a flat, uninteresting piece of land, but at least their voyage was over, and on November 11, 1620, the Mayflower people walked ashore, wondering what awaited them.

What awaited them they can have little imagined. They were to live on into history with a glory beyond their dreams, for they were the beginners and begetters of the greatest civilised nation that ever dominated a continent.

But what a beginning for this nation of a hundred million people! Wide stretches of sand they found awaiting them in their new home, no shelter anywhere, no sign of food or men, and winter coming! Were they to stay or should they go? The Mayflower had just enough provisions for the journey back if they decided quickly. They did decide. They came to that decision which has ever since that day stood as a landmark in the history of our race.

We read of miracles, and men say the age of miracles is past, but if a miracle is that which passes understanding, what shall we say of those first days of the Mayflower men

in this wide, unknown, and barren land? Nothing but boundless faith and dauntless strength could have availed them then, but they had in them that without which man is but a broken reed and all the forces of militarism are but as dust. They believed that all was well. They refused to be cast down; they built a barricade of logs, lit a fire, and slept beneath the stars.

And now remember what it was that happened. They had seen no sign of life, they had no seed to sow for harvest, and winter was coming on. But they went out in search of a witness that they were not beyond the reach of the hand of God—and they found their witnesses.

They reached some heaps of sand, into which they probed their swords and cutlasses. It was in another miracle long ago that water flowed when Moses struck the rock; in this Miracle of the Mounds it was corn and not water that came out for the Mayflower men. For buried in these mounds were baskets filled with corn—ten bushels of corn, with a bag of beans and baskets of maize and a bottle of oil. It is like those stories of explorers in the Arctic who come upon little snow houses with stores of food, left centuries before, waiting for man in his need.

And there was greater wonder still, for our pilgrims were to come upon a wigwam with bowls, trays, and dishes, earthen pots and crab-shell baskets, silk made of grass, tobacco seed, and rushes ready to be plaited into mats.

Men talk of miracles, but what a miracle was there! And was it simply chance that they found these things just when they did—that they found the corn just then, before the snow that was to hide the mounds came down? We may believe what we will; the simple truth is that in this mysterious way the Mayflower men found seed just

when they wanted it, ready for their sowing in the spring. And history knows, also, that after a few months had gone, months of wondering and wandering in this strange land, with hardly any signs of humanity except a few Red Indians who shot their arrows at the pilgrims or fled away in terror, there came to these Mayflower men a Red Indian who was not afraid, but walked up to their camp and spoke to them—*spoke to them in our English mother tongue*. He knew the very streets of London that they knew, and this strange figure, meeting them there in that wild land, was like a touch of home to them.

But, most of all for us to remember now, this meeting determined the peaceful future of our Mayflower men, for our Red Indian friend brought back his chief to see them, a chief with his gleaming necklace of white bones and his scalping-knife, and there they all agreed to lay down their bows and arrows and live as peaceful neighbours, as we have done since then along three thousand miles of boundary, with not a stick or stone or gun to guard it all.

It was the beginning of that peace that shall never be broken again. Out of the tyranny of the Stuart kings was to grow the great Republic of the Free.

The reign of Charles, like that of James, drove new Pilgrims oversea: men of landed estates, professional men, clergymen and scholars, with many farmers from Lincolnshire, all seeking liberty to worship God in their own way. One year 700 sailed; in another year John Winthrop took 800, writing home on the voyage to those he left behind: "Our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness."

"Let it not be grievous to you," a friend wrote out to

the Pilgrims from England, "that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

The words were written in faith ; they have come true in fact. The honour is theirs as long as time shall run. King James has gone, perished in oblivion and contempt with that ignoble line he left behind ; but the line these persecuted Pilgrims left behind them is a hundred millions strong, and the day will come when the children of the Pilgrims will stand beside Britannia, leading the nations to their Promised Land.

VI
THE HERO OF HUMANITY
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

*O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed !
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn,
Through which the splendours of the new day burst !*

*We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor in our childish thoughtlessness foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea !*

James Russell Lowell

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

THERE are two Goliaths of evil in the world: their names are Drink and War. They are the most powerful fortresses of sin and shame that men have ever set up, and they are built up on human selfishness and greed. But War is passing from the earth, and Drink is doomed.

There are those who laugh when men say that war and drink will go, but they laugh best who laugh last. There was once another great Goliath, whose name was Slavery. A hundred years ago, a little more than fifty years ago, he strode the earth like some great conqueror. He was the great giant of the United States. He was so powerful when the United States began that even George Washington, the man who had beaten England, could not throw him down. But a few years after George Washington died a poor boy was born who faced this giant as David faced Goliath, and in the end he slew him. His name was William Lloyd Garrison.

He had none of the help that money gives to some boys when they come into the world. He was terribly poor, and he had a father of whom any proud boy would be ashamed. We do not know what happened to him, for he disappeared from this story when the little son who was to kill slavery was only three years old. The poor mother was left with her three children—two boys and a baby girl—in the bitter grip of poverty. The boy who

was to give gladness to millions of human beings had more than his share of sorrow.

But it was good for him. It gave him a great love for his mother, and it made him fond of home. He was so fond of home that again and again he would run away from his work in the town and manage to get home, sometimes, perhaps, by hanging on to the rack behind the mail coach. He did all sorts of things for a living. He made boots on a farm; he sold apples; at times he had to beg for food; but he was clever with his hands, and as he grew up he had a piece of good fortune, for he found work in his own town, and it was work that he loved to do: he went into a newspaper office to set up type.

Was it chance that this boy loved printing? Was it chance that drove him to settle down at this work when other things had failed? What is certain is that four million slaves owed their freedom one day to the fact that this boy took to printing. What is certain, also, is that these things are no accident. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," said Shakespeare, "rough-hew them how we will," and the divinity that was shaping William Lloyd Garrison in all these years of toil and sacrifice was touching him and thrilling him with a deep love for his fellow-men. The men who have done most for others have been the men who suffered most.

Our little lad was only three when his mother's dream of happiness was broken. His father left their home, like the scoundrel that he was, and after that this poor woman made sticks of candy, which the children sold in the street; but she taught her boys that life was good, whatever price they paid for it, and she kept the soul alive within her, however hard life was. She was a slave on weekdays, but



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, THE YOUNG CRUSADER AGAINST SLAVERY, GREETES THE OLD CRUSADER WILBERFORCE, WHOSE COFFIN HE WAS SOON TO FOLLOW TO THE GRAVE.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON SETS UP THE TYPE OF HIS PAPER

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean:
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

who would have guessed it on Sundays, to hear her singing in the chapel choir? She sent her boy James to a shoemaker, found a good home for her baby, and sent little Lloyd to help a man who made a living by sharpening swords and making lasts and sawing wood.

He worked hard and well, but it was too much for him; we see his love of his mother and his home pulling him all the time. He was fine at games, and he loved animals, especially cats; and he was always fond of remembering how one night the cat brought a litter of kittens, born while he was away from home, and dropped them one by one on his pillow as he lay there. Even when his schooling was over, and he was a little man of nine, apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, the love of home and the thought of his mother would pull him from his work, and he would leave it all and get home somehow.

And then in the end he really settled down, for he started as a printer's apprentice in his native town. He was happy at last, for he was in the place he loved, and at the work he loved, and he could help his mother—whose only support he was, for his little sister had died and his elder brother was at sea. He was not the boy to be satisfied today with doing the thing he had done yesterday; from the very beginning he was shaping for great things, and one night he wrote an essay and sent it without a name to the editor at his printing-office. We may imagine his pride when the editor handed it to him to set up in type. It was the real beginning of that work which was to bear such fruitful seed for all mankind, and Garrison went on and on until he, too, became an editor.

He had a mighty vision of his power when he began to edit a paper at twenty-one. He made up his mind that

his pen, at any rate, should be mightier than the sword, and he promised the world that all his opinions should be open and generous and free, and that he would fear nobody—neither timidity nor threats nor the influence of power. He kept his word. The man was never born who could frighten William Lloyd Garrison. He took up his pen and went out to fight Goliath. A woman had sent him a poem on Africa, and it moved him so that he wrote: “There is one theme that should be dwelt upon until our whole country is free from the curse—it is slavery.”

From that moment his life was consecrated to this great purpose. It consumed him; it possessed his mind and fired his soul, and it wore out his body. But he had time for other things. It was he, for instance, who sent the first words of encouragement John Greenleaf Whittier ever received in writing his poems. Whittier was a Quaker lad, working as a shoemaker, and he sent his verses on “The Exile’s Departure” to Garrison, who drove over to see the young poet and found him mowing in his father’s cornfield. Garrison was never too busy to be interested in others; he lived for them, and gave himself for them.

It was a great day when Garrison met Benjamin Lundy, a man who had been deeply stirred by the sight of gangs of chained Negroes driven through the streets. It moved him deeply to see such a sight in free America, and he gave up his business and started a paper to put a stop to it. It had only six subscribers, and every month Lundy walked twenty miles to have it printed, carrying the whole edition on his back. He rode six hundred miles on horseback to attend a slavery convention, and such a man found in Garrison the man who was born to help him. Garrison edited Lundy’s paper, and he did his work so

well, and went his way so fearlessly, that he arrived in Baltimore Gaol. He was there for forty-nine days, but they were great days for thinking, and he wrote on his prison wall some lines about the freedom of the human mind, ending :

'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

It is hard to believe the sort of life that Garrison lived, but he had a continent against him. Everybody believed in slavery then ; it was fashionable, it was profitable, and black people were as much a man's property in America as a pair of boots.

Garrison and his friends could not get halls for their meetings ; churches and chapels were closed to them ; and good men like Channing and Beecher and Daniel Webster would have nothing to do with these fanatics who thought they could bring down slavery. There never had been such lonely men as these since a handful of fishermen set out to reform the world in Palestine. But here and there they found a hall, and it was after one of Garrison's lectures that a man who had been listening said of him : " This is a providential man ; he is a prophet ; he will shake our nation to the centre, but he will shake slavery out of it." This lonely man and his comrades were sowing the seed that was to split America in two. They were like the atom of which a great scientist says that if only we could break it up it would give off power to smash a continent.

The seed from which the freedom of the slaves was actually to spring was sown on New Year's Day in 1831. That was the birthday of *The Liberator*, Garrison's

little paper of four pages. This was one of the declarations to which he pledged himself in it :

I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. I will be as hard as Truth and as uncompromising as Justice. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.

Never was a paper more of a human soul than that; it was a very part of the lives of heroes. Garrison and his comrades worked for a printer by day and used the type for their own paper by night.

They had a dingy room in which they did everything, and it had a bed on the floor for two. Surely there never was another paper run like this? There certainly never was another editor like Garrison, who would think out his articles and set them up in type without touching pen or paper. He would print his paper, he said, as long as he could live on bread and water, and he bade his friends take courage and his enemies to surrender. He spoke out strongly and refused to play with words. With a house on fire he would not give a moderate alarm; he would not compromise, or excuse, or retreat; he would be heard. The apathy of the people, he said, was enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead.

No wonder the city officers were startled by such a paper, with such a man behind it; they sent police to ferret out the paper and its editor, but they found that "his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a Negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colours." What had America to fear from a hole like that, with this fanatic and his Negro boy?

They let him alone, and Garrison went on. They founded an anti-slavery society, but only twelve men joined. They were like a new twelve apostles, and they met in a little schoolhouse, but Garrison said they would live to shake the nation, and they did.

In every sense they were soldiers fighting battles. Take the battle they fought for Prudence Crandall in 1833. She was a young Quaker who kept a school and taught a little coloured girl. A clergyman's wife told Prudence that it would ruin her school to keep a coloured girl, and Prudence said the school must be ruined, then, for she would not turn her out. She turned to Garrison for help, and they started a school for Negro girls. It was fought and boycotted everywhere. The pupils were not allowed to go into churches or into public vehicles, no doctor would attend them when they were ill, no shops would serve them, and in the end an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting such schools. It is terrible to read that the church bells rang with rejoicing, that Prudence was arrested and her school burned down by a mob, and that after two years of these excitements she gave up the struggle.

It was about this time that Garrison came to England—in 1833. He had to make his way secretly to the ship to avoid his enemies, but he arrived at last, and he must have felt a thrill when he touched our English soil, for he was just in time to see the passing of slavery under the British flag, to meet Thomas Clarkson, who was seventy-three, and blind, and to meet William Wilberforce, who was seventy-four, and dying. Peel and Wellington headed the funeral of Wilberforce, and at the end came Garrison. The old British chieftains of this great crusade had won their fight and laid down their arms; the young chieftain

from the West had all his victories in front of him. He was still regarded as a dangerous traitor by his people; he was hunted as a criminal. Once, even in Boston, the home of culture and learning and love of noble things, he was attacked by a savage mob, who found him in an upper room and dragged him to the window, tied a rope round his body, lowered him down a ladder, and led him through the streets like a bear. At Philadelphia a mob burned down the hall in which he was to speak. In another place a reward of thousands of dollars was offered for the ears of one of his friends, and they were even forbidden to use the post.

After years of crusading the churches were still against them. A clergyman in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church declared, "My Presbytery will never, no, never, give up their right to hold slaves." A religious student was publicly flogged and expelled from his town for having anti-slavery papers in his trunk. At Charlestown anti-slavery literature was taken out of the post and burned in the public square. Feeling was so bitter that even a man like Father Mathew, with all his love for suffering people, and even a man like Louis Kossuth, with all his passion for human liberty, went to America and pleaded for freedom, and never spoke a word for the Negro slaves. There was a legal decision in the highest court in the land, as late as 1857, which declared that the black race had no rights which white men need respect. English books dealing with slavery were censored, and there was no outlet for the feeling that was growing; the feeling about slaves was what it was in ancient Greece, twenty-five centuries before, when the plays of the day made fun of the torture of slaves.

And yet the feeling grew, however much the movement was suppressed. Garrison declared that the grievances which led to the Declaration of Independence were pitiful compared with the grievances of the American slave, and people began to believe him. A merchant called out an Abolitionist from one of their meetings in New York and put to him the feelings of Americans everywhere. It was simply a matter of business. "We are not such fools," said the merchant, "as not to know that slavery is a great wrong, but it was consented to by the founders of our Republic. There are millions upon millions of dollars due from Southerners to this city alone, which would be jeopardised by any rupture between North and South. We cannot afford to let you overthrow slavery. It is not a matter of principle, it is a matter of business. We mean to put you Abolitionists down by fair means if we can, but by foul means if we must." It was against the hostility of a nation built up on vested interests like that that Garrison was still fighting ten years, twenty years, thirty years after the meeting in the little schoolhouse.

But he was fighting still, like the fearless hero that he was, with the spirit with which he began. His passion grew with years. Once an escaped slave spoke on his platform, spoke burning words that moved deeply all who heard them, and as he sat down Garrison stood up and said, "Have we been listening to a thing, a piece of property, or to a man?" He would give himself no rest as long as human beings were counted less than human. "I know," he said, "that America can be neither truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalise every sixth child born on her soil."

It was not possible for such a force to be working as he

did, day and night for a generation and more, pleading with fervour, burning with passion, arguing with all the logic that is on the side of right, without winning in the end. Though the churches were afraid, the people came on; there grew up in the Northern States more than a thousand societies for putting down slavery, and at last, in 1865, sixty years from the birth of Garrison, it was written in the Constitution of the United States that no human being in that Republic should be held as a slave.

It had actually been written there before, for the first words in that Constitution are that all men are created equal; but the men who framed that mighty document of freedom were afraid of the growing power of men who grew rich by importing slaves from Africa, and they dared not stop this terrible thing when its stopping would have been so simple. And so the slaves were taken from Africa in millions to America, until, in 1863, the whole country was rent in twain by Garrison and his crusade.

The North and South fought against each other, the North for freedom and the liberty of human life, the South for the right to enslave their fellow-men. There was only one ending possible, but one thing shows how, even then, the forces of evil were mightily entrenched against the interests of the nation. Not very long before the Civil War the American Parliament, by enormous majorities, carried resolutions which would have fixed slavery for ever in the United States. Not for the first time in the history of the world a Parliament was wrong. It did not weigh the forces working deep in the hearts of the people; it did not reckon with those things that are mightier than laws and sharper than swords and in the end must overcome the world. The Civil War was fought and won, and when it

was over every slave was free. It freed not only four million people, said Garrison, but thirty-four millions, and he meant that it had set the whole country free from an intolerable stain—it liberated the body and soul of each for the good of all.

Garrison arrived at Charleston when the news of the final victory came, and the harbour was covered with flowers. "You began," said a friend, "in the face of brickbats; you end on a bed of roses." He went to a slave plantation and asked twelve hundred slaves to give three cheers for freedom; and in that glad hour he must have had one of the saddest moments of his life, for all the slaves were silent—*they did not know how to cheer!*

But the slaves were free, and his work was done. He stopped his paper—that "Liberator" that had carried the first message of hope and inspiration the Negro had heard on the American continent. He resigned his leadership and went into private life. He had worked for thirty-five years and had not made a farthing by his work. He lived to see the slaves enjoy their freedom; he lived to see them worthy of it; and on his seventieth birthday, in 1875, he went back to his old printing office at Newbury Port, picked up a composing stick, and set up Whittier's Psalm without a mistake. We may imagine the great joy in his heart as his mind turned back to the day when he encouraged the young poet to go on, and the thrill of delight with which he would set up in type these words of consolation at the end of his long life:

I mourn no more my vanished years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track;—
 That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good;

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west-winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

He lived a few years more, a few years of quiet and rest at the end of his life of storm. His mother had died more than fifty years before, after a noble life of poverty and pain; but his wife was his companion almost to the end, and three years after she had died he died himself.

He had fought a good fight and kept the faith, and he lives for ever with those who served their generation and all Time.

VII
THE HERO OF TRUTH
SOCRATES

*Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.*

William Cory

SOCRATES

FAR back in time a man stands out among all others, like the mountain peak that dazzles in the last rays of the setting sun.

A strange figure he is, almost lost to us in the mists of time, living only in glimpses written down by his friends, yet living in the minds and hearts of men as long as right is might and life is stronger than death.

He was born in a lowly corner of a famous city whose name the whole world knows. He spent his life in doing good. He lived a poor man when he might have dined with princes. He did right whatever happened; there was no power on earth could move him to do wrong. There was no braver man in all his land, and there was no wiser. He repaid evil with good; he spoke fearlessly to those in high places; he faced the angry crowd calm and unmoved; and in the end he died forgiving those who murdered him.

The ages have rolled by, but still his name, the things he did and the things he said, are on the lips of men, and we can hardly read his story without tears. You will think his name was Jesus Christ, but it was not, for Christ was not then born. His name was Socrates.

He came into the world at Athens 470 years before Jesus came into the world in Bethlehem, and in all the story of the centuries there are few things so strange as the picture of this queer old man walking amid the glory that was Greece. If ever a man looked immortal

it was not Socrates ; it was not this mean-looking little figure, rather clownish and grotesque, short, fat, with a turned-up nose and eyes pushing out of his head. If ever there was love at sight it was not with Socrates.

He lived simply, as poor men do. He wore the same coat in winter and summer. He had a home where he was never happy, a wife who was a shrew, and children who are said to have really been as dull and stupid as their father looked. Somebody said to him, "A slave whose master made him live like you would run away." If ever human life was poetry it was certainly not the life of Socrates.

And yet he was a part, this queer old man, of the golden days of Athens. If we could open Wordsworth's poems at a lovely page about the daffodils and find some ugly creature creeping there, that would be something like the sight of Socrates walking about Athens in those golden days.

That little city-state was putting on its crown of dazzling brightness ; it was rising to a height that no state in the world had ever reached before. We go to the British Museum to see the Elgin Marbles, but Socrates must have seen the immortal Phidias carving them. He may have seen Sophocles, the Shakespeare of the ancient world, watching his own plays performed. He must have heard the eloquence of Pericles, the master mind of ancient Greece. He must have known Thucydides, whose history is the treasure of all ages. He must have seen Ictinus planning and building the Parthenon. He must have seen the hill of Athens covered with that shining splendour that lies now in ruin there, and he must have felt, with that mind of his that knew there is no

death, as if he were a part of something that would not pass away.

And so he was ; he was greater than all the rest of it. Long after the Acropolis was to crumble into ruin the words of Socrates would move the hearts of men. He was the sort of man over whom Time has no power, but who grows as Time rolls on, and spreads his boundless sway wherever men and women meet and think.

So far as we know he did not write a word, but he spent his time in talking, and his friend Plato set down his words. " I hate this beggar who is eternally talking," said a comedy writer, " and who has debated every subject upon earth except where to get his dinner."

There were plenty of talkers in Athens, men who would talk for an hour to anybody for two pieces of silver, but their talk was generally about nothing, so that we have come to call them Sophists, which means simply " empty talkers." But the talk of Socrates burst upon Athens like something new and fresh, and it is the things he said and the way he said them that the world will never forget.

He came into the lecture-rooms like a breeze from heaven, and he came, not as a teacher comes, but as a man seeking to be taught. He came, this wisest man then living in the world, to ask some simple questions, and he asked, this philosopher whom nothing could confound, as if no man could be more ignorant than he.

We laugh when reading Socrates, yet we are reading serious things. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye, a merry chuckle in his voice, and the truth is that this strange little man had almost everything a man can have except greed and vice and beauty ; he was as merry as he was brave ; he was as brave as he was wise.

Perhaps it was his humour, with his frankness and freedom, that was his chief secret. It took him where wisdom alone could not have gone. The world is not waiting for the wise man, but it is always ready to be merry, and there was never a wise man so merry as he.

He took no pay from anybody, while the Sophists were making fortunes; and he talked, not of empty vanities but of real things—of the good and evil that had befallen a man in his home, as he said. He would come up to the Sophists in a modest and respectful way, saying he would take it as an infinite obligation if these great men would condescend to relieve his doubts by answering a few easy questions; and would they please give him short answers, as they were best for short memories like his?

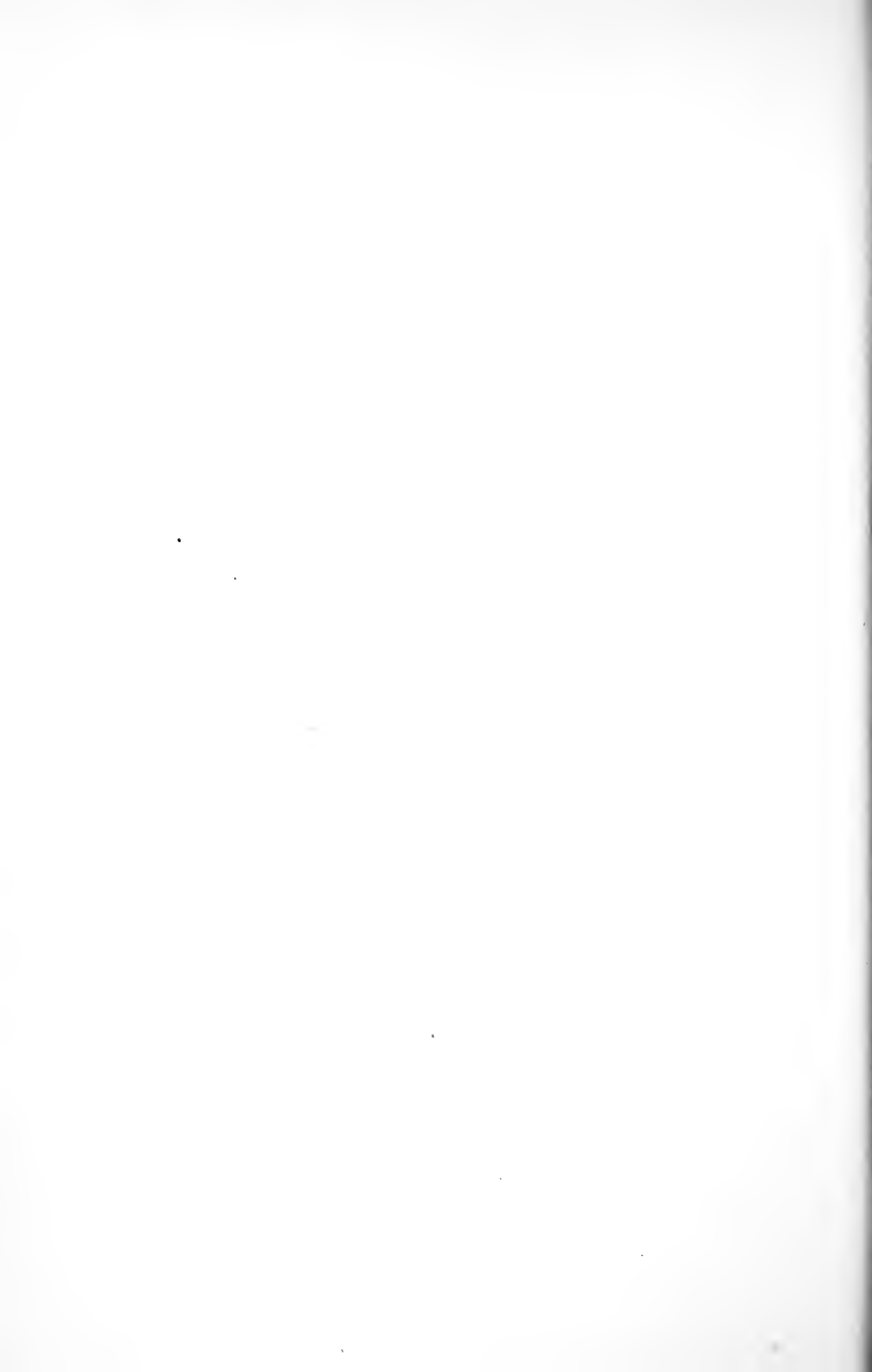
He would come up to Hippias, the proud dealer in high-sounding phrases with nothing in them, and ask how it was that the wise and handsome Hippias had been so long from Athens. It was public business that had taken up his time, Hippias would explain, "for he was always singled out by his countrymen on any important occasion as the only man who could properly represent them." And then:

"Lucky fellow," says Socrates, "to combine such dignity and usefulness, and to get large sums from the youth in return for that knowledge which is more precious than gold. . . . Ah, well, I suppose wisdom has progressed like everything else, but those old sages were too simple to ask for payment for their knowledge. By the way," adds Socrates, as if he had just thought of it, "there is one question I have been waiting for a wise man to tell me: What is the Beautiful?"

Then the haughty Hippias is led into a trap from



SOCRATES GOES TO JUDGMENT



which no hollow brain like his can save him. "A beautiful maiden is beautiful," says Hippias. "Well, then," says Socrates, "a horse is beautiful—and a pot." But what his friend wants to know is really the secret of the beautiful, "the thing that makes all other things beautiful." "That is gold," says Hippias, and Socrates goes on: "Ah, you little know what sort of man my friend is; he will laugh at your answer and will say: 'Do you think Phidias did not know his business when he made a statue of Athene only part in gold?' And when you are boiling a beautiful pot, full of beautiful soup, what sort of a ladle would be most beautiful—one of gold or of fig-tree wood?"

Now Hippias is angrier than before, and Socrates is not surprised that, with his fine attire and lofty reputation, he should be offended by these low allusions. Then, saying that he himself knows very little, he leads the argument on to show that the beautiful is the thing that is useful and becoming.

So he would bring the talk always to reality. He would talk of nothing but men and the life of men. He loved men so much that he had no time to love fields and trees; they could teach him nothing, he said, but men could teach him everything. And so he lived in the streets, talking about anything to whomsoever he met, always taking care that the talk arrived at some great theme, like truth, or justice, or temperance, or virtue, or duty. He believed that he heard the voice of God and that it led him on, warning and guiding him, and bidding him tell men the truth.

With this profound belief there was nothing in the world that could conquer Socrates. Neither life nor death can disturb the calm of the man who believes in

eternal right and everlasting life. Socrates knew, if ever man knew, that God had sent him into the world with a work to do, and he did it. In doing it he cared for nothing that stood in his way. He smiled at the vanities he saw about him; he suffered scorn and hate without ill-will. He would keep company with good men and bad that he might serve them.

One all-consuming passion he had: he felt, in that small city of great men, that he could turn men's minds from shadows to realities, and his message to men was this—*Love virtue and seek knowledge*. To urge this lesson upon men he sacrificed his life. Except to fight his country's battles he never went outside the city walls. He might have lived with princes, but when two princes wrote from Thessaly to offer him great sums of money to settle at their courts, Socrates replied that it would not become him to accept favours he could never return, and that his wants were few, for he could buy four measures of meal for a trifle in Athens, and there was excellent spring-water for nothing.

And so he was perfectly happy; wanting little, he had all. He loved mankind, especially the weak, and nothing stirred him more deeply than great wrongs. He would have died rather than be silent in the presence of injustice. More than once he stood alone against the power of the greatest State then in the world. Once he was sent for with four other men, and ordered by the Thirty Tyrants who then governed Athens to deliver to them a victim of their wrath, and Socrates alone refused to go. Again, when the people were angry with four generals at the wars, and it was agreed to decide their fate by popular vote instead of in a court of law, Socrates,

who was speaker for that day in the Assembly, refused to put the unjust vote.

It would not have mattered had there been a million mobs to tear this man to pieces. He would have walked his lonely way to Calvary as calmly as Another was to do in centuries to come.

When the Tyrants sent for him and ordered him to stop his teaching, Socrates began with them as he always did, by asking questions. Was the art of reasoning helpful to right or wrong? he asked. One of the Tyrants got angry, and said, "In order to prevent all doubt, Socrates, we require you not to discourse with the young at all." Up to what age was a man young? Socrates wanted to know, and, on being told "Up to thirty," he wondered what a discourse was. Might he not ask the price of a thing, or the way to anywhere, from a man under thirty? The Tyrants were weary of such a man and let him go, and Socrates was weary of such tyrants and let them go.

No wonder that men loved him, and came twenty miles to hear him talk. Euclid came from Megara when it was decreed that any man of Megara found in Athens should be put to death. Alcibiades, the dissolute, rich young man whose gay life was the talk of Athens, whose life Socrates had saved on the battlefield and to whom he had given up the prize for valour, could not resist this man whose life was the opposite of his own.

He found in Socrates the one honest man, the one man who never paid him compliments and cared nothing for his rank and riches and attainments. He told how, in the wars, Socrates had endured cold better than any other man, and how, with his bare feet on the ice and in

his ordinary dress, he had marched better than any of the soldiers who had their shoes on. In the disastrous retreat after the battle of Delium, when all around him were in wild flight, Socrates walked unmoved as if he were in the streets of Athens, calmly contemplating friends and foes, and it is written in the history of that day that if all his countrymen had behaved like Socrates, Athens would have won at Delium, and not have lost.

A strange sight it was to see these ill-matched men—Alcibiades, the handsome good-for-nothing, and ugly Socrates in his shabby coat. But that magic power of Socrates drew all men unto him. "When I listen to him," said Alcibiades, "my heart beats with excitement. He has only to speak and my tears flow. Pericles never moved me in this way, but he makes me think that life is not worth living so long as I am what I am. So there is nothing for me to do but to stop my ears against this siren's song and to fly for my life, that I may not grow old sitting at his feet. No one would think I had any shame, but I am ashamed in the presence of Socrates."

It was not on Alcibiades only that the presence of Socrates worked in this strange way. Young men in their rich dress followed him in the streets. At first, it is said, they would come up curiously to see what such an ugly man could have to say, but it is written that "gradually their interest was aroused, their attention grew fixed, and then their hearts beat faster, their eyes swam with tears, their very souls were touched and thrilled by the voice of the charmer."

One of his friends who has left us some memories of him said that no one ever heard of his doing or saying an unholy thing. He believed in the gods, as all men did

in those days before Christianity had dawned upon the world, but he refused to believe in the stupid things the gods were said to do; and he believed above all in the God of all mankind, the beneficent Creator of the universe. He believed in prayer, but he refused to pray for what he wanted, and prayed that God would give him what was best. There is a beautiful picture of an afternoon he spent sitting in the sun with his friend Phaedrus. As the sun went down they rose to go, but first Socrates offered a prayer to whatever powers were guarding the charming spot where they had rested. Listen to his prayer:

“O beloved Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and all that I possess of outward things to be at peace with them within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches, and give me so much wealth, and so much only, as a good and holy man could manage or enjoy. Phaedrus, want we anything more?”

PHAEDRUS: “Pray that I may be even as you, for the blessings of friends are common.”

Before Paul came to Athens, Socrates prayed there to the unknown God. Before Paul cried aloud to the men of Athens on Mars Hill, Socrates cried aloud: “Men of Athens, I hold you in the highest regard and love, but I will obey God rather than you.” The man who was good for anything, he said, should not calculate the chance of living or dying; “men may put us to death, but what we ought to care for most is not simply to live, but to live well, justly, and honourably.” He believed that only the just and temperate man is happy in the end. He believed in the depths of his heart that it is

better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. The evil-doer, he declared, though he may escape the law and live on in his wickedness, lives on in misery. He may avoid his earthly judge, as a sick man may avoid a doctor, but he carries about with him an incurable disease in his soul.

When Aristodemus pretended to despise religion, saying that he could not see any directors of the universe, Socrates asked him if he could see the directors of his body, and Aristodemus then thought the power behind the world too grand to need his worship. "The greater it is," said Socrates, "the more it should be honoured if it condescends to take care of you."

It is not to be expected that Wisdom will have her own way for ever in this world. It was not to be expected that Socrates should talk for ever, teaching right and scorning wrong, going his own way in spite of all and rebuking all the powers against him, without surrounding himself with bitter foes. He who would do no mean thing woke up one morning and found the hand of Hate pointing at him publicly in the streets of Athens. Holding the highest office in the State was a leather merchant named Anytus, whose boy was much too wise to spend his life in selling leather, and Socrates advised the boy to give his life to nobler things. Anytus was angry, and out of his anger came one of those great human tragedies that will bring tears to the eyes as long as there are books to read.

Socrates was the great Dissenter. He was not willing to accept ideas ready made by his fathers; he would maintain what seemed to him right, whatever the cost should be. And so there grew up in Athens a deep

resentment of this man who was afraid of nobody, just as in centuries to come there was to grow up in Jerusalem a deep resentment of Another who loved God and feared no man. Anytus and his friends would have no more of Socrates, and one morning this notice was hung up in Athens: "Socrates is guilty of crime; first, for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own; secondly, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due is death."

Socrates was over seventy. He had been the bravest citizen of Athens for fifty years and more. No one had ever known him do an evil thing, and now he found himself, with old age creeping on him, tried for his life before five hundred of his fellow-citizens.

It may seem strange that such a thing could be, but there is little doubt that the laws which made this possible made it possible also for Socrates to save himself. But Socrates would go the noble way, though it should lead to death. He who had never known fear would not think of it now; he who had seen the truth and followed it would not turn aside and save his life over some small point. Athens must decide whether it was for him or against him, whether he was to live or to die.

In so far as he attacked the city, he told his judges, he was but as a gadfly arousing a great and noble horse, but God had marked him for his post, and he would be disgraced if he were to desert it for fear of death or any other evil.

"Even if you acquit me," his words rang through the court, "I shall not alter my course. I shall say, 'Men of Athens, I honour and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you,' and while I have life and strength

I shall exhort anyone whom I meet after my manner, saying, ' Oh, my friend, why do you, a citizen of the great and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up money and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the improvement of the soul ? ' ”

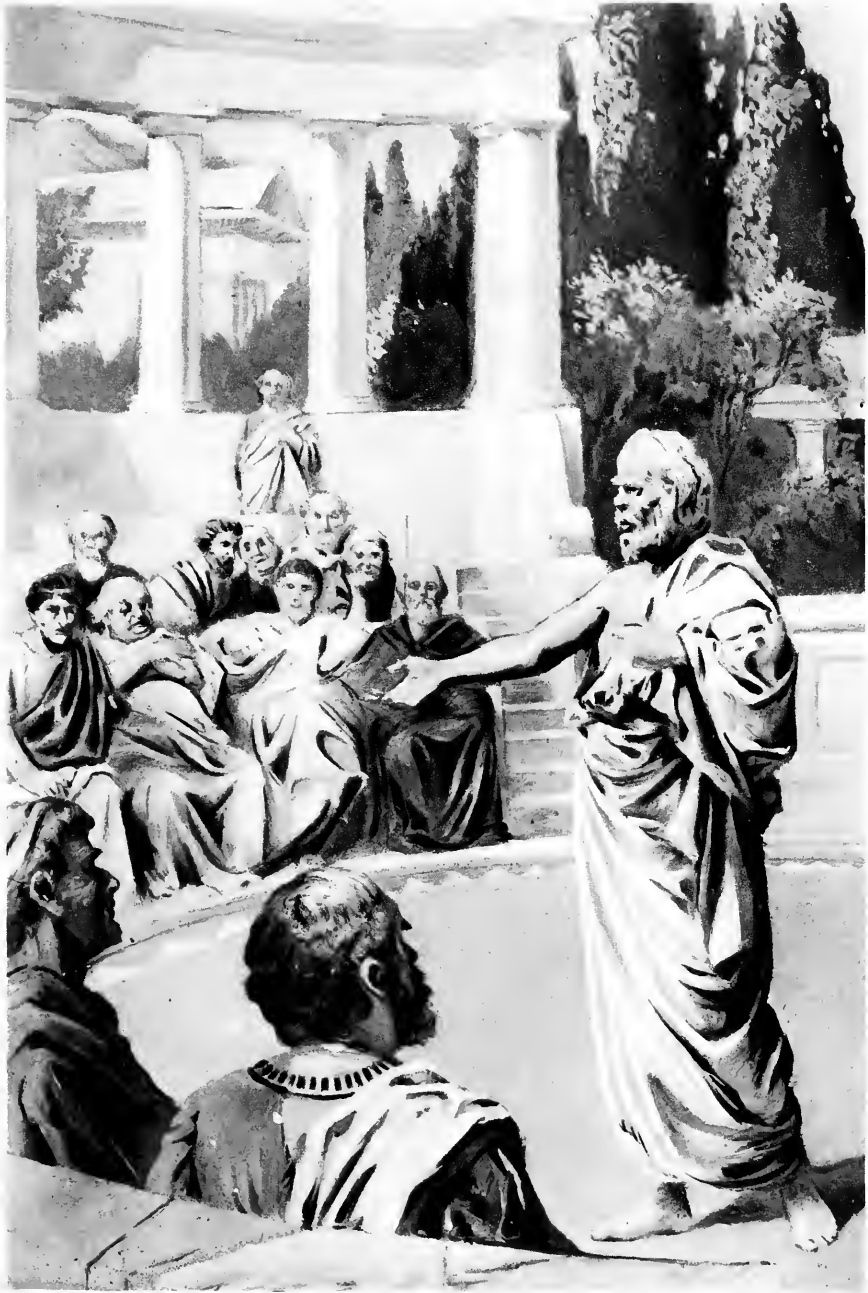
Stern and proud in their power over him, his judges would show no human mercy to this man who would not ask for it. Socrates was condemned to die.

He speaks again, no longer a free man now, but with the captive chains of death already winding round him. But there is no sign of fear in his great farewell to his judges. They had gained little, he told them, by killing Socrates. It would bring for them an evil name, and if they had waited only a little while he would have died, for he was far advanced in years. But he was to die now, and a few things he would say—" to you, O men, who have condemned me " :

Either death is a state of nothingness, or, as men say, there is a change of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, then to die is gain, for eternity is only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, where, as men say, all the dead are, what good can be greater than this ?

If when the pilgrim arrives in the world below he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, that pilgrimage will be worth the making. What would not a man give if he could converse with Orpheus and Homer ? Nay ; if this be true, let me die again and again.

I shall have a wonderful interest in the place where I can converse with the heroes of old ; I shall be able to continue my search into knowledge ; I shall find out who



SOCRATES REFUSES TO BOW DOWN TO HIS JUDGES—"WHEREFORE YOU, O MEN WHO HAVE CONDEMNED ME, BE OF GOOD CHEER ABOUT DEATH, AND KNOW THAT TO A GOOD MAN NO EVIL THING CAN HAPPEN"



THE MAN OF ATHENS WHOSE WORDS DREW ALL MEN UNTO HIM—SOCRATES TALKING TO HIS FRIENDS ON HIS ENDLESS THEME OF ETERNAL JUSTICE AND EVERLASTING LIFE



THIS GLORIOUS SCULPTURE, WORTHY OF ITS NOBLE SUBJECT, WITH SOCRATES AND PLATO
AS ITS CENTRAL FIGURES, IS BY MR. HARRY BATES

This photograph is by Mr. F. Hollyer



THE SCENE OF THE JUDGMENT OF SOCRATES—THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AS IT WAS



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AS IT IS TO-DAY

is wise and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus, or numberless others? What infinite delight would there be in asking them questions, for in that world they do not put a man to death for this—certainly not.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that to a good man no evil thing can happen.

One favour he asks—that when his sons are grown up his judges shall rebuke them in place of their father, Socrates, if they seem to care about riches or anything more than virtue, or if they pretend to be something when they are nothing.

And then this great scene ends. Socrates delivers his public farewell to the world, and the five hundred men who have condemned him go to their homes with these words ringing in their ears:

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God alone knows.

The last days of Socrates are like a living page in the history of the mind of man. A happy chance delayed his death. It happened that he was condemned during the festival of Delos, and every year a sacred vessel was sent from Athens to this festival. It was the law that there could be no execution while this ship was away, and so for thirty days Socrates lived in his prison, still talking to his friends who came to visit him. Even now nothing could disquiet him.

In the very hour of death this man, who loved life next to truth itself, was inflexible and brave. He was

even merry. While all around him wept, he could smile upon the world he was so soon to leave. When the gaoler asked his friends to see that Socrates did not talk so much, as the excitement might compel him to drink the poison two or three times, Socrates only said: "Let him mind his business, and be prepared to give the poison two or three times if necessary; that is all." When one of his friends grieved that Socrates should die so undeservedly, Socrates replied: "My dearest Apollodorus, would you rather see me die deservedly?" When Anytus passed by, the sight of the man who had caused his death brought pity and not anger to the mind of Socrates. "This man is happy," he said, "as if he had done something noble in causing my death, because I said he ought not to bring up his son among the ox-hides. How foolish he is not to know that whichever of us has done what is best and noblest for all time is the superior."

On the day before the last, Crito came earlier than usual to the prison. It was hardly dawn when he woke the sleeping Socrates. "I bring sad news," he said. "The sacred vessel has been seen, and will reach Athens by to-morrow." The good Crito implored Socrates to escape. Neither friends nor money were wanting, the gaoler could be bribed, and Socrates would find a home in Thessaly.

The story of the talk between Crito and Socrates, as almost the last dawn that Socrates would see was breaking over Athens, is among the most moving pictures that Plato has left us in all his memories of his immortal master—for Socrates himself wrote nothing down. Socrates was as a rock; though the heavens should fall he would keep his word. Should he, who for half a

century had been preaching obedience to the law, now, in the hour of trial, betray the precepts of a lifetime? Should he, who had so long enjoyed the privileges of citizenship and the pleasures of freedom, be tempted now by fear of death to break his treaty with the laws and turn his back upon his city like a slave? He would not break his word.

Here is the noble ending of the story of that morning. Socrates hears the voice that has guided him through life. It is, he says, "like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other voice. Yet speak if you have anything to say."

CRITO: "I have nothing to say, Socrates."

SOCRATES: "Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God."

And now the next dawn breaks. It is the last day of Socrates.

The glory of Athens is at its height; the sun is shining on the noblest city that the hands of men have set up on the earth. Like a glimpse of Paradise the Acropolis must have looked, but in the plain below Socrates is leaving his friends. He is about to die, and the talk is of immortality.

To Socrates there is no death; he is out on a great adventure; "fair is the prize and the hope great."

"Let a man be of good cheer," he says, "who has adorned his soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey when her time comes. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of Fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison."

And then, in almost the last utterance we know of Socrates, we have those few words in which we see so well the wit and wisdom of this immortal man. "Where shall we bury you?" Crito asks him; and Socrates replies: "Wherever you will, if you can catch me."

The day was nearly over, and after a bath Socrates came out and sat down again with his friends. The silence of the last hour was over them, and soon the gaoler entered and stood by Socrates, saying:

"To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and sweat at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison. Indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me, for others, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be. You know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned and went out.

Holding the cup of hemlock to his lips, Socrates "quite readily and bravely" drank the poison. Those friends who till then had been able to control their sorrow could now no longer forbear. "In spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast," said Phaedon, "so that I covered my face, but certainly I was not weeping for him, but at the thought of losing such a companion."

"I could hardly believe," says Phaedon, "that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him. His manner and his language were so noble and fearless in the hour of death that he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a Divine call, and that he would be happy, if ever man was, when he arrived there."

Socrates alone was calm as the life of the wisest man in all the world was passing from the gaze of men.

“What is this strange outcry?” he said. “I sent away the women that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience!” When we heard that we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel, and he said “No.”

And he felt them himself and said: “When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end.” He was beginning to grow cold about the groin when he uncovered his face and said (they were his last words): “Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius. Will you remember to pay the debt?” “The debt shall be paid,” said Crito. “Is there anything else?” There was no answer to this question. But in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him. His eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

It is this scene that Cicero, the friend of Julius Caesar, hundreds of years afterwards, could never read without tears; and we are told of the schooldays of Lady Jane Grey, hundreds of years later still, that while the horns were sounding and the dogs were in full cry she “sat in the lonely oriel with eyes riveted on that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler.”

Such was the life, such was the death, of Socrates; such were the things he said. In the golden days of

Greece he loved justice over all. While other men sought power and gold, he sought virtue and wisdom, but in all the glory that once was Greece there is no more shining page than his. In all the story of the world there has been no nobler man. We think of that other Grecian, long before him, whose epitaph a poet has put for us in English in these noble lines :

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead ;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to
shed.

I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest ;
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Death cannot take away the nightingales of Socrates.
They will sing in the sky as long as the stars endure.

VIII
THE HERO OF JUSTICE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THERE came out of a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky, in the days when Napoleon was striding across Europe, a boy who was to do as great a thing as Alfred did when he shaped our land, as Julius Caesar did when he set Rome firmly on her foundations, as the Conqueror did when he came to Hastings and set Little Treasure Island on her way through a thousand years of noble history, as Cromwell did when he hurled Charles Stuart from his throne and saved our liberties.

For what this boy of Kentucky did was to save the greatest nation in the world from taking the wrong turning. He sat in the seat of George Washington and saw America at the parting of the ways; and but for him America would have gone the other way.

She would have been a shameless English-speaking race. She would have grown rich on gold ground out of poor men's bones. She would have been what Athens was without her glory, for Athens built on slavery an immortal realm of art, and America would have built on slavery only mountain heaps of gold.

It was Abraham Lincoln who found America in the crisis of her fate and saved her from an infamy unequalled in the history of the world. He stands like a mountain peak, with the sunlight full upon him, and no record that can come to light can shame him. This lanky figure, more than six feet high, who taught himself all that he ever

knew, and worked hard all his life, and then was murdered, was the noblest figure ever born on American soil, and in the annals of our English-speaking race no statesman has a prouder name.

His early life, Abraham Lincoln used to say, could all be put into one of the most famous lines of English poetry, "The short and simple annals of the poor."

He came on to the world's stage out of a queer and lowly home, and looking back now it is strange to reflect that this powerful man, laying down the path of life for millions unborn, should have come into life through such a poor back-door. His father was a shiftless carpenter, moving on and doing little; and his mother died when he was seven. All the schooling Abraham ever had was hardly worth counting; as likely as not, had we come across him as a boy in Kentucky or Indiana or New Orleans, we should have found him managing a ferryboat, or making rails for rustic fences, or working on a farm or behind the counter of a shop. In these ways Abraham Lincoln picked up such a living as he could; in little schools in back-wood places he picked up such learning as he could.

A rough and curious world it must have seemed to this gaunt and most ungainly lad, with big, clumsy hands, his head six-foot-four in the air, and a collection of queer creatures about him in which the most famous characters were whisky-drinkers and fighting-cocks. When, after his last migration down the Ohio River, his father came to cross the River of Time, Abraham wrote from his own home that it was not possible for him to visit his dying father, but that in any case an interview might have given both much pain. Hard and queer and sad it seems, but for millions life has always been like that; the happy

half of the world has never known how the other half lives, and Lincoln came from the other half.

But he had in him that electric dynamo which we call earnestness. When he was settled in New Salem, as assistant in a shop, the customers would find him full-length on the counter with his head on a parcel of calico, reading a book on grammar which he could always borrow by walking a mile for it. He was determined to educate himself. When he had his one experience as a soldier, against an Indian chief who had led his warriors across the border into Illinois, he soon became a captain, and the one thing he did that is still remembered was to terrorise his men into setting free a poor Indian whom he found them hanging as a spy. He was determined to be human. When he started a store of his own and his partner died of drink and left Lincoln to pay the debts, he sacrificed himself for fifteen years to pay them off. He was determined to be honest. That was the sort of earnestness that thrilled through Abraham Lincoln. He came into the acutest controversy that could confront a statesman, but he came into it as a plain man loving justice, determined to do right, loving his country too much to let it do wrong.

By a very hard road he came. He hampered himself with a store of his own, but in the end, with a millstone of debt about his neck, he hankered after something else; he seems to have wanted to be a blacksmith, but at length chose the law, deciding to take a partner and to stand for Parliament. He was elected to the State Legislature of Illinois at twenty-five, and went to live at Springfield, the capital of the State.

Little could the citizens of Springfield have thought

that this tall young man walking through their streets would make Springfield famous for ever. In no sense did Lincoln at that time stand above his fellows. In one of his election speeches he had said :

Fellow-citizens, I presume you know who I am. I am plain Abraham Lincoln. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

And when he came to Springfield to take up a legal practice and his seat in Parliament Abraham Lincoln was too poor to buy a bed. It was characteristic of his courage that he should start in law and politics without a dollar at the bank. He went to a young shopkeeper named Joshua Speed, and his heart must have fallen when he found that Speed would want seventeen dollars to furnish Lincoln's needs. But the good man had a heart of gold. Taking Lincoln upstairs, he showed him his own bed, and offered him half of it. He said afterwards that never had he seen so gloomy a face as Abraham Lincoln's, but he never regretted making him his bed-fellow; and we may hope the good Speed lived to see the day when Lincoln made his brother a Cabinet Minister.

It was Speed who helped Lincoln at another crisis in his life, when he made up his mind to get married. He seems to have been afraid; in any case, the wedding, which was fixed for New Year's Day in 1841, was stopped, and it was not till nearly the end of 1842 that Lincoln married Mary Todd of Kentucky. She was proud of him, more ambitious than he, but he was not happy at home, and Lincoln sought peace in fitting himself for that great work for which he felt that God was calling him.

Slavery had been growing up since Washington. An invention for separating cotton from seed had increased the demand for cheap labour, and slaves were brought from Africa as fast as ships could carry them. They came in hundreds of thousands, and the cotton-fields of the southern States grew prosperous with their labour. The framers of the Constitution of America had been afraid to face the problem that was growing up about them even then. The cotton-planters of the South were growing rich, and were willing to declare that "all men were created equal," except their slaves, and for the sake of peace and quietness the fathers of America allowed slavery to continue while they passed a Constitution beginning with these words :

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

And so the evil grew, and George Washington's problem was postponed for Abraham Lincoln to decide. The sapling that could have been easily bent had grown into a mighty oak. But it was the very age and spirit of the oak that drew out of Lincoln the power that was in him. He saw that if this tree were allowed to go on growing it would spread its branches everywhere, and keep the sunshine of liberty out of the garden of America. He made up his mind that slavery must grow no more on the soil of the United States. As a boy he had sailed down the Mississippi River as far as New Orleans, and there had seen a sale of slaves, where a mulatto girl was walked up and down the auction-room for the bidders to inspect, as if she had been a horse. Abraham was there with two

other lads, and one of them declared, in after-years, that it was in this auction-room that the iron ran into his soul against slavery, and Lincoln said: "By God, boys, let's get away from this! If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

He was to hit this thing so hard as to bring it clattering down like a house of cards, and yet the curious thing about Lincoln was that, while the moral crusaders against slavery were fighting with might and main, while William Lloyd Garrison was setting up his "Abolitionist" and being dragged like a dog through the streets of Boston, while Mrs. Beecher Stowe was writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and while old John Brown was being hanged for trying to rescue slaves, Lincoln was biding his time, seeming to take no interest in it all. This man, who was to bring down slavery with a crash, stood quite aloof from all those who raged against it as a moral wrong. He showed no sympathy with the impassioned Abolitionists; when men like Emerson and Longfellow were alarmed by the boldness of slavery, Lincoln seemed unmoved, and he is said to have thought very little of an event which Longfellow thought to be the sowing of the wind to reap the whirlwind, and the beginning of a new revolution in the history of America.

Perhaps it would have been easier for Lincoln if he could have shared the passion of the Abolitionists, but we cannot be sure that it would have been better for America and the world, or better for the slaves. It is true that he felt the moral injustice of slavery, and that at times he seemed to be filled with great emotion as he thought of it. We read how "reaching his hands towards the stars of that still night," he once proclaimed of some poor

slave woman that "in some things she is certainly not my equal, but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns by the sweat of her brow she is the equal of any man."

We read how at the first National Convention of the Republican Party all the reporters laid down their pens soon after Lincoln rose to speak, so enthralled were they, and "the audience rose from their chairs, and with pale faces and quivering lips pressed unconsciously towards him."

But the fact is that Lincoln did not catch the glow of a great crusade. He was a lonely man. For a whole generation he seems to have lived with no intellectual company, and, except for Shakespeare and the Bible and Artemus Ward, who were nearly always with him, his mind had few companionships. He thought out fundamental problems for himself. He would take the bidding of no political party; he would wait till he saw in his mind that a thing was right, and then, though the heavens should fall, he would do it.

Once he said to a client: "I can win your case, I can get you 600 dollars; I can also make an honest family miserable. But I shall not take your case, I shall not take your fee, and one piece of advice I give you gratis—go home and think if you can make 600 dollars in some honest way." It was the same in politics; a great politician said of him that he could not cheat people out of their votes any more than he could cheat them out of their money. And so Lincoln, missing the glow that spurs on the crusader in a righteous cause, had the wonderful patience—and the gloom—of the lonely man. He was solemn and sad. Once, when he visited his old home, he told a friend afterwards that he walked about thinking "till every sound appeared

a knell, and every spot a grave"; and one of his favourite passages in his worn-out copy of Shakespeare was that tragic speech of Richard II:

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

He would suddenly break the silence by saying it aloud, and we shall see how, in the greatest hour of his life, he was greatly moved by a tragic passage from Macbeth. He was a man of gloom and sadness, a lonely, melancholy man who was to be the supreme and central figure in surely the saddest human tragedy that this world has seen.

And so it was that he who was to lead the slaves into their Promised Land was no part of the popular movement in setting free the slaves. He probably never would have been an Abolitionist without the war. He was afraid of that way of ending an evil. He had said that "if slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong," and no power on earth could have made him say that slavery was right; but he had no sympathy for those who would end it by violent means. He wanted to get rid of it in a constitutional way. He believed that could be done, and he was willing to wait for it a hundred years if need be. He is said to have believed that it might take as long as that to extinguish slavery by the peaceful processes of law.

We have to remember this if we would form a right judgment about Lincoln and the Civil War. It is actually true that the war did not begin in order to free the slaves; the South might have kept the slaves they had and remained at peace. But the North was not willing for slavery to spread any farther, and Lincoln was determined to maintain a compromise that had been arrived at,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN LEARNS TO WRITE



THE SAD SCENES OF SLAVERY—A MARKET-PLACE IN AFRICA, WHERE HUMAN BEINGS WERE SOLD TO BE SHIPPED TO AMERICA



THE HEART OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS GREATLY MOVED BY THE SIGHT OF A SALE OF SLAVES
AT AN AUCTION IN NEW ORLEANS



THE BOY WHO BLACKS THE BOOTS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN EVERY DAY IN GRATITUDE FOR THE FREEDOM LINCOLN GAVE THE NFGRO RACE

according to which slavery should remain where it was and not be extended one single inch farther on the soil of the United States. On two things Lincoln was adamant: he meant that slavery should be abolished in a constitutional way without war, but in no circumstances whatever should its territory be extended. It was to the second of these points that the South objected. They refused to agree that the same rights for slavery should be confined within limits. They claimed the same right for slavery as for liberty. One of their advocates said to an opponent: "Oh, I see you are to push liberty as fast as you can, but we must be careful how we push slavery"; and he seems to have been surprised when the opponent answered that the position could not have been more neatly put.

If we ask on what ground the Civil War broke out, the reply must be that certain Southern States demanded the right to break away from the Union, and the Northern States refused to admit that right. The actual cause for which the war was fought, therefore, was as to whether individual States had the right to break away from the rest of the nation. All America knew that behind the demand for secession was the desire of the Southern States to extend slavery as they liked, but Lincoln's position was clear that he was fighting for the Union, and not on the question of slavery. If he could save the Union without freeing a single slave he would do it; he never failed to insist on that, but he never failed, also, to insist that he would not save the Union on terms that made it not worth saving. He would accept the state of things that then existed, the compromise with liberty that had come down from Washington, and would leave it for the certain

influence of time to put things right. But beyond that he would never go, even to save the Union, which was all in all to him. He would have no further compromise with liberty; he would not dishonour the principle for which the Union stood.

Lincoln was fifty on the eve of the greatest year of America's history. He had won a seat in the Illinois Legislature and had lost one in the Senate, and he may have lost it by a speech he made, in which he used these daring words :

A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do not expect it to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.

His friends, who knew what he was to say, expressed alarm at a speech so bold, but Lincoln declared that he would rather be defeated with this in his speech than be victorious without it. He put it in, and was defeated. That was in 1856, and four years later the delegates of the Republican party came to this plain man to stand for them as the sixteenth President of the United States. He stood and was elected. In his keeping were the lives and souls of a mighty multitude of men. It has been declared by military historians that the task undertaken by the Northern States was greater than Napoleon's in invading Russia. Then it must have been the most tremendous business an army ever had before it. Whether that is so or not, it can hardly be gainsaid that the decision imposed upon Lincoln was as terrible and solemn a responsibility as has ever rested upon a human being. He was to

condemn to death hundreds of thousands of his own countrymen at the hands of their brothers.

But there was more than that in the solemn task confronting Lincoln. This queer, gaunt, lanky man, knowing little of the world, with none of the cunning that counts so much in the make-up of a politician, had against him the whole passion of the South for the dearest right it had, the right to enslave human beings. It is astounding to remember now, but it is true, that throughout the Southern States rich and poor, preachers and teachers, young people and old, affectionate and gentle people, people who would shudder at the thought of cruelty and wrong, all went calmly to war in support of slavery.

The Southern States formed themselves into a separate Confederacy, and its vice-president declared the policy of the new Government to be exactly the opposite of the old. "Its foundations are laid," he said; "its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the Negro is not the equal of the white man; that slavery is his natural condition. Our new Government is the first in the world based upon this great moral truth." We see the intensity of the South; we see how time had hardened it and custom made it blind. The South was in terrible earnest; it felt that its very means of livelihood were struck at by the North, and it was ready for the war that it had brought about. It had no sense of the wrong of slavery. It had a keen and vivid sense that it was being humiliated and deprived of its freedom. Why should the North, everlastingly protesting against slavery, attempt to enslave the South to a Constitution its people had outgrown?

It was this spirit that Lincoln had against him when, on February 11, 1861, he said farewell to his old neighbours

at Springfield. He stood on the step of a railway-car, and gathered about him were the friends he had known since the days when he came to Springfield without a bed to sleep on or a dollar to buy one. None of them knew it, but he and his old friends were never to meet again.

Lincoln was sad. To that place and these people he owed everything, he said. There he had lived for a quarter of a century and had passed from a young to an old man; here his children had been born and one was buried; and now he left them not knowing when he might return or if he ever would, with a task in front of him greater than Washington's. Trusting in God, who would go with him and remain with them, and asking for their prayers, he bade them an affectionate farewell.

Greater indeed than Washington's task was his; he had to confront the nation of Washington cut in two. On the one side were those who found that the preservation of all their dignity and their means of livelihood was at stake; on the other hand were those who believed in the Union more than all, but could hardly be expected to be over-zealous to kill their brother because he wished to break away from them. It is true that feeling in the North was not so strong and high as in the South when the war began. Was it worth while, after all, to have a State in the Union against its will, to fight a man to compel him to be a partner?

It is easy to see how difficult it must have been for Lincoln to control and guide one of these surging tides of feeling and to confront the other with all his strength. There was not even any tremendous enthusiasm for this man from Springfield, who was not yet a national figure, and had done nothing in particular. He was President,

but he had been elected by a minority of the people. He had a majority against him in both Houses of Parliament; a great majority of the judges of the Supreme Court disagreed with his views on the Constitution; and he had also the disadvantage that his party had never been in power before, and he was besieged by office-seekers.

Nor was his Cabinet the easiest a president ever had. He had not seen and did not know some of the men he had to invite into it, and the right-hand man on whom he was to lean through these dark years was disappointed that he was not President. At the very beginning William Seward sought to become director of the Government, and sent a remarkable letter to Lincoln which would have justified the President in bidding him farewell. Yet Lincoln trusted this man all his life and kept him by his side, and nobody saw this hostile letter till both men were dead.

The Civil War broke out and dragged through four dark years. It broke out at Fort Sumter in the South. Major Anderson was holding the fort for the Government, and the South had threatened to storm it if he would not surrender. But, loth to start the war, Lincoln delayed the great decision till it was too late to reinforce the fort with men, and on April 12, 1861, Southern soldiers fired on Fort Sumter. On April 14 Anderson surrendered; he was to be away from the fort four years, and then, on this same day in 1865, he was to hoist once more the flag he now took down.

With the firing on the flag the North sprang to arms. The opening of the war may be compared with the opening of the European War. The South expected a quick and easy victory; it was said the Confederate flag would fly in Washington on May Day. The South was ready and

the North was not. The South was keen ; the North was not so sure. The South was eager to strike the blow ; the North held back in the hope of peace. But though, like the Allies in Europe, the North came up slowly and late, she came up with resources inexhaustible, and she was to overcome the early advantage of the South.

It did not make it any easier for Lincoln that Europe seemed at times unfriendly to the North. It is not true to say that England was against the North, although some public men mistook the purpose of the war, and Mr. Gladstone made a tragic blunder in declaring that the South had created a new nation. The fact is that popular opinion in this country was on the side of the North as soon as it well understood the cause for which the South was fighting. If some unfortunate things were said, it was partly because unfortunate things were done in Washington. It must have seemed at first to foreign eyes that the war was chiefly constitutional, and Seward, who was Lincoln's Foreign Minister, did Lincoln the great disservice of explaining to foreign nations that no attack was meant on slavery. If no attack was meant on slavery the North could hardly look across to Europe for much sympathy.

Slowly it dawned on Lincoln's mind that the time would come for him to make it clear to all the world that behind the issue of the Union was the issue of this infamous business of the sale of human beings. Things went badly for the North, and after eighteen months the Southern armies had been winning all the time. Then, in September 1862, Lincoln called his Cabinet together, opened it with a chapter of Artemus Ward—to the great annoyance of those members of his Cabinet who did not

like the humour of this man—and told his ministers that he had come to a great decision. He did not ask their opinion about it—he rarely asked it about anything—but he wanted to inform them what he was going to do.

Then this strange man went on to tell them all how, before the Battle of Antietam, he had gone on his knees in great perplexity and, like a little child, had promised that if victory were given to the North and the enemy driven from Maryland he would take it as a sign that he was to go forward and set free all the slaves. It is like a page from the life of Joan of Arc, but it is a page from the history of Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet. It was God who had decided this question in favour of the slaves, he told his colleagues, and he went on :

I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out of Maryland, and I am going to fulfil my promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down.

Then was signed the Great Emancipation; after eighteen months of defeat the North nailed the flag of Abolition to its mast, and the inner purpose of the war was made known to all mankind. The soil of the United States was dedicated to the liberty of all who lived on it, black or white—to all created equal.

A hundred thousand Negroes rallied to the North in the next twelve months, and it stirred Father Abraham, as they loved to call him, to think that when victory came there would be “some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation.”

The tide began to turn, but the end was not in sight,

or victory sure. It is not easy to keep soldiers fighting their own countrymen year after year; it is not easy to prevent disasters in the field, and all the unhappy consequences that must come; and, as if these troubles were not enough, the end of Lincoln's term of office was approaching. The time came for a new President, and the war was still dragging on after years of disaster and misery and death. A general who had been dismissed was chosen as a rival candidate; there was discontent among friends and foes; and a month or two before election time the party manager came to Lincoln and told him his election was hopeless.

It must have been the darkest hour of Lincoln's life. He had tried to keep the peace and had been driven into war; he had tried to fight on the question of the Union and been driven to free the slaves and clear the issue; he had prayed and prayed for victory and it would not come; and now he was to leave the stage of this great tragedy, his work undone, the nation torn asunder, and nothing sure.

It was August, and the election was in November, but he held office till March. On August 23 he took a piece of paper as he sat at a Cabinet meeting, wrote a resolution on it, folded it up, and passed it round to his ministers to endorse without reading it. Each man signed his name, trusting Lincoln, who sealed up the paper and put it away. Truly an astounding power had come to this amazing man.

And then, as if God intervened, there came great victories, and in a flash the situation changed. The election took place, and Lincoln stood again, but how low the fortunes of his party had fallen we judge from one



ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS ABOUT HAND IN HAND WITH HIS LITTLE SON TAD, WAITING FOR THE ENDING OF THE CIVIL WAR

truly pitiful fact. The Republicans had chosen for Vice-President, as fellow-candidate with Abraham Lincoln, a man named Andrew Johnson, an agitator, a creature of bitter hatred, a drunkard. But when the election was over it was found that Lincoln had not only won, but had won with a stupendous majority, and he was sworn in once more as seventeenth President of the United States, and Andrew Johnson was sworn in at his side—*drunk*.

This man the electors of America gave Lincoln as his constitutional companion; this man was to stand in Lincoln's place after the terrible night that was to come; and we can picture from this how sad and how dark had been the times through which Lincoln passed.

But the sun was shining now. Emerson wrote that never in history was so much at stake on a popular vote; and might was on the side of right. When he met his Cabinet again Lincoln took from his pocket the sealed paper on which his ministers had signed an unknown pledge. What they had signed was a pledge to support the President in case the Cabinet had only a few months to live. If that should happen, the new President could hardly be expected to save the Union, and Lincoln vowed that in the few months that would still remain to him between the Election and the Inauguration he would summon the cooperation of his successor in a solemn effort to crown the work of these four years. He vowed himself, that is, to save America from the tragic effects of a false choice.

It was not necessary, happily, to act on this dramatic pledge. On March 4, 1865, Lincoln took office for the second time, and made a speech which will live as long

as his speech at Gettysburg, which means as long as any speech which has come down to us through time. This is how it closed after a great survey of those four years :

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in ; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

With these noble words we may place side by side the Two-Minute Speech in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, which was dedicated on November 18, 1863. An orator whose words were like a garden of gorgeous flowers had spoken for two hours, and before the crowd passed away the President was asked to say a word or two. The great oration has faded like the flowers that bloomed that afternoon, but the few words Abraham Lincoln spoke have passed into the glory of the world's inheritance. They had met, he said, to see whether a nation conceived in liberty and equality could long endure. They had come to dedicate that field as a resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. But it was not for them to dedicate that ground ; the brave men who struggled there

had consecrated it. And then Lincoln uttered these immortal words :

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

We cannot be surprised that such a man, with the power of simplicity so eloquent within him, came to stand where Lincoln stood. We may say of Lincoln that he was *the* great American. His mind appears to have been prophetic of the future of America. Two stupendous moral prohibitions America has accomplished in two generations, and we are almost sure that Lincoln, had he lived, would have been largely responsible for both.

He gave his life to stop Slavery, but he said of Drink that it was a stronger bondage, a viler slavery, a greater tyranny still. He led America safely through the Civil War, but he said that if the grandeur of revolutions is reckoned by the amount of misery they alleviate and the little they cause, then the revolution that abolished Drink would be the noblest ever seen ; and he craved for America the proud distinction of leading the world in that crusade. “ What a noble ally is Prohibition to the cause of political freedom ! ” he said. “ With such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, and when the victory shall be com-

plete, when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which can claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both these revolutions! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nourished to maturity both the political and moral freedom of mankind."

In his death as in his life Lincoln's country vindicates the wisdom of her great President, for we see America climbing, with Prohibition behind her, to the proud place of the leading nation of the earth, while her Motherland is spending on Drink enough to save her from the desperate financial consequences of the War.

Only a little while before his death Lincoln talked of the overthrow of Drink, and said to a friend: "The next snarl we have to straighten out is the Liquor question"; but that night the liquor traffic that he might have overthrown got hold of him, and there was still a saloon in Washington, when they flung Drink out of the State, which advertised that it was from there a drunken man set out to seek Lincoln on that terrible night.

Very soon now, a week or two after the second Inaugural, the sunshine of victory was to dawn for Lincoln and America. General Grant, Commander of the Northern Armies, wrote to Lincoln inviting him to the front. Something very great was going to happen, and Grant wanted Lincoln near. We read of him riding on horseback, a tall figure in a tall hat and frock coat, chaffing an officer as they rode through mile after mile of cherry trees, his queer figure easily recognisable by enemy troops within shot.

We read of him, in those desperate hours, turning aside, with the chivalry that was born in him, to think of a farmer's boy. Exhausted by a long march, William

Scott had done double guard to spare a comrade who was ill, and he fell asleep at his post. They sentenced him to death, and he was waiting for death when Lincoln heard of him. He went to see him. He talked with him about his home and his work on the farm. He picked up a picture of his mother, and then he put his hands on the boy's shoulders and said: "My boy, you are not going to be shot. I am going to trust you. I am going to send you back to the regiment. But I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account, and what I want to know is, How are you going to pay my bill?"

Snatched suddenly from death, the farm lad managed to count up the few assets he could rake together. He thought that with his Army pay, and a loan from his friends, and a mortgage on his father's farm, he might pay the bill if it did not come to over a hundred pounds. But it was much more than that, the President said. "My bill is a large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your Army pay, nor the farm. There is only one man who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty so that when he comes to die he can look me in the face as he does now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid."

William Scott promised, and he kept his word. He did his duty, was wounded, and died; but before he died he sent a message to Lincoln that he had tried to be a good soldier, and would have paid his debt in full if he had lived, but that he was dying thinking of Lincoln's kind face, thanking him for the chance he gave him to fall like a soldier in battle.

That was Abraham Lincoln through all the days of

his life of care. It was said that he was not strong enough for war, and that he pardoned men because he could not bear to sign the death sentence. "You do not know," he said once to a friend, "how hard it is to let a human being die when a stroke of your pen will save him."

The long, long trial of the chivalry of Abraham Lincoln was coming to its end. On the night of Sunday, April 3, 1865, General Lee evacuated Richmond with his Southern armies, and it was plain that an immortal hour had come. Lincoln walked about hand in hand with his son Tad while Grant surrounded Lee.

It was the end, and Lee came to meet Grant at a farmhouse. Grant, an odd little figure at his best, whose faults we forgive for his heart of gold, came up all splashed with mud, sad at the downfall of a countryman who had fought so valiantly and long. They talked of old times, until it seemed that Grant had almost forgotten what they were met there for. Lee asked on what terms he might surrender, and Grant sat down and wrote them on the spot. His eye fell on the handsome sword of Lee, and he added to his paper that every Southern officer should keep his sword. Lee was greatly moved, and dared to ask if they might keep their horses, too. Grant thought so; they would be badly wanted on the farms, he said.

The Civil War was over; the slaves were free; the United States was still united. Grant, without waiting to set foot in the conquered capital of the South, hurried away to see his boy at school; Lincoln came home by steamer with his boy. They started on April 8 for a happy two-days' voyage. Like a happy family party we are told it was. On the Sunday Lincoln took out his Shakespeare and read to them from Macbeth, and

when he came to these solemn lines he paused and read them again :

Duncan is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further.

On April 11 he was at White House again, and on April 14, which was Good Friday, General Anderson raised the flag once more at Fort Sumter, where he had taken it down four years before.

It was the day of days for Lincoln, and he spent much of it with his son Tad. At night they went to a theatre, and there, about ten o'clock, a wild man who had crept out of a public-house made his way into the box and shot Abraham Lincoln. They took him to a house near by, and he lay till after seven o'clock the next morning. Then this great and lonely man, worn out with four of the saddest years through which man ever lived, entered on his rest. The door opened, and a faithful friend came out and said : " Now he belongs to the ages."

Walt Whitman dreamed of a ship that night, and this is what he wrote :

O Captain ! my Captain ! Our fearful trip is done ;
 The ship has weathered every rack,
 The prize we sought is won ;
 The port is near, the bells I hear,
 The people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel,
 The vessel grim and daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—
For you the bugle trills:
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths,
For you the shore's a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass,
Their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm,
He has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship,
Comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The Peace for which he waited long had come; Lin-
coln was with Washington.

IX

THE HERO OF LITERATURE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,
Has earth a grave,
O, well-beloved, for you !*

Richard le Gallienne

R. L. S.

WHERE among our Island men is another like R. L. S. ? What joy the letters bring to us ! Wherever men read our English tongue they stir the memory of happy hours. They stand for golden days of life, for great excitements of imagination, for thoughts and dreams that came to us in the long ago and will never leave us on our journey through this world. How warm and how friendly these three letters are, and how close to us they come ! We talk of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Tennyson, but we do not talk of Robert Louis Stevenson ; we talk of R. L. S.

There never was a writer more beloved of children than he, half for his stories and half for his verses. But every boy must love him, too, for the hero that he was. For many winters as a child he never left his nursery. He would sit up in bed in his little world of make-believe, and imagine himself a sort of Captain Cook or Francis Drake. He loved the thought of being a pirate, and in his bed he went through wild adventures. As his father and mother sat talking round the lamp he would crawl into the dark behind the sofa and pretend to be lying in wait for lions coming to drink outside the hunter's camp ; he would make a ship out of chairs, pack it with cushions, and sail away like Walter Raleigh going to Virginia. He was a giant, great and still, that sat upon the pillow-hill, and his little head was crammed with schemes for far-away expeditions, for voyages with pirates, and

adventures with Red Indians; and his marvellous imagination made all this real to him, so that no pirate on the seas had a more exciting time, and no Red Indian was ever more thrilled, than this boy under the counterpane.

He came of a family that had done splendid work in building lighthouses, and what could a boy love more than to raise up these burning lamps amid the roaring waves? Little Louis, whose father wanted him to carry on this work, was taken round the Scottish coast and shown the lights his ancestors had erected; then he was sent to the university in Edinburgh to prepare for his career. But Louis got into sad disgrace; he was rarely where the professors wanted him to be, and his father resolved that Louis was an idler and a truant, and sent him away to wild parts of the coast, keeping him short of pocket-money in the hope of making him work.

But nothing could make him love lighthouses—at least, however much he might have loved the thought of living in one, tucked away up in the top room with storms beating on the windows, he could not cherish the thought of building one. He was too fond of books to love building; he loved reading them as a boy as much as he loved writing them as a man. He had always two books in his pocket, one for reading and one for writing in, and the fact that Louis thought of nothing but books angered his father. Taking him from engineering, he put him to the law to try to take his mind off literature. Writing, the father said, was no way for a man to earn his living. And so this delicate youth, the family ne'er-do-well, at length became a barrister. He cared as little for the law as he cared for science at the university, or for engineering on the coast; and most of the time his

father hoped he was giving to law Louis was spending in writing novels, histories, poems, and plays, all to be torn up soon after the ink had dried.

Then one day there came into an editor's office in London an essay from the South of France, where Stevenson had been sent by his doctor in the belief that he had not long to live. It was an essay in which he talked bravely and gaily about the world, and to those who knew that all his work came out of weakness the strong and patient spirit of his writing came as a great surprise. Here, in this essay published in a London magazine, was a witness to that heroic spirit which has sustained mankind through the darkest hours in human history; here was the optimism that raised a man above the reach of gloom and misery, and stirred him with the faith that brought down mountains. For Stevenson had done a wondrous thing. This ailing man had found himself, as he lay on his sick-bed, giving way to gloomy views of life; he found that his illness was making him selfish and miserable and dull, and he made up his mind that illness should not beat him. He carried his make-believe into the very heart of his own life, until he must almost have deceived himself. He made himself patient and brave and radiantly good-humoured. He forgot his sickness and pain and remembered to be kind and thoughtful to all about him. His mind to him a kingdom was, and he determined that he would reign in it as happy as a king could be.

So he began to write about happy things. Little did the reading world know, as essay after essay came from his pen aglow with imagination and thrilling with the love of life, that the man whose writings made so many

people happy was living about as sad a life as they could think of. He was able to bring into his life some real adventures, not less interesting than the voyages of his dreams. He travelled over France on foot and by canoe; he crossed America in an emigrant train, and sailed across the Atlantic in an emigrant ship. But every year Stevenson grew weaker and weaker, the microbe of consumption was consuming him, and at last, when he was still a young man, he said good-bye to all his friends and sailed with his wife and family into the far-away South Seas. He had dreamed of them as a child; he had had his great adventures in them as a boy in bed, and now he cruised among them, calling at wild and beautiful islands, making friends with cannibals and kings, and building up his strength till he began to feel like a man who was really well.

Filled with joy at the thought of it he settled in Samoa, on the island of Upolu, bought a tract of forest land two miles from the Pacific, and built a house. His mother came to live with him, and a little group of other relatives; there they lived together among the wild men of Samoa. The natives were continually fighting among themselves; there were two rival kings engaged in civil war, and the peril was that three great world-powers—Britain, America, and Germany—were repeatedly interfering in the hope of gaining control of the islands. Stevenson did all he could to help the natives to agree among themselves, and wrote eloquent letters pleading that the British people would take steps to put things straight. He won the appreciation of the people as no other European ever did, until the time came when any man in Samoa would have given all he had for this

magician who had made himself rich by keeping an imp in a box. That was what they thought of Stevenson; they would never believe he made money by his stories. They believed he had captured an imp and shut it in the safe in the hall of his wooden house, and that he compelled the imp to make for him as much money as he wanted.

He became a sort of great chief among these simple folk, and the time came when nothing of importance was done in Samoa without asking Stevenson. He would be in the middle of some exciting story, or some lovely poem, when a troop of Samoans would appear on his lawn, and he would be asked to take charge of the funds of the village, or to buy the iron for the roof of a church, or to advise a rebel chief in some plan of campaign. Almost to the hour of his death he gave himself for the good of these simple folk among whom he chose to spend his life, and whom he came to love. Again and again, feeling strong and well, he would yearn to come home to Scotland, but again and again he resisted the temptation to leave Samoa and those people who would have died for him. Long before the war with Germany began, R. L. S. was fighting the spirit of Prussia in Samoa; he was fighting it on the very day he died, and then this land he loved, these people he loved, by some ironic stroke of destiny, passed into German hands, and R. L. S. on his quiet hilltop slept under the German flag.

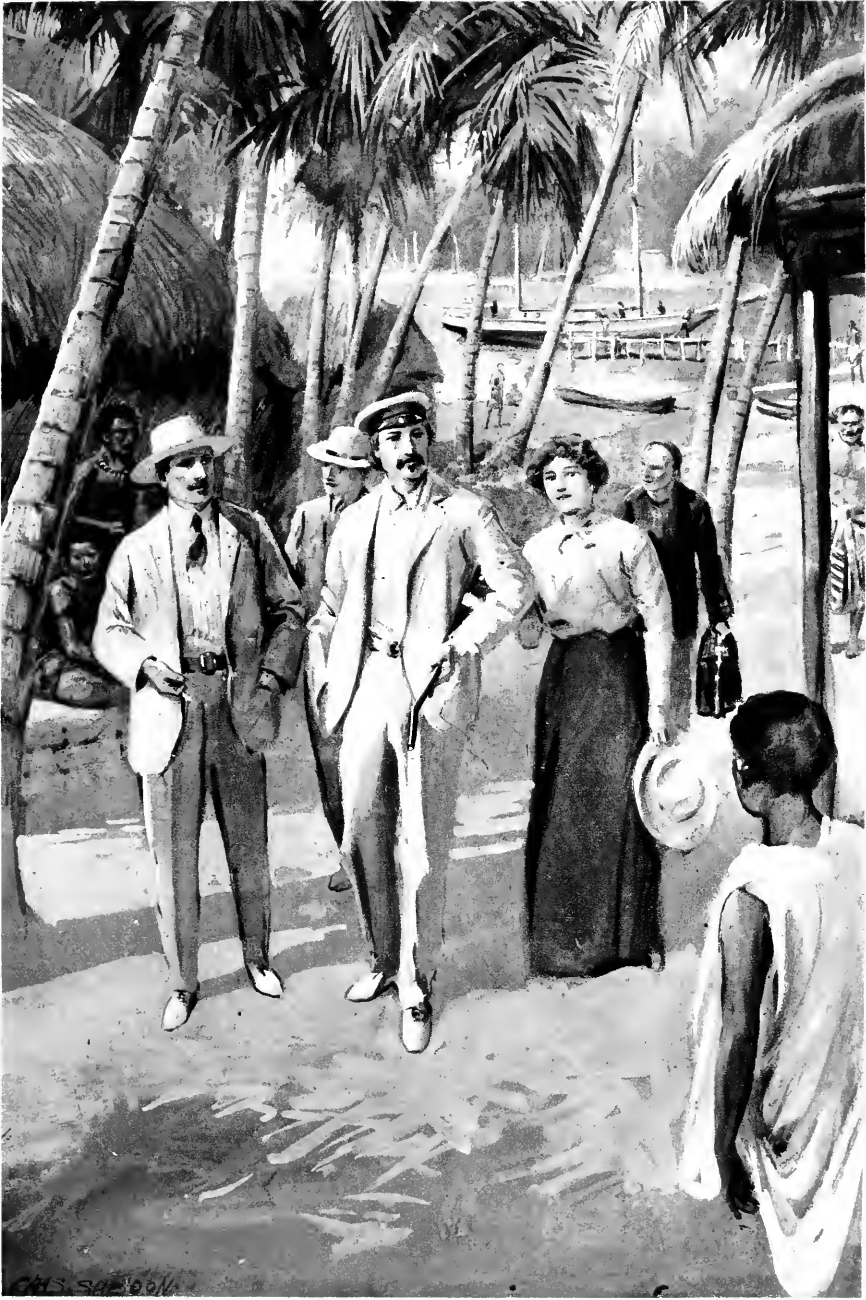
For about a quarter of a century he has slept on his lonely mountain-top, and for nearly all these years this sacred spot of earth, this holy ground to all who love an English book, was in alien hands. Our R. L. S., loving our Island as he loved few other things, dying with the hate of Prussian Militarism almost on his lips, had lain, through

all the years we were learning his poems at school, out of the bounds of British freedom ; he lay within the German Empire, against the cruelty of which, in the very last hours of his life, he was protesting with anger and scorn.

But now, once more, he sleeps beneath the British flag. The first British conquest of German territory in the Great War—the conquest of Samoa by the New Zealand men—brought the grave of R. L. S. back into the shelter of the flag he loved so well.

One of the pathetic stories of the world is the story of his lonely grave on the mountain-top. He loved this high place, and when he built his house he made a window in his study so that, as he sat at his books, he could see the top of the mountain. High up it is, through the tangled bush, by zigzag, rocky ways, almost too high and difficult for a man to climb them ; but—just because of that perhaps—he wanted to be buried there. And so he was.

There was no German flag there then, but Germany was plotting for possession of the island, and R. L. S. was among the first who ever scorned the methods of German intrigue. Even on the day he died he was turning over in his mind a great idea to fight the German Empire with his own hand. He saw its militarism at work ; he saw growing up in Samoa, to spoil the lives of the people, the spirit of evil that was to make Germany a thing of scorn throughout the earth. With his eloquent pen he championed the liberty of the people of Samoa against the Germans who were creeping in ; and one morning in December 1894, when his mind was all on fire against the conspiracies of the Kaiser's men, he burst out that if the Germans did not stop their intrigues, and if there was no other way to stop them, he himself would go to America,



R.L.S. AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE IN SAMOA



THE PLEASANT LAND OF COUNTERPANE IN WHICH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON LIVED THROUGH MANY YEARS OF HIS CHILDHOOD



BY THE GRAVE OF R.L.S.—HERE HE LIES WHERE HE LONGED TO BE

GIVES GRACE AND STRENGTH TO FORBEAR AND TO PERSEVERE, GIVES COURAGE AND CALM TO THE OVERMIND,
SHARE TO US OUR FRIENDS, SOFTEN TO US OUR ENEMIES, BLESS US IF WE MAY BE IN ALL OUR INNOCENT DEAVOURS,
IF IT MAY NOT GIVE US THE STRENGTH TO ENCOUNTER THAT WHICH IS TO COME, THAT WE MAY BE BRAVE IN PERIL.

CONSTANT IN THE RIBBYLATION,
TEMPERATE IN WRATH,
AND HALL CHANGES OF FORTUNE,
AND DOWN TO THE GATES OF DEATH,
LOYAL AND LOVING . . .
TO ONE ANOTHER.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WRITES A PRAYER OF GOODWILL AND GOOD CHEER FROM HIS BED IN VAILIMA, THE HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL WHERE HE SLEEPS

well or ill, and raise public opinion there by lecturing to the people.

It is splendid to think of that day now, but the world was robbed of the great spectacle of R. L. S., armed with eloquence and righteousness, combating the new Empire that was coming into the world. A sight for all time it would have been—the man who wrote *A Child's Garden of Verses* appealing to America against the man who was to sink the *Lusitania*; but it was not to be. As R. L. S. was talking gaily to his wife that day, the microbe had its way; a blood-vessel burst in his brain, and in two hours he was dead. An American poet has pictured that day for us; he has pictured the Angel of Life viewing the lands and waters of his globe when Death came past:

The Angel turned: Brother, what ill brings thee
 Like thieving night to trespass on my day?
 Yonder, Death answered him, I cannot see;
Yonder I take this star to light my way.

A star, indeed, fell from our sky when R. L. S. passed from us. He gave us things that will never die, things that will please us in the evening of our lives as they pleased us in the morning. The knowledge that his life was doomed, that he was in the grip of the invisible enemy that spreads consumption everywhere, did not destroy the zest of life for him. Nothing could keep back the imagination of the little man in him who never grew up. Who does not remember the picture that came to him when the light was put out at night?

Armies and emperors and kings,
 All carrying different kinds of things,
 And marching in so grand a way,
 You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen,
 At the great circus on the green,
 For every kind of beast and man
 Is marching in that caravan.

Who does not remember the pictures he saw in his
 story-books ?

These are the hills, these are the woods,
 These are my starry solitudes ;
 And there the river by whose brink
 The roaring lions come to drink.

Or the armies he saw in the fire ?

Till, as I gaze with staring eyes,
 The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Blinking embers, tell me true,
 Where are those armies marching to ?
 And what the burning city is
 That crumbles in your furnaces ?

Who has not played, as he did, in the pleasant land of
 counterpane ?

Watching leaden soldiers go,
 With different uniforms and drills,
 Among the bedclothes, through the hills,

or sending down his ships in fleets, " all up and down
 among the sheets " ? Who, like him, has not claimed
 some corner of the world as his ?

This was the world and I was king ;
 For me the bees came by to sing,
 For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
 Nor any wider plains than these,
 Nor other kings than me.

Every tiny boy has shared his treasures with this great boy R. L. S.—the leaden soldiers, and the whistle, and the knife, and the pretty stone, and the thing that is really real—

But of all my treasures the last is the king,
For there's very few children possess such a thing ;
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

For him the world was wonderfully happy, and nothing should prevent its being so. He went into his garden, and

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes.
Up! they cry ; the day is come
On the smiling valleys ;
We have beat the morning drum ;
Playmate, join your allies.

He would leave his books and walk to the foot of his mountain, glistening in the sun, and his old child's love of the sunshine would come back to him, and he would see the sun as it really is, author of the pageant of the earth :

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

In the days when he was writing these verses on our Island he could hardly have dreamed that he would make his home on another little island in the great Pacific, fighting death for a few more years of life. We remember how he wrote

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow ;

where lonely Crusoes built their boats, where the wall round China goes, where the crocodile lay on the river-banks, and forests as hot as fire and as wide as England were full of apes and huts and coconuts, where, "among the desert sands, some deserted city stands." Into this world that never was he would go when he grew up :

There I'll come when I'm a man
 With a camel caravan ;
 Light a fire in the gloom
 Of some dusty dining-room ;
 See the pictures on the walls,
 Heroes, fights, and festivals ;
 And in a corner find the toys
 Of the old Egyptian boys.

He was never to find his wonder-world on earth, but in his mind he found it. For ever it existed around him, and he was writing his wonderful tales until the afternoon he died. He had been thinking, on that far-away island, of these islands that were home to him, for there had reached him, only three days before his death, those beautiful verses of his friend Mr. Edmund Gosse, which must have brought tears to the eyes of R. L. S. as the memory of his boyhood came back to him. Tusitala his old friend called him, after the name the Samoans gave him—Tusitala, the Teller of Tales. How they would have laughed, his old friend reminds him, had Time, in the days of their boyhood, told Tusitala "what the years' pale hands were bearing"—

Now the skies are pure above you,
Tusitala ;
 Feathered trees bow down to love you.
 Ah ! but does your heart remember,
Tusitala.

Westward in our Scotch September,
 Blue against the pale sun's ember
 That low rim of faint long islands . . .
 By strange pathways God has brought you,
Tusitala,
 In strange webs of fortune caught you,
 Led you by strange moods and measures
 To this paradise of pleasures !
 And the bodyguard that sought you
 To conduct you home to glory,
 They were Languor, Pain, and Sorrow !
Tusitala.

We must read this whole poem to Tusitala to feel the full meaning of it, to feel how the voice of R. L. S. came back to his friends from his island as from one enchanted—

For we hear you speak like Moses,
 And we greet you back enchanted,
 But reply's no sooner granted
 Than the rifted cloudland closes.

Alas ! the rifted cloudland was to close for ever. It was probably the last poem the poet ever read ; it was the subject of the last letter he ever wrote. It was read aloud as they laid him in his grave on the mountain-top.

When he died they lowered the Union Jack that flew over the house and covered his body with it, and as he lay wrapped in the flag in the big room the Samoan people came up to pay him their last tribute. They loved him as they had never loved another white man. After he had built his house, Vailima, they had made him, out of their labour and their poverty, a road to his new home, the Road of the Loving Heart, as he had called it. Now they came with their last presents for Tusitala, the beautiful mats that the body of a great Samoan was wrapped

in when he died. They brought their mats, and all night they sat around the body, silent. Nothing would move them to go. "This is the Samoan way," they said, and there they stayed. "You cannot realise what giving these mats means," a member of the Stevenson household wrote; "they are the Samoan's whole fortune. It takes a woman a year to make one, and these people were of the poorest."

With men like these it was easy even to dig a grave on the mountain-top. Up the steep slopes, through the thick brushwood, they took the body of R. L. S., and in that peaceful place they left him. The tomb is a solid block of concrete rising in the middle of a small plateau. A gap in the trees was cut to let the sunshine through. Spreading in front, beyond the distant hills, the shining gleams of waterfalls, and the gliding river, is the great Pacific Ocean, its waves beating on a coral reef; and in the valley below lies his house Vailima, with its warm red roofs, its green lawns, its hedges ablaze with colour, and the spirit of a poet hovering over it evermore. On one side of the tomb are the words that Ruth said to Naomi three thousand years ago:

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.

On the other side is the Requiem that will never die out of the world until this tomb and every other visible thing on earth has perished:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The way to the tomb of R. L. S. is rarely trodden by the foot of man. Up among the rocky bush the track that leads to it often disappears, and the rare traveller who climbs this way is startled in the loneliness if he should hear the sound of a human voice. "Thrice my heart nearly failed me," said a traveller, "and thrice I looked up at the top of the bush-covered wall which seemed to overhang me. Then I grasped my stick and toiled upwards again." And on this hillside where Tusi-tala sleeps the Samoan chiefs have set mankind a beautiful example, for it has been decreed that no gun shall be fired on the hillside for ever, but that there shall sound around this place only the blowing of the wind, and the roaring of the waves of the sea, and the falling of the leaves, and the swaying of the great tree-branches, and the birds singing the songs he loved to hear.

Was there not something to stir the heart in the news that at the beginning of the Great War this hillside came to the Allies, the first British victory at sea, without a single shot? Not a gun was fired at the taking of Samoa. "We took it," says a brave New Zealander, "without a shot, and glad the people were to see us there." Glad, too, would R. L. S. have been to see his last wish realised for his beloved Samoa—the British flag flying over his Pacific home. On the last day of August 1914, the German Eagle came down and the British flag

went up. R. L. S. was home again. But in truth he is home throughout the earth. Far out into the world he follows the flag and our mother tongue, and he belongs to the race of great immortals, of those who live in others after them—

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

X

THE HERO OF THE SEAS
CAPTAIN COOK

*Golden, crimson, glows the sunset o'er the wild Australian
scene,
Gilding e'en the lonely desert with a glory-tinted sheen,
Purple, purple, gloom the mountains towering in their distant
height,
And the blushing air is quivering with the joy of rosy light.
Glorious beauty!—heavenly radiance! beaming o'er the
barren earth,
While the weary land is stricken with a life-destroying dearth.
But no joy that glory bringeth—ominous that sunset blaze,
Telling but of rainless sunshine, burning on through cloudless
days ;
Parched, the thirsty ground is gasping for one shower of
cooling rain—
Shadeless trees stand gaunt and withering on the grassless,
arid plain.
Not a sound of living creature, not one blade or leaf of green !
E'en the very birds have vanished from the desolated scene !

Hark ! what sound of coming footsteps breaks the silence of
the air ?
Can it be a human being all alone that rideth there ?*

Mrs. Hubert Heron

CAPTAIN COOK

ABOUT two centuries have passed since a half-starved Yorkshire labourer came home and found that another child had been born in his two-roomed cottage. He had nine of them in due course, and we may imagine that he thought very little of one more. But all the world thinks well of this one now, for he has set his name in letters of gold in the volume of the history of mankind. His name was James Cook, one of the greatest Englishmen since time began.

This little country, its future greatness all unknown, made little preparation for immortal men. This child, who was to find a continent and win it for the British flag, had hardly room to be born in this lovely land of ours. There was no education waiting for him; he must pick up such scraps of knowledge as he could. But there was a good old lady who taught him to read, and his father's master liked him and thought this bright, poor boy worth helping, so he gave James a little schooling—enough to make him a smart shopkeeper's apprentice in the little fishing village of Staithes, near Whitby.

The sea has been creeping into England and has washed the shop away since this bright boy ran out of it one day, without a word of warning, and joined a ship that was carrying coal to London. In London he hid from the press-gang. Much as he loved the sea, he hated that horrible gang of desperadoes, who seized an English-

man in the streets, gave him a knock on the head, and threw him on to a ship. He would not go to sea like that, but, thinking it out, he resolved to volunteer. So James Cook ran away to sea and became a sailor, loving his life, but little dreaming that he was to end his career on an eminence as great as that of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

We think of Cook as the explorer of Australia and the founder of British influence in the Southern Dominion, but how often do we remember that he who gave the British Empire a mighty continent played no mean part in giving it also the greatest piece of the American continent that any single government holds? Cook made known Australia, and he helped to conquer Canada.

The ship he was on went to Canada in the war with France, and they found him a rare sort of man. He was a very clever surveyor, he knew all about tides and currents, and he could find shoals and hidden rocks so well that the admiral came to depend on him. Cook would go out at night alone in a little boat, making notes of the unexplored banks of the St. Lawrence River and the shores of Newfoundland. Once the Red Indians caught him in the St. Lawrence and carried off his boat, but Cook leapt on to an island with his precious notes and charts, and he must have been delighted when he was given fifty pounds for them. They proved very helpful to General Wolfe in the conquest of Quebec.

James Cook went on and on; he mastered Euclid and taught himself astronomy, and he took notes of an eclipse which pleased the Royal Society so much that when Venus was to cross the face of the sun, and the Government wanted to send an expedition, it was this scientific

sailor Cook they chose to send out with Sir Joseph Banks. He sailed to Tahiti Island, saw the eclipse, and then for three years they explored the Pacific.

It was an unknown ocean. Spain and Portugal and Holland had known it; their imperial fleets had scoured it and exploited it; but they kept the precious knowledge of it to themselves, and since the days of Drake it had been a mysterious sea. Nobody knew of the land beyond it; nobody knew anything about Australia, except a few travellers with doubtful tales, and perhaps a few astronomers who are said to have seen the shadow of the continent on the moon. Round the coast Cook sailed, with a friend on board in Sir Joseph Banks, one of the best botanists who ever strolled through a country lane, and one of the best English patriots who ever gave his service to our race. Many strange sights they saw. They found the sea lit up at nights as if on fire, and Cook thought the light must come from luminous fishes, as, of course, it did. They sailed along the coast of Brazil, where some of their party were nearly frozen to death while seeking plants on a mountain on a summer's day.

They found and named New Zealand; they sailed right round both islands, astonishing the Maoris, who had been there five hundred years or more but were cannibals still, and would have eaten Captain Cook and all his crew could they have caught them. In spite of them, Cook surveyed New Zealand and took possession of it. In the name of England he set up on a hill two poles carved with the name of the ship and the date, and he called together an old chief and his tribe, gave them presents and treated them well, and made them swear never to pull down the flag that he left flying there.

It is a dramatic little scene, this picture of our great sailor appointing a Maori chief as trustee for the British flag, and all the more strange when we think that England did not bother much about the flag for two generations or more. One wonders if they found it flying then!

On to Australia went Captain Cook, to that glorious natural harbour of Sydney. For ages the rolling waves of the Pacific Ocean had swept the lonely continent, the greatest island in the world, but no visitor from the outer world had come to this far place. No white man that we know had been near these ancient haunts of wild, strange life; not one page of the history of Australia was ready to be written, for the civilised world knew nothing of it. It was as if the southern world had been asleep since Time began.

And yet there was to take place, following on this visit of Captain Cook, a great European race for Australia, in which England reached the winning-post only just in time. Australia, it is true, had been touched at various points by mariners, but they brought back tales of its hopeless barrenness, and it was not till Captain Cook sailed to its eastern coast that a white man realised that here was a mighty continent. He was the first man to see the potential wealth of Australia; he was the first to sail the coast, and land, talk with its people, and understand something about them.

He did it all at the peril of his life, and he nearly brought disaster to his crew, for one day in these uncharted waters his ship ran on a hidden rock about twenty-five miles from land. It stuck fast on the rock, poised on it for two days and nights, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save them in that wild place,

on that mysterious coast, with civilisation ten thousand miles away and no human help at hand. And a miracle did save them, for at last the ship was lifted off the rock, and what everybody on board expected to happen did not happen. As the water had been coming in it was thought the ship would sink, but it was saved by the very thing that had seemed to threaten it. A piece of rock that had pierced its hull snapped off its base and remained in the hole it had made, plugging it tight and saving the ship till it reached home.

But it was not a rare event like that which made this voyage memorable; the great achievement of Captain Cook was that he secured Australia for the British race. Yet years were to pass before we took the slightest interest in this vast continent he made known, and Cook had been for years in his unknown grave when another British captain followed him and set up the flag in Australia in the very nick of time to save it from Napoleon. A few days after this British captain had arrived at Sydney, and as his ships were ready to sail out of the harbour, there sailed in another ship, with *La Pérouse* on board, to take possession of Australia for France! England had found a continent, and France had lost it, by a few brief hours.

A great, brave soul was *La Pérouse*. What emotions must have stirred within him in that fateful hour! He had come to win an empire for his country; he was sailing to his immortality; he was at the gate of his Promised Land; and it was not for him to win. But he could enter. Captain Phillips and his men gave the Frenchman a great reception, and the disappointed explorer was happy among friends. He stayed with them a few weeks

and then set out again, but before he left he wrote to the French Government explaining what had happened. Then he left his papers with the British captain, said good-bye, and sailed away with his two ships.

It is one of the tragedies of the world that La Pérouse was never seen again. The wreck of his ship has been found in our time on a coral reef, but no witness to the fate of this brave French explorer has ever been discovered. In that dramatic hour he disappeared from history ; he must have gone down at sea with all his men.

So nearly did our governments lose Australia through not availing themselves of the discovery of Captain Cook. The great explorer came home, and not a man in England knew what a glory he had added to the British Empire. There were no triumphal days for this great seaman ; his was the pioneering, ours the great reward. He was out again very soon on a voyage to Antarctica, in command of a Government expedition, to discover how far the lands of the Antarctic stretched northwards. He did his work, sailing round the great ice-cap, but he made that voyage memorable by a conquest greater still, for he taught his men how to preserve life and health at sea.

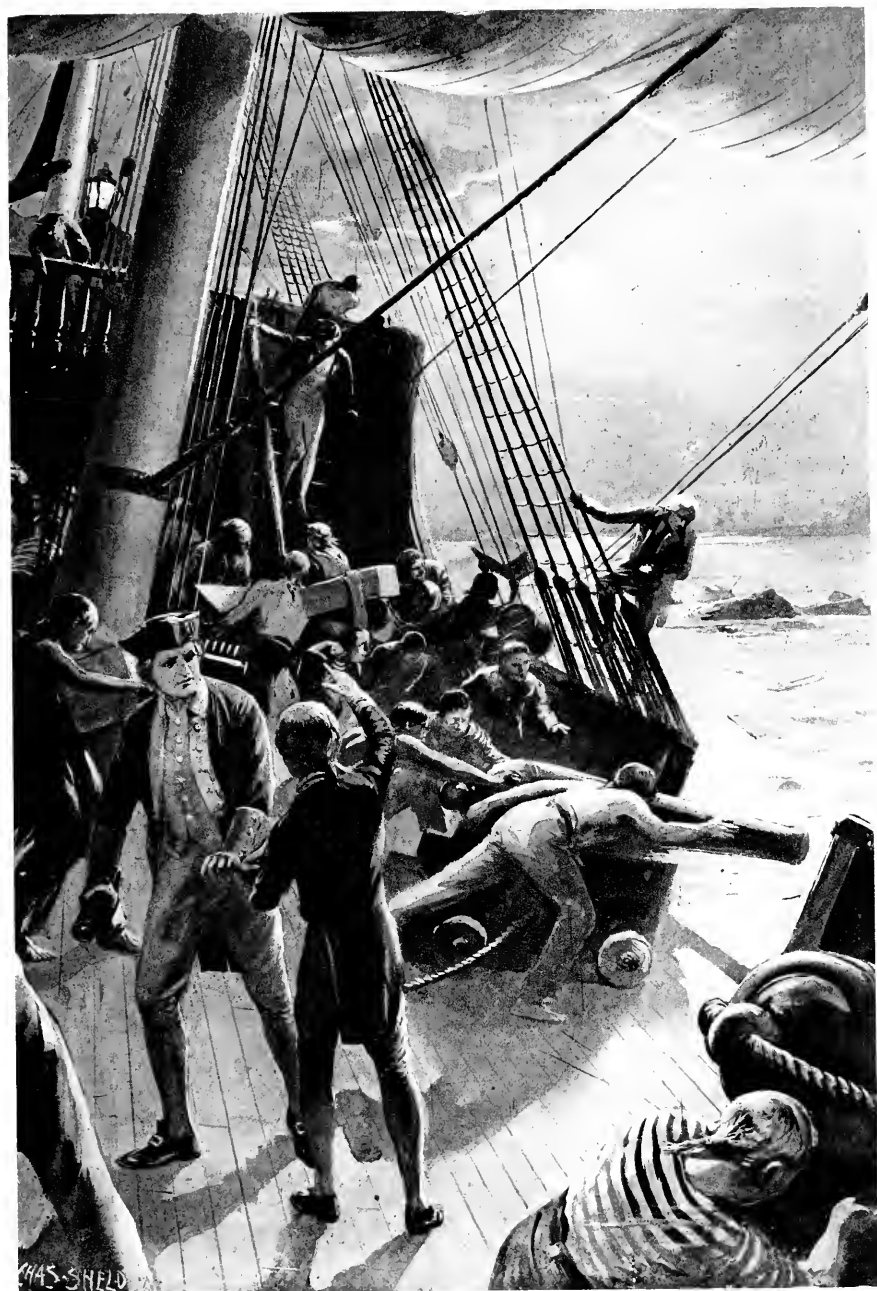
Looking back on all his great achievements, Captain Cook believed this hygienic work of his to be the greatest feat of his life. It seemed to him a more stupendous thing than the discovery of Australia. Those were terrible days at sea, when men would die on ships as fast as flies in summer heat. On one of his voyages he had lost thirty men in a crew of eighty-five, and this tragic experience, so common on the sea in those days, set him thinking. Again and again the crew of a ship was broken up and doomed by scurvy and fever, and Cook, who knew



CAPTAIN COOK JUMPS OUT OF HIS BOAT AS THE RED INDIANS JUMP IN—AN ADVENTURE IN THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS HELPING WOLFE BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC



CAPTAIN COOK LOOKS OUT ON THE SCENE OF HIS BOYHOOD—THE STATUE AT WHITBY IN YORKSHIRE



CAPTAIN COOK'S SHIP IN TROUBLE OFF CAPE TRIBULATION—THROWING OVER THE GUNS TO LIGHTEN THE VESSEL AS IT LAY GROUNDED ON A CORAL REEF OFF QUEENSLAND



THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF CAPTAIN COOK—AS HE CALLED TO HIS BOAT A NATIVE STOLE
BEHIND THE CAPTAIN WITH A DAGGER AND KILLED HIM

more of science than perhaps any English seaman before him, faced this problem like the wise man that he was. He persuaded his men to follow his advice, and trained them by a wise and careful diet to avoid disease, or, if disease should come, to avert its terrors.

There never was a voyage at sea so healthy as Cook's voyage to Antarctica. Only one man died in a crew of a hundred; and when the ships came back, and the facts were made known, and Cook's hygienic science was explained before the Royal Society, the Society gave him its gold medal and honoured him as a benefactor of the human race.

So he was. Infinitely more than an explorer was Captain Cook. He set up our flag and established our influence in the greatest territories of our Empire, and his name and fame are part of the history of British dominion in America and Australasia. But what can compare with those other two distinctions of this great captain? *He taught us how to be healthy at sea; he spread everywhere the fame of Englishmen for chivalry and fair dealing.*

They are at the basis of our civilisation, these two things. What would the great sea-race have been, where would our far-flung Commonwealth have been, if the health of men had not been safe at sea, and if Captain Cook had not made it safe in time to secure the mastery of the sea for the race that most of all loved liberty? And as for chivalry, running hand in hand with British freedom everywhere, is it not the very warp and woof which bind our British realms? Captain Cook did nothing ignoble and nothing mean. Never was an explorer more devoted to his men or to humanity, and his treatment of natives opened up golden ways for him. When France

and Britain were at war the Government of France gave special orders to its sea commanders that one Englishman was never to be touched : Captain Cook was not to be interfered with on the seas.

It was his unbreakable rule to seek entry into new lands with the co-operation of the people he found there, to practise every fair means of cultivating their friendship, and to treat natives, wherever he found them, with all possible humanity. He would allow no man to be cruel to a native ; he would allow no man to lower the name of England or bring dishonour on the flag ; and so firm and relentless was he in this that once, when some of his crew had been unjust to natives, this English captain called the natives together, brought out one of his own men, and whipped him in the presence of those whom he had wronged.

His Antarctic voyage safely over, and its work well done, Captain Cook went out again, this time in quest of the north-west passage to the Pacific ; and it was on this third voyage of his that the stern justice of this man led to a tragedy as mournful and pathetic as can be imagined. Storms drove his ships to Hawaii, where the people thought him a god and would have worshipped him. But there were thieves among them, and this man who whipped an Englishman for wronging natives was not afraid to whip a native who had wronged an Englishman. The sight of it was more than the native mind could understand. They could not comprehend the justice of this man, and there was a frightful revulsion of feeling after a quarrel in which a native was killed. The natives attacked the captain's boat, and his men began firing. Cook turned round to order them to stop, and at that

moment—that moment in which he turned to defend these natives from attack—a native stabbed and killed him.

The man of chivalry was betrayed. He fell into the water, where a mad and seething crowd of natives held him down, but he struggled to land, and this man who never in his life had wronged a man was beaten and hacked to death, natives snatching daggers from each other's hands for the satisfaction of striking him. It was perhaps the most horrible death an explorer has ever died, and he was perhaps the gentlest explorer who ever went to sea.

It is a pitiful tale, more pitiful because two British boats stood by and saw it all, one packed with fugitives in such panic-stricken confusion that it could give no help, the other looking callously on and leaving the captain's dead body in the hands of the savages. The captain of this ship was received at home with universal execration. He could have saved our hero's body and brought it home so that Cook could have slept in St. Paul's; but he left the body with a mob of angry natives, who burned part of it before it could be rescued for an honourable burial. But justice overtook the coward captain in the end, for nineteen years after he had stood by and watched the murder of Captain Cook he was dismissed from the Navy for cowardice at the battle of Camperdown, where Nelson thought he should have been shot.

So, on February 14, 1779, ended the life of one of England's noblest men. He was the first of all our seamen to sweep the whole Pacific. He helped to fix the British hold on North America; he founded British Australasia; he was the first to sail round the coast of New Zealand and chart it; he did the same with the East

Coast of Australia; he gave us the basis of the map of the Southern Pacific as it remains practically to this day; he put a fifth continent on the map of the world. He surveyed more coast-line than any other man. He made unknown waters safe for ships. He explored and settled the mystery of the fabled continent of Antarctica. He taught the race that was to rule the seas how to keep health and strength at sea, and he gave it three million square miles to take care of.

Has any man done more? Have we not given our throne to many who did less?

XI

THE HEROISM OF SCIENCE

THE PANAMA GANG

*Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something
new ;
That which they have done but earnest of the things they yet
shall do.*

Tennyson

THE PANAMA GANG

*Here we are, gentlemen ; here's the whole gang of us,
Pretty near through with the job we are on ;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.*

*Yes, the canal is our letter of reference ;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun ;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon ?*

*Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
We who have shattered a continent's spine ;
Office work—oh, but we couldn't do that again !
Haven't you something that's more in our line ?
Got any river they say isn't crossable ?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through ?
We specialise in the wholly impossible,
Doing things “ nobody ever could do ! ”*

*Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men ;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistering,
Chockful of energy, vigour, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
Who has a job for this Panama Gang ?*

Berton Braley

A RIDERLESS horse walked up Ludgate Hill one day behind its sleeping master, and if a horse can feel and know what happens its heart must have been breaking—unless there came to it new strength in the pride it felt in the sight of its master sleeping under the Stars and Stripes on his way to St. Paul's.

For what was happening that day up Ludgate Hill

was a rare and stirring thing. Here was no great Englishman, no great Briton, going to his rest : here was a ragged, barefooted boy of Baltimore being carried to St. Paul's, to rest a little while on his way across the sea, after his life's work was done.

He had done for the world one of the greatest things that an American brain has ever done : he had made the Panama Canal after thousands of people had died in the attempt ; he had saved the travellers of the world thousands of miles on their journeys ; he had given the commerce of the world new highways of traffic ; he had shown that science can make the earth a Paradise when the world wills that it shall be so.

The work he did is almost beyond belief. It is almost beyond belief that a mountain has been cut in two, and that the Pacific Ocean is flowing through it. It is almost beyond belief that a way has been made which brings the Atlantic sea-front of America four thousand miles nearer Australia and saves six thousand miles on a journey from Liverpool to Vancouver. It is almost beyond belief that a ship is sailing at this moment through the Panama Canal, climbing up from the Atlantic to the top of the stairs that lead down into the Pacific.

All that is as thrilling and wonderful as words can make it ; but the wonder of it is as nothing compared with the wonder of how it was done. Since man first found power he has made no nobler use of it than in sweeping away the foulest scene on earth and putting in its place a smiling land.

I like to think of it all as beginning on that morning long ago when Power was born into the world. The King of England had heard of a young man in Glasgow

who was talking of making engines, and the King went to see him.

Now, of course—so strange are the things of this world—even a king may be ignorant and a plain man may be wise, and there was never so beautiful a case as this of a plain wise man and a foolish king. For the King was very superior in his royal ignorance; he would put this little man in his place; and so, with a patronising air, George the Third went up to James Watt, and asked, “Well, my man, and what have you to sell?” Let us put “my man’s” words in bold type; they are worthy to be addressed to a king. Said James Watt to George the Third:

What kings covet, may it please your Majesty—Power.

Time was flying past them both, and the plain man and the king were passing from the earth to whatever lies beyond; but long after the world forgets that George the Third threw away America it will remember that James Watt made an engine run by steam.

What kings covet—Power! Well, men have found it now, and, though most kings and governments are sleeping with the key of a new earth under their pillows, for once a government has sent out a plain man to use to the utmost the power that was ready to his hand.

And the story of the ragged boy of Baltimore is the story of what the plain man did with Power.

The old Panama has gone for ever, and men will hardly believe what they read of it in the years to come. The narrowest point of the mighty American continent, it remained for centuries the great highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. A glorious natural way it must have been in the days when the treasure-hunters

of Spain passed through it with their captures ; in the days when it came into the greatness of Spain and figured on the maps as Darien ; in the days when Sir Francis Drake climbed a tree here and saw the Pacific Ocean, praying that the day might come when he would sail the unknown sea in an English ship. And a glorious way it has now become once more, so that again men will look out upon the world from here, and, remembering the famous lines of Keats, will be moved by what they see, as Balboa was moved

. . . when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

And there were big things even then in Panama, for a King of Spain is said to have looked out from his palace windows, shielding his eyes and saying that he was looking for the walls of Panama, “ for they had cost enough to be seen even from there.” It was a kingly jest, but it speaks eloquently to us even now of the riches of Old Panama.

Yet all this time the power of Panama was not with the King of Spain, nor with his treasure-hunters, nor with the buccaneers who fought and scattered desolation everywhere in this way from sea to sea. The kings of Panama were Stegomyia and Anopheles, who had no throne of gold, but held the power of life or death over every man and woman and child in Panama. They took no taxes, made no laws, raised no armies, and commanded no respect. No traveller in Panama bowed down to them ; for all the pomp that surrounded them, these kings of Darien might have been the humblest creatures of the dust. Yet in their grip lay the destinies of this beautiful land ; without a single

word, without a single sword, they drove back mighty hosts of men and broke the power of nations. When, after hundreds of years, Europe sent out its engineers to dig the Panama Canal, these kings were reigning still, and tons and tons of steel, crumpled-up engines, and bars of iron that trees have picked up and twisted round their branches, tell the tale of how Stegomyia and Anopheles dealt with them.

Like the Shadow of Death they reigned over Darien ; they held sway unmolested for four hundred years, and there have not been in the history of mankind two more powerful members of a ruling race.

For generation after generation they consumed the life-blood of the people who lived in this beautiful region of the earth. The heat of Panama is such as only tropical travellers know ; the terrific rainfall is almost beyond our imagination ; and so, in a country with unmade roads, with only the roughest tracks beaten down by the tramping feet of centuries of passers-by, there was nothing but encouragement for stagnant water everywhere. The moisture and the warmth of the rich soil gave rise to forests of vegetation, thick growths of huge plants and deep jungles of hundreds of varieties of grasses, in which insects lived in countless myriads ; and so there poured out into still lakes and pools and marshes a rushing stream of decay, dead and dying animal and vegetable matter, which never seemed to end, but lay there year by year, until it seemed almost natural that a city of ten thousand people, like Colon, should have within it a hundred and fifty thousand graves.

And so Old Panama came to be unfit to live in, a beautiful place befouled, until an English traveller declared that " in all the world there is perhaps not now concentrated in any spot so much swindling and villainy, so much of foul

disease, such a hideous dung-heap of moral and physical abomination.”

Sir Isaac Newton was able to do his work because he stood on the shoulders of giants, he said, and the Americans have dug the Panama Canal because they stood on the shoulders of the poor Frenchmen who tried and failed. Let us remember them, giants that they were, brave men who faced disease and death, and did not quail.

This is what happened when the great French engineer who had dug the Suez Canal, Monsieur de Lesseps, set out to cut America in two at the narrow isthmus of Panama. There was a French consul who advanced an engineer the money for a suit of clothes one day and invited him to lunch the next ; but the engineer did not come. He had died of yellow fever at three o'clock in the morning, and was buried at dawn in the new suit he had just put on. There was another Frenchman, the first Director-General of the canal, who spent thirty thousand pounds on building a house on the top of a hill ; but before the house was finished his wife and son and daughter had died of yellow fever, and the Director-General went back to France alone, a broken-hearted man. Another man was sent to take his place ; he settled down and began his duties, and died of yellow fever. A thousand men were sent to dig, and every man was dead within a year—from yellow fever. Another thousand took their place, and before the first year ended the second thousand were dead too. Sixty-nine men in every hundred died at times ; ten thousand after ten thousand brave workmen were stricken and fell.

So Death went about in Panama, and nothing could stop its terrible march. It was like poison walking in the streets. No man was surprised if the friend he had seen

in the morning was lying in a grave at night. Yet, in spite of Death, the Frenchmen went on digging, and they did as well as the Americans could have done in those dark days. For they were fighting *Stegomyia* and *Anopheles*; they were in the grip of the invisible armies of death, and their very efforts to save their poor stricken men were destroying the lives of their comrades. There are few things in the history of the world more pathetic than this—that, in those days before the truth was known, the French doctors, to keep the insects out of the beds of the sick men, stood the bedsteads in bowls of water, *in which the mosquitoes that spread the disease were bred*. So near to these poor doctors was the mysterious enemy which baffled them.

With nearly fifty thousand men, and over fifty million pounds, the great De Lesseps failed. He died with a broken heart in Paris, and his name is written across Panama in heaps of rusty iron and ruined machinery. There it lies in swamps and jungles, proclaiming to all the world the failure of human power against an invisible foe. It is all that is left of ten years of the labour of a great host of men, and the spending of *a sovereign for every five minutes of time since Balboa, in 1513, first looked out from his peak in Darien*.

And now we must come back to France, for while the Frenchmen who went to Panama gave up the work and gave up their lives, another Frenchman stayed at home and led the way to the Panama Canal.

It was Louis Pasteur, looking through his microscope, who set men searching for the invisible messengers of Death at Panama, and led to the arrest and trial and conviction of *Stegomyia* and *Anopheles* on a charge of destroying hundreds of thousands of lives. For what Louis Pasteur found was this.

Man is truly at the top of the world, the "highest yet" that Life has known. But man has against him, in his march of conquest, myriads of smaller creatures which, often before he knows it, sting him and poison him and may destroy him. Sometimes these creatures live on a man's body, so that we call them parasites, because they live on others; sometimes they have smaller parasites which live on them, so that even a harmless insect may carry a poisonous parasite and give it to a man with its sting. And this great discovery of one Frenchman, if it had been made a little while before, would perhaps have saved the lives of all those Frenchmen who died in digging the canal, for it led to the discovery of the hidden enemy of life in Panama, and to the sweeping away for ever—if we want to do it—of two of the greatest enemies that the human race has ever known.

We need not stop to trace here all the steps in this great conquest of the enemies of man—to recall the work of the great Pasteur himself; of his countryman, Dr. Laveran, who studied parasites in Africa; of his other countryman, Dr. Beaupérthuy, who lies in a humble grave in the West Indies, but is for ever remembered as having, *long before De Lesseps began*, pointed the way to the great discovery that the real enemy was carried by the mosquito; or of the famous Sir Patrick Manson, whose long and splendid work in London was so valuable, and entitles him for ever to the grateful memory of mankind. But we must look for a moment especially at the work of the men who crowned this quest of knowledge with success—Sir Ronald Ross in England and Dr. Walter Reed in America.

It was Dr. Ross who found out Anopheles and Dr. Reed

who found out *Stegomyia*, and what they found was that *Stegomyia* carried in its body the author of yellow fever, and that *Anopheles* carried within it the author of malaria, so that a bite from one of these mosquitoes might any time bring death. The parasite of *Anopheles* is known, that of *Stegomyia* is still unknown; but we know that both these fearful parasites inhabit the bodies of the mosquitoes, which give them to man when they suck his blood. Half their lives the parasites spend in the body of the mosquito and half in the body of man, whom for centuries they destroyed.

So, for ages past in the history of the world, two little mosquitoes have carried within their bodies the fearful creatures which have struck down millions of unhappy members of the human race. They have held whole continents back from civilisation, and have made tropical countries impossible for white races.

These little pools by the wayside, the little pockets of water in the waste places—what a mighty meaning they have had in the history of the world! For in them the mosquitoes breed, so that these still waters—like the pools of water in which the French doctors set the bedsteads in the hospitals!—were the very birthplace of these great afflictions that struck down whole races of men. They attack those rich regions of the earth of greatest value to mankind, and they strike down not only the native people who inhabit them, but the carriers of civilisation too—the pioneer, the planter, the trader, the missionary, and the soldier.

For ages past the things inside the bodies of these two mosquitoes have been fighting against mankind. They have been, said Dr. Ronald Ross, the principal and gigantic ally of barbarism. “No wild deserts,” says he, “no savage

races, no geographical difficulties have proved so inimical to civilisation as this disease. We may also say that it has withheld an entire continent from humanity—the immense and fertile tracts of Africa. What we call the Dark Continent should be called the Malarious Continent; and for centuries the successive waves of civilisation which have flooded and fertilised Europe and America have broken themselves in vain upon its deadly shores.”

The pages of history are black with the story of these terrible diseases. Yellow fever followed Columbus to America in 1493, and was so bad there that the King of Spain had to throw open his gaols for volunteers. And still, within the lifetime of living men, yellow fever was raging in the same West Indies, so that in a few months 69 in every 100 white troops in Demerara perished. There is a sad story of a general who lost his reason when, in spite of all he could do for his brave men, they were struck down in hundreds by invisible bullets.

One traveller spoke of it as so terrible that it seemed as if the European carried something in his pocket which, coming in contact with the tropical atmosphere, lit up a conflagration. In Brazil there were 35,000 deaths in one year, and ships rotted in the harbour because their crews died and none could be found to replace them.

Naples was once in the grip of a plague which took 380,000 lives in six months; 144,000 people died in Constantinople in the year Napoleon marched from Moscow; there was a period of three years when 25 million people died from plague in Europe and 30 millions in China alone; and even in 1904 malaria killed a million people in our Indian Empire, destroying in a single week over 76,000 lives, a number equal to the entire British Army in India.



FOR GENERATIONS TWO MOSQUITOES KEPT BACK THE PANAMA CANAL TILL SCIENCE FOUND THEM OUT AND OPENED THE TROPICS TO WEALTH AND HEALTH AND CIVILISATION



"GENTLEMEN, I SALUTE YOU," SAID MAJOR REED TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO OFFERED THEMSELVES, AND THEIR LIVES IF NEED BE, TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM YELLOW FEVER

So, all over the tropical world, the mosquitoes came up out of the pools and spread death and misery and disaster among mankind. And *nobody knew*. It is said that there is an old book in the world, written 1400 years ago, which declares that malaria is caused by a mosquito, and we know that Dr. Beauperthuy declared that this was so in 1856; but either nobody noticed these things or nobody believed them, and the affliction of the human race went on. In their silent warfare against mankind the mosquitoes were winning all the time.

It is pathetic to look back and think of all the wasted efforts to drive back the plague, of all the human life and energy and thought and money that poured away in vain attempts to drive the enemy back. Clothing and baggage were disinfected or destroyed; ships were turned away from docks with the dying on board; thousands of tons of stone and cargo were thrown overboard in the belief that they contained the germs of yellow fever or malaria. A pitiful thing it is to think of these desperate efforts to break the power of an unseen foe; there is nothing in all the legends of gods and witches more terrible than this.

It is good now to come, in the story of this great conquest, to the day when Major Ronald Ross sat looking through his microscope in India at the last two mosquitoes that he had to examine. Working eight hours a day at his microscope, tried by the heat and tortured by flies, his sight grew dim, and his body sank with fatigue. But he still went on, gazing intently into the dapple-winged mosquito upon which his microscope was turned. And Dr. Ross did more than gaze upon this little creature in those anxious hours and days when, as we now know, he was on the verge of one of the greatest discoveries that men have

ever made : he wrote these noble lines of prayer, which were so soon and so gloriously to be answered :

In this, O Nature, yield, I pray, to me.

I pace and pace, and think and think, and take
The fevered hands, and note down all I see,
That some dim distant light may haply break.

The painful faces ask, Can we not cure ?

We answer, No, not yet ; we seek the laws.

O God, reveal, through all this thing obscure,
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause.

Dr. Ross was bending tenderly over his microscope as these thoughts filled his mind one night in 1893. He was profoundly disappointed, and was about to abandon the examination, when, he tells us :

I saw a very delicate circular cell, apparently lying among the ordinary cells of the organ, and scarcely distinguishable from them. Almost instinctively I felt that here was something new. On looking further, another and another similar object presented itself. I now focussed the lens carefully on one of these, and found that it contained a few minute granules of some black substance, exactly like the pigment of the parasite of malaria. I counted altogether twelve of these cells in the insect, but was so tired with work, and had been so often disappointed before, that I did not at the moment recognise the value of the observation. After mounting the preparation, I went home and slept for nearly an hour. On waking, my first thought was that the problem was solved ; and so it was.

If that waking moment was memorable in the life of Dr. Ross, it is memorable, too, in the life of the world, for it was the beginning of the end of Anopheles, the scourger of humanity, the ravager of continents, the repeller of civilisation. A new door had opened into the temple of knowledge ; a new hope had come to the human race.

Here is the thought with which Dr. Ross himself looked out on the world that day. These are his words :

The exact route of infection of this great disease, which annually slays its millions of human beings and keeps whole continents in darkness, was revealed. These minute spores enter the salivary gland of the mosquito, and pass with its poisonous saliva directly into the blood of man. Never in our dreams had we imagined so wonderful a tale as this.

What it all meant to the world we may see from just one instance. Malaria had broken out at Ismailia, in Egypt, and flourished until it was computed that every inhabitant suffered from it, when Major Ross was sent for. In two or three years he stopped the breeding of mosquitoes, and changed plague-stricken Ismailia into a health-resort.

While Dr. Ross was searching in India and discovering the author of malaria in Anopheles, Dr. Reed and three or four comrades in the American Army were searching in Cuba for the author of yellow fever. It was almost certain, after the discovery of Dr. Ross, that the parasite of yellow fever had its home in a mosquito. How this was proved by Major Walter Reed is one of the thrilling stories of the world.

There is no adventure anywhere more instinct with heroism than the search for the author of yellow fever and its discovery in Stegomyia. Even if there had been no gain for freedom in the Spanish-American War, the conquest of yellow fever would have been worth the war a hundred times. A hundred thousand men died of yellow fever in three years under Spanish rule ; in forty-seven years 35,000 people died in the city of Havana alone. It was into these

things that Dr. Reed and his comrades were sent to investigate. One of them died, and the camp was named after him—"Camp Lazear." A great name this will be in the real history of the world if ever its real history is written, and one picture that Dr. Reed has left for us shows us how the spirit of heroes and the love of humanity hovered about this camp.

Two men were wanted for experiments, and two young privates in the army came forward and offered themselves. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Major Reed talked the matter over with them, explained the danger and suffering, and then, seeing that they were still determined, promised that they should be generously compensated for their sacrifice. It must have thrilled Dr. Reed to find that the moment he mentioned money these plain American men held back. Both declined to undergo the experiment except on the sole condition that they should have no money reward. Major Reed touched his cap to the privates and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you," and he said afterwards that, in his opinion, this exhibition of moral courage had never been surpassed in the United States Army.

That is how it was discovered that *Stegomyia* carries yellow fever and gives it to man with its bite, and it is sad to have to say that Dr. Walter Reed gave this discovery to the world as almost his last service to it; for he died soon after, having earned for himself the gratitude of all men living and all men to be born.

So the knowledge that is power came into the world. Now the world came to close grips with its mortal enemies.

Now the Panama Canal could be made. Now we come to our ragged boy of Baltimore and the rider up Ludgate Hill.

Nothing on earth can stop the human race when it has knowledge and right on its side; nothing but ignorance and folly can defeat mankind.

The American Government made up its mind to finish the work the Frenchmen had begun. They were to cut a continent in two at the narrow point from Panama to Colon, and let the world's ships sail through. They sent thirty, then forty, then nearly fifty thousand men to do the work, and made a plain man master over them. His name was Gorgas, and this is the manner of man he was, according to himself. Speaking at a Baltimore university, he recalled his boyhood in the time of the Civil War:

I first came to Baltimore about forty-five years ago—a ragged, barefoot little rebel, with empty pockets and still more empty stomach. My father had gone south with Lee's army. At the fall and destruction of Richmond, my mother's house, with all that she had, was burned, leaving her stranded with six small children. She came to Baltimore, and was there cared for by friends. These memories are vivid with me, and can never be effaced.

It was Colonel Gorgas—he had been made a colonel by special Act of Parliament, although he was a doctor—who showed the governments of the world what they can do with power when they have done with quarrelling. Armed with the knowledge Major Ross and Major Reed had given him, he went out to Panama and met Stegomyia and Anopheles face to face.

He found there a workshop forty-five miles long, and his power extended all the way for five miles on each side. Over four hundred and fifty square miles this plain man from Baltimore had the power of a king, he made the law and carried it out. He had neither guns

nor powder, none of the instruments of war; he had simply a fact, and the power to drive it home to everybody who lived in his four hundred and fifty square miles. He knew that two mosquitoes lived in stagnant pools, and he locked them up while the workmen went on digging. He locked up every pool with oil; he drained or sealed up every ditch; he closed every way that could be found through which the mosquitoes could come. Never was there known before so great a pouring of oil upon the troubled waters; never was there known so silent a battle between an army of hundreds on one side and hundreds of millions on the other.

On the one side were a few hundred men—doctors and ditchers, drainers and dispensers, oilers and clerks and sanitary inspectors, guarding forty or fifty thousand labourers and their families scattered over four hundred and fifty square miles in about forty camps and villages. They were doing the biggest piece of engineering that has ever been done on the earth, digging a way from sea to sea, cutting up a mountain for the sea to pass through, and building huge walls to hold in the sea as it passed.

On the other side were millions of mosquitoes of the race of *Stegomyia* and *Anopheles*, born in still waters but emerging, with their powers of death, to fly through every door and window to suck the blood of any human being and poison the life-blood of all Panama, as their ancestors had poisoned it for ages, with yellow fever and malaria.

Our hero was equal to his opportunity. He was worthy of that long line of heroes who had lived and died to give him the knowledge that he knew was power. He had against him all the ignorant little people who are always against the man who knows, but he stood firm, like a strong

man with the eyes of the world upon him. He screened up all the houses, and ordered every household to cover up all vessels that held water. He drained lakes and swamps that had never been drained before, and poured out the filth of ages to the sea. He drained every ditch and pond that could be drained; those that could not be drained he oiled, so that the mosquitoes in them could not breathe. He cut grass jungles to the ground, destroyed all vermin, and burned all rubbish. He raised all buildings up above the ground, and covered them with fine wire screens. He screened every train, and on every train he put a hospital car. He made every man in Panama a total abstainer, for he ordered alcohol off the ground. Fifty thousand strong teetotallers have done the greatest piece of work the modern world has ever seen.

A marvellous thing it is these men have done, these troops of workmen with their giant machines, with a hundred excavators, twenty dredgers, five hundred locomotives, and five thousand trucks, pumps, elevators, cranes, and tugs. Tremendous machines there were which broke up mountain peaks and carried off enormous rocks, which plunged huge shovels into water and brought up hundred-weights of mud, which unlocked a train of fifty waggons at one stroke; and it is no surprise to know that 200 million tons of earth have been moved away, equal to a tunnel through the earth from side to side. It is no surprise to know that in such a workshop there was a fine spirit of rivalry among the men of the three great divisions—the Central, Atlantic, and Pacific divisions, and that strong men worked like schoolboys to beat the record.

If a machine broke, it was thrown down to strengthen an embankment; if an engine overturned, there was

no time to rescue it. There was no time, evidently, for quarrelling or abuse, for Official Circular number 400 gave notice that "the use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated." A fine thing it must have been to see this workshop forty-five miles long, with men working in comradeship in a great world-cause, and we can understand the spirit of the traveller who was carried away at the sight of it, and wrote:

A region is being shaped anew. Cut, carved, transformed, it has now another form and another outline. Peaks have disappeared, other heights have risen; certain valleys have vanished, others have been born; great rivers have obediently followed the will of man, as in the Arab legend the sea, roaring and foaming, followed the steps of Lalla Muna, the Moroccan saint. And across the yellow virgin earth has at last been opened a deep, monstrous furrow, which the waters now invade. The gigantic shipway passes from sea to sea, and possibly is visible to other planets—a slender, luminous, strange new sign on the old and immutable face of the world.

Yet all this mighty work would have been still undone if the doctor had not been king and used his powers of kingship well. Dr. Gorgas and his men worked in four great ways—they destroyed the homes of the mosquitoes during the larval stage within a hundred yards of all human dwellings; they destroyed all protection for adult mosquitoes; they screened all houses with wire screens; they destroyed all breeding-places, either by draining stagnant waters dry or sealing them with oil. There were seventeen districts, each with a chief sanitary inspector, a clerk, and a staff of three experts—one of them wise in mosquito lore; another skilled in ditching, draining, and oiling; and the

third a good organiser. Each of these districts had forty or fifty labourers to do the draining, carpenters to keep the screens in repair, and dispensers who went about administering doses of quinine among the workmen. Each inspector was responsible for excess of malaria in his district.

And this is the work they did in these seventeen districts in one year. *Cut down twelve million square yards of brushwood, drained one million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million square yards of grass, maintained three million feet of ditches, emptied three hundred thousand oil-cans, used nearly three million pounds of quinine, fumigated eleven million cubic feet of house space.*

The end of it is that men do not die now in Panama from yellow fever or malaria, that fewer people die in Panama than in New York, and that the death-rate of Panama is now the lowest of any large body of people in the world—less than eight per thousand, and less than three among white Americans. The end of it is also that ships can now sail through America instead of round it, and that all the world now knows that any part of the world can be opened to civilisation and the white man.

It is, perhaps, the greatest school-lesson that has ever been taught to the world, and the cost of it—you will not believe it, but it is perfectly true—has been equal to a halfpenny per man per day. That was the whole cost of Dr. Gorgas and his staff. The world's death-rate is about thirty in every thousand lives; whoever brings that figure down by one saves a million and a half lives every year. It is worth a halfpenny per life per day; is it not worth all the money in all the banks that have ever been?

That is the story of which the sight of a riderless horse on Ludgate Hill set me thinking one day, for it was the man

who did this mighty work, Colonel Gorgas, who was riding that day to St. Paul's, sleeping his last sleep on earth, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. There were thousands of people standing still, there were hundreds of men in khaki passing by, there were ambassadors and other great people; there was the lonely woman who was on the way with her hero to conquer disease in Peru when death took him from her. And there was the riderless horse.

All these came up Ludgate Hill, and as the sun poured down on this ancient way, our hearts and ears throbbing with the solemn music of the Dead March, we knew that we were looking on the passing of a man whose name would shine for ages in the history of our race.

XII
THE HEROISM OF EVERYDAY
ORDINARY FOLK

*They go where England speeds them ;
They laugh and jest at Fate.
They go where England needs them,
And dream not they are great.*

William Watson

THE EVERYDAY FOLK

Where did all these heroes spring from, marching across the fields of Europe? Were they with us always, these men of matchless deeds, and did they walk our streets unguessed at? Are we for ever entertaining heroes unawares?

Yes, Jack Cornwell is for ever in our streets, Edith Cavell in our hospitals, Francis Drake on board our ships.

We do not read much of our heroes in peace. Our papers have not too much room for them. But let us look through only a few copies of the newspaper that finds room for noble things instead of crime, that prints what is good and cheerful in the world, and our hearts are uplifted by the good that is in mankind.

The chivalry that runs through history, the spirit that would die ere it would face dishonour, the sacrifice of life for the things that are more than life—these are all about us.

What would our papers be like if editors would agree to cease being racecourse tipsters and prize-fight reporters and retailers of crime, and would tell, instead, the story of the things that matter? Let us see. We will take a few shining deeds, a few shining lives, from the story of how the world goes round as it is told in the Children's Newspaper.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF AIDIN

No more moving story of the Great War has been told than the story of the Boy Scouts who died for Greece.

The Scouts were a little company at Aidin, in Asia Minor, and their Scoutmaster was a man beloved by all

who knew him, and worshipped by his boys. When Aidin was attacked by Turks, the Greek troops were compelled to leave, and after they had gone there were such scenes in Aidin as no pen can describe. It was Turkish vengeance and Turkish massacre as black as anything to be found in history.

We have the facts from an indisputable authority, Mr. W. A. Lloyd, an Australian journalist who was on the spot, and this is what he says :

The horror of Aidin will haunt me all the rest of my life. The dead were lying everywhere, men, women, and little children, and the whole of the Greek quarter of the city was in ruins. When the Greek troops evacuated Aidin, the population was about fifty thousand ; on their re-entry there were five thousand left.

A little over a third of the population consisted of Turks, the others were Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Owing to the Greek occupation, the rage of the Turks was directed solely against the Greeks, the Armenians and Jews being unmolested. To describe the mutilations is impossible outside a medical journal.

For the first few days I had little time to gather information, every available hand being required to gather for burial the bodies of those done to death for no other crime than that of being Christian and helpless.

It was at Aidin I first heard the story of the Boy Scouts, and my information came from numerous eye-witnesses. The manner in which these brave lads met their death, with tears streaming down their faces, trying to sing the Greek National Hymn as they were being butchered, is an epic worthy of the heroic days of Greece.

That is the story of the Boy Scouts of Aidin and the glory they brought to the Scouts of all the world. They had the chance to leave this place and save their lives, but they stood with the man they loved, preferring rather

to do their duty and die than to run away and live. As long as they were in Aidin they could help, and in those awful scenes these little men did what they could to help, until at last they fell themselves.

SAVING THE TRAIN

As an express train was running recently from Rouen to Havre, in France, one of the tubes in the boiler of the engine burst, and steam rushed out into the driver's place, preventing him from working the levers and making it impossible for him to remain at his post. He was driven out, and there was an express train rushing to ruin at top speed over the metals.

Great bravery and ready resource met in this heroic man in this most desperate hour. Although scalded, he crept out on to the ledge of the engine, and managed to apply the brakes from the outside, so bringing the train to a standstill.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE

General Laperrine, of the French Air Service, was flying over the Sahara Desert with a pilot and his mechanic, when they lost their way and came down with a crash in an unknown part of the desert. They were far from human aid, and the plane was broken.

The General ordered his men to listen and obey. They would not be rescued, he believed, for three or four weeks, and their provisions would not hold out for three; they might for two.

"I am older than you," said the General, "and I am your commander. I expect to be obeyed. I shall not take a share in the rations. You must keep up your strength and courage, boys."

And in this resolve the General remained firm, though his men begged him piteously to take his share. But neither hunger nor thirst could conquer his resolution, and the General weakened till he died.

Five days after the men were rescued on the point of death, for they had been lying fifty hours without food or water, in the shade of an unbroken wing of the aeroplane.

TWELLS BREX

Out on the Great Adventure that all of us must go alone, Twells Brex has gone. That queer name was all that most of us knew of him, except that he wrote jolly little articles in a London paper. But a few months ago the doctor told Twells Brex that he must die.

He was a young man full of life; he had a wife and a boy; and there is something for tears in the thought that his body was doomed by an enemy within it. But no enemy could break his mind. He lay in bed with the rush of London life going on all round him, and he made himself a great explorer.

For was he not about to wake up from the Dream of Life? Was he not to see the wonder that no book can tell? Was the time not coming when he would follow in the steps of those three-quarter-of-a-million men who went out fit and strong in a blaze of glory not very long ago? He would see the heroes of Gallipoli and meet the men of Mons; all those immortals who won our liberties by land and sea he was to join. And then there would be Joan of Arc, and Cromwell, and Shakespeare, and all those wondrous folk that you and I can only read about. Where in all the history of adventure is anything like that?

So Twells Brex thought it out; but as he lay think-



THE PEOPLE OF EYAM, IN DERBYSHIRE, RESOLVE TO SHUT THEIR PLAGUE-STRICKEN VILLAGE OFF FROM THE WORLD TO SAVE THE PLAGUE FROM SPREADING

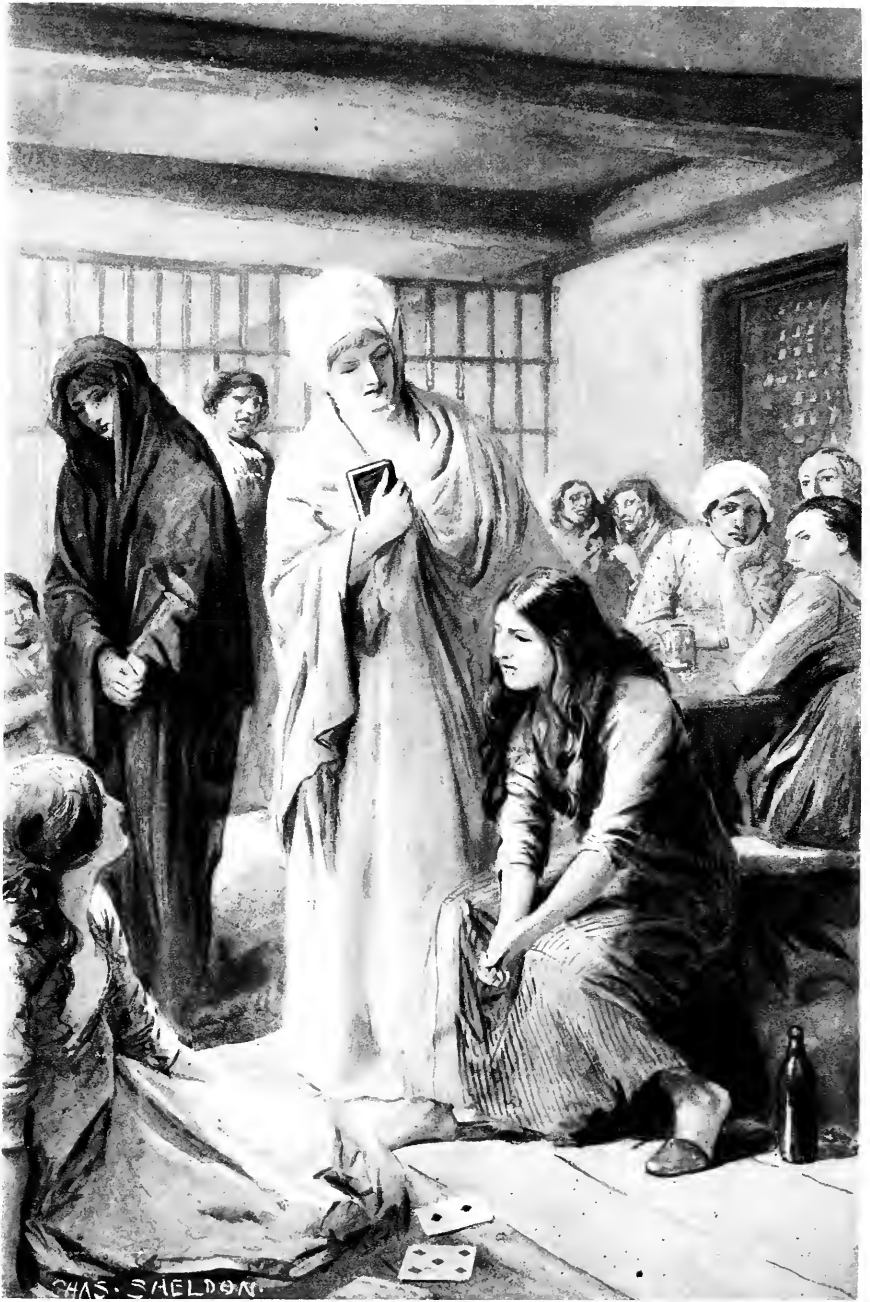


ARTHUR H. DIXON

KATHARINE DOUGLAS BOLTS A DOOR WITH HER ARM TO GUARD KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND
The King's enemies, breaking down a door of a room in the Abbey of Perth, snapped Katharine's arm in two and slew the King, and for this brave deed Katharine Douglas has been called Kate Barlass through the ages



GRACE DARLING ROWS OUT FROM LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE TO SAVE THE SURVIVORS OF
THE STEAMER FORFARSHIRE



THE HEROIC SPIRIT OF ELIZABETH FRY, WHO WALKED FREELY IN AND OUT OF THE DUNGEONS OF NEWGATE WHERE WARDERS FEARED TO GO WITHOUT ARMS

ing he would think of his wife and his child, and be sad. He would see his friends and laugh with them, and talk of the way he was to go. He would pick up his telephone and talk an article through to his paper; and one day he wrote the last chapter of all, and called it *Before Sunset*.

And what do you think he put in it? He said that he would think his life well ended if he could leave a message for us all that would make us not afraid when our time came; for the thing that we call Death is but the *Sunset Gate* from pain, and why should we not meet it without fear? We need not be afraid of God, for, if even a man can say that "to understand all is to forgive all," how forgiving God must be!

A day or two went by, and then in two columns of his paper were two things side by side. One was *Before Sunset*, and the other was the news that *Twells Brex* had gone into the universe.

So brave men pass through great adventures; and through the gate they meet the Friend who loves us all.

ELLA TROUT

Ella Trout and her two sisters are fisher girls. Their father is dead, so to support the home they go out to sea in their boat and set traps for lobsters and crabs among the rocks.

One day Ella set forth in her boat, with her ten-year-old boy cousin, to bring home the crabs caught in the pots. She hauled her pots, took out the crabs, then sailed farther out to clear a headland and catch some mackerel. Suddenly a terrific explosion startled her. A steamer sank before her eyes, torpedoed by a German submarine. Ella was stunned, but, recovering herself, she heroically

rowed out in the teeth of a terrific wind ; and she found herself not alone on the scene, for a motor-boat came to the rescue also. A coloured seaman adrift on the wreckage called piteously to Ella to save him, and she got him into her boat.

Then she went on searching among the wreckage, but, finding no other men needing help, she set sail for home. The tide was now against her, the sea rough, the wind boisterous, and she had a terrible struggle to get back. But she did get home, after several hours, when those on shore had given her up for dead.

EVERY INCH A MAN

On the Thames Embankment is a bronze tablet inscribed with these words :

This memorial to a journalist of wide renown was erected near the spot where he worked for more than thirty years by journalists of many lands in recognition of his brilliant gifts, fervent spirit, and untiring devotion to the service of his fellow-men.

The journalist was Mr. W. T. Stead ; and the Editor of the Westminster Gazette, in unveiling the tablet, was doing an act of goodwill in the name of writers everywhere, for Mr. Stead was a great international journalist, a man of mighty courage and splendid purpose, a hater of evil, and a crusader for all that is good.

He was every inch a noble man ; there was no more fearless honesty in the world than his. There is nothing he dared not do that seemed to him right. Life to him was a trust, a force breathed into him by God, to be used for lifting up the world.

And all his life he was lifting up. None was too low for him to bend and reach. None was too lonely for him to befriend. No good cause was too hopeless for him to declare it. He caught the light of a star, and for him it illumined the world. All his stars were suns, and his fervour in pursuing them astonished his fellows. He was one of the builders of the Kingdom of God.

To him the dawn of every morning brought new life, the height of every noonday brought new hope, and at dusk, whatever happened, his faith was not dimmed. He had the power that nothing on earth can give or take away. He never sat in Parliament, but he made a great law which will never be repealed. He was stoned in the streets of England, but more than any other man he built up the British Fleet, which saved the homes of those who threw the stones.

His power was within him. It was a secret power that made him the friend of kings, and it sprang from the source of eternal life. He belonged to the deathless army whose sword is never sheathed while wrong is unrighted or an oppressor is enthroned. His mind was free, his heart was pure, his soul was pledged to the highest that he knew; and his right arm was the bravest that ever struck a blow for a fallen man or woman. He was disappointing at times, for he was human; but he was never unfaithful.

One of the last things he wrote was a pleasant note to me saying how he loved My Magazine. He was leaving for America to speak for the President there, and in the writing-room of the Titanic, the greatest ship that had ever left these shores, he sat down and wrote home that he felt something was awaiting him, some great purpose

God had for him. What it was he knew not, but he was ready; he awaited his marching orders.

The Titanic sailed on; it reached within 300 miles of America; and then the marching orders came. The ship sank to the bottom of the sea with almost all on board. Nobody knows what happened, but we are sure that when the last boat had gone out into the darkness, and the last chance of escape had passed, our friend would look up to the stars, and to God beyond the stars, and sink into the cold, cold waters with a prayer for others, and not a fear for himself.

He lies two miles deep in the Atlantic Ocean, but his soul is high in the heavens. Some great purpose God had for him, and he has found it; and you and I who pass this tablet by the Thames may pray that when our time comes we may pass on as he did, as worthy as he was.

THE PONY BOY

A pit pony boy was working in a coal mine in Leicestershire when a fall of stone knocked him down and killed him. He lived for a few hours and lay unconscious for a long time, crying out repeatedly in his delirium as if he were talking to cheer up his pony.

THE BOY OF DEAD MAN'S HOLE

William Henry Bacon was a boy of ten, living in the wilds of New South Wales when this story was first told in the Children's Newspaper—at Dead Man's Waterhole, in the Pilliga scrub. He had a father and mother, four brothers, and a little sister.

It is a wild and almost unsettled country, and the nearest neighbour lived six miles from the Bacons.

William's father had to ride one day to a cattle station, and he took his eldest boy with him, leaving William, his two younger brothers, and their baby sister, at home with their mother.

One terribly hot morning, while the father was away, Mrs. Bacon fell down in a fit and appeared to be dying. The children could not carry their mother into the house; they could not summon a doctor; they could not get help at all, for Dead Man's Waterhole has neither doctors, nor roads, nor railway, nor telephone, nor telegraph. It was left to William to think out what to do.

As long as there seemed the least hope of his being of use to his mother he stayed by her; but, finding that his help was unavailing, he placed a pillow beneath her head and a blanket beneath her body, and covered her head with wet rags to protect her from the sun. Then he got out the family cart—a wooden box with rough wooden wheels, and into it he put two loaves, some eggs, a bottle of water, and some matches. He lifted into the cart the youngest boy and the baby sister, and he and his eight-year-old brother set out to push the cart to Erda Vale, six miles away.

They had to make their way through a trackless waste, covered with rough and thorny vegetation, and to drag the cart six miles in the burning sun. The sun went down and the stars came out, and still the boys were panting at their labour; and when the moon was high in the sky the people at Erda Vale saw a strange sight. Up came our little heroes, almost fainting, nearly beaten but not quite, with teeth clenched and their brave hearts ready to burst, William only a wreck of the valiant boy who had started out.

Help was sent to the poor woman, but it arrived too late, for she was gone. News was sent to the absent father, and, although he was a hundred and thirty miles away, he rode home in a single day. Friendly hands had made a coffin of the door of the little house, and in it had buried the dead mother on the brink of the creek, in the shade of an old oak.

CROWDOG

There was a Red Indian who made himself chief of a tribe against the tribe's will, but the tribe submitted because the chief had the help of American soldiers. The tribe made up its mind in secret, however, that if ever the chief was false to his duty, he should pay the price of falseness. They arranged with a young Sioux named Crowdog that if such a time should come the chief should be killed; and Crowdog took the vow to kill him.

The time did come, and Crowdog killed the false chief. The Americans sentenced him to death, and a few days before he was to die Crowdog asked for leave to visit his wife and his two little boys. There was something fine about the Americans who had charge of him, and they trusted the man they had sentenced to death. They let him go home.

He went home and kissed his wife and their two little boys, and then he went back to die. He was as chivalrous as the men who had trusted him; he would lose his life rather than his honour. But it is good to be able to say that he kept his life and honour too, for the story of Crowdog was told in the American papers, the story of the vow came out, and Crowdog was pardoned.

ZEPPELIN NIGHT

Violet Buckthorne was thirteen when the Zeppelins came to London and dropped a bomb through the roof of her home. Her parents were out ; only she and granny were at home, with baby in the cot upstairs. When the bomb fell, Violet, instead of rushing in panic to the street, thought of the baby, and darted upstairs. But as she descended all the stairs were rocking, and several had given way and disappeared.

How Violet got down she does not know, but she did get down, and she brought the baby with her and went out into the darkened street. She knelt down on the pavement and prayed with all her brave heart, and then she ran fast to the nearest hospital. They took the baby in. "But what about you?" they said. Violet thought she was all right, but the doctors thought differently. They found her streaming with blood, and from her ear they took a piece of glass.

KEEPING THE LIGHT BURNING

A tale that stirs our blood and makes us proud of our manhood comes from France, from the lighthouse at Kerdonis, Belle-Isle. In the lighthouse were the keeper and his wife and their little children.

While repairing his lantern, the lighthouse man was taken ill, and his wife returned from the lamp one night to find him dying. She took up his duty at the lantern and nursed him as well. Suddenly the boy cried: "Mother, the lamp is not turning."

The lamp is one of those which go round and round. Should it remain fixed it would deceive sailors and probably wreck their ships. Again the poor woman left her

dying husband to examine the machinery, only to find that it had broken down. The grief-stricken mother then took her boy and girl, who sat weeping by their father's bed, and set them to turn the lamp round by hand all through the long night hours.

They sat in the tower, this little brother and sister, seven and ten years old, faithfully turning the lantern, nor did they rest from nine o'clock at night till seven in the morning, for the night was black and a tempest raged at sea. By their united strength the lantern was made to revolve throughout the stormy night, so that no lives should be imperilled; and, while they turned the lantern to give light and save life, the light passed out of their father's eyes and the life passed out of his body.

THE THOUGHTS OF DYING MEN

That is a fine story of the dying man who remembered to do an act of chivalry as he was leaving the world.

He was Sir Victor Buxton, who died at Epping from the results of an accident in his motor-car. As the car was moving he left the mechanic's seat to get into another, and fell out, breaking his leg. The leg was amputated, and Sir Victor died, but as he lay dying he remembered that his new chauffeur might be misjudged, and he wrote this note:

Bellingham, you helped me well last night, and I am much obliged to you and others who brought me in so carefully. The accident was no fault of yours. Thanking you, T. F. V. BUXTON.

This chivalrous thought of a dying man brings to mind a story told some years ago in *My Magazine*, a story of one

of those great-hearted, ordinary men who work our mines or drive our trains or stoke our ships or plough our fields. The man who told this story was asked to say which was the most trying moment he had known in his mining life, and this is the story he told.

“There is no more dangerous part of mining than sinking the shaft. If you are working at the bottom and anything falls there is not much chance of escape. My brother Elijah, Sam Brooks, and Nat Webster were sinking a shaft. The proper cage and machinery had not yet been put down, so we had to be hauled up two at a time in the bucket, and getting out at the top was dangerous. A slip at the top, or a false swing of the bucket, was certain death.

“On this day Elijah and Nat Webster went first. They had reached the bank, and we were preparing for the bucket, which was to come down again for us, when we heard a loud, sudden shout, *Look out!* and we felt that somebody was falling down the pit. Both of us squeezed flat against the side, and knew that in a moment or two the falling man would be dead, if we were not.

“You can think a great deal in a second or two, and my one thought was, ‘Is it Elijah or Nat?’ It was Nat. He was killed at our feet, and with his last words he had shouted to warn us.

“The seconds of that fall were the most terrible I have ever known, and we were all unnerved. You see, Nat was my friend, and Elijah my brother, and I knew it must be one of them.”

Could anything be more chivalrous and dramatic

than that last shout *Look out?* And Nat Webster was just an ordinary man.

THE FOUNDRY MAN

At the Josiah Guest Foundry at West Bromwich, where one of the foremen, Joseph Reynolds, was superintending the filling of a series of iron moulds, the foreman fell into the molten metal, and was, of course, instantly overpowered. There was nobody near but a labourer named Harry Denny, who seized the foreman's clothes and tried to drag him out. But the clothes burnt through and came away in Denny's hands.

There was only one thing to do, and Denny did it. He thrust his arm into the molten metal, and lifted the unconscious foreman out.

The foreman died in a few days, and Denny was removed to the hospital, but it is good to know that he lived to be at work again by the cauldron, wearing the Edward Medal among his comrades.

THE FIREMAN'S WALK

Who shall be compared, in the everyday life of the world, with the men who fight fire? The records of the Newcastle Fire Brigade preserve the memory of one of the bravest feats ever known.

Having reached the extreme top of one of the escapes, Fireman Brown reared a hook-ladder and hung it on a cornice. He mounted the hanging ladder, reached the cornice, and *walked along it with the ladder*. Then he lowered the ladder to another escape, and descended.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO

The greatest height human nature can reach is in laying down life for others, and in that spirit of sublime

nobility there passed from this world, soon after the Great War, Commander Douglas, Conservator of the Port of Madras.

When sailing in the harbour of that port with a friend, his yacht overturned in a squall, and the commander, turning to his companion, who clung to the upturned boat with two natives and himself, said: "Look here, old chap, this boat will not support us all, and you're a married man. There is only one thing for it." Then, before his friend could make a sign or stop him, he dropped off. All the others were rescued, but the commander could not be found.

THE MAN IN THE ENGINE ROOM

One of our English poets began his first book of verse by saying that he would write of the great deeds of nameless men—

Not the bemedalled commander
Beloved of the throne,
But the lads who carried the kopje
And cannot be known.

Of such is an unnamed chief petty officer of the light cruiser Calliope. The warship had left behind the lights of the Cornish coast, on her way to the Azores, when, in the black midnight, a pipe burst in the engine-room and escaping oil set the ship ablaze. The danger of explosion in the boiler and magazines was extreme. At any moment the vessel might be shattered to fragments, and the whole of the crew blown up.

But the Calliope has a name honoured in the history of the Navy, and well was it sustained by the chief petty officer on that day. Alone he went down into the engine-

room and turned on a steam-pipe that averted the danger ; and presently the Calliope, flooded and crippled, but with her engine-room intact and her crew unharmed, crept back to Plymouth, the fire extinguished, and a new laurel in her crown of fame.

THE BROKEN ROPE

William Charles King and Alfred Deakin were taking a walk with three other men one Sunday morning in Warwickshire, when, in passing a disused mine shaft, they heard a dog howling pitifully. Down the shaft, forty yards deep, lay the poor animal, and its cries did not appeal to the men in vain. Most of them were miners, and miners are usually fond of dogs, and do not know what fear is when a good deed calls to them.

So Alfred Deakin had a long rope tied round his waist and was lowered into the shaft, the rope being held by three men outside the wooden fence round the top of the shaft, while William Charles King lay face down on the ground inside the fence, letting the rope slip slowly and steadily through his hands.

In this way Deakin was let down till all the rope was used, and still the dog was not reached. The rope was too short. Nothing could be done but to haul Deakin up again. But when he was about seven yards from the top the rope suddenly snapped between the three men outside the fence and King at the every edge of the mine.

If King let the rope go Deakin would fall to the bottom of the shaft ; if he held on there was a great fear that he would be pulled over the edge into the shaft, and both would be killed.

But King was a powerful man, and the man hanging

at the end of the rope was his friend ; and, though the blood oozed from his fingers, King kept his foothold firmly. The three men who had fallen backwards as the rope snapped clambered quickly over the fence, and, seizing King's end of the broken rope, relieved the strain which was rapidly becoming too much for him, and managed to pull Deakin up.

The dog was rescued later, in such great pain that it had to be destroyed.

THE SINGER

Little Robert Charleton, of Wellington colliery, Whitehaven, was ten years old when the fall of a huge wall completely crushed his home, burying himself, two sisters, and their mother. The workers who rushed to the rescue feared that all four must be dead. Suddenly they heard a voice singing under the ruins.

“Sing away, sonny, sing on,” the men called back, as they set to work to clear the ruins. The voice sang on. It went right through the National Anthem, and then sang it through again.

When the men got down to him little Robert Charleton, wedged between the fallen timbers, was still singing. His mother and a little sister were dead ; but his second sister was alive, and he himself was unhurt. They brought him out still singing to cheer his sister.

THE MEN ON THE CHIMNEY

Three steeplejacks were working on a chimneystack at Leeds. One was at the top, a hundred and fifty feet from the ground, another was on the same ladder a few yards lower down. The top man was Ragter, the lower man was Mayall.

Ragter's hammer slipped from his belt and fell with a crash on Mayall's head, knocking him senseless. His body swung backwards, but his legs became entangled in the rungs of the ladder and he did not fall. Ragter came down four rungs at a time, twice missing his footing and hanging by his arm; the third man came up from below; and together they raised their unconscious comrade and held him fast. Then Ragter thought out a plan.

He climbed down the ladder over the bodies of the other two till he could catch a rope thrown up from below. Returning with this, he wound the rope round the body of Mayall and then round his own; and, climbing above them both, he bore the weight of Mayall while his friend set free the poor man's legs. Then, step by step, he bore his senseless mate down the ladder, put him safely on the ground, and fainted.

THE LONDON VAN-BOY

One day in 1911 a motor-bus was standing unattended near Hyde Park Corner in London, its driver having gone to get water for the engine. Suddenly the brake gave way, and the huge vehicle, loaded with passengers, began to move down the hill. It gathered speed quickly, and ran uncontrolled down one of the busiest roads in London.

Edward Nathan, a boy of sixteen, was on a motor lorry passing at the moment, and, while helpless people gazed at the runaway vehicle in horror, Nathan leapt from his van, pursued the bus, jumped on to the driver's seat, seized the steering-wheel, turned the bus broadside across the hill, and put on the second brake. The bus was stopped, and all was well.

ROBERT LEIPER LINDSAY

Robert Leiper Lindsay was the Englishman in charge of a village of three hundred natives round about an oil well in Persia ; and James Still was his assistant.

One day during the Great War a valve in an oil pipe burst, and a hissing gush of oil shot into the air with a pressure of 700 pounds to the square inch behind it. Not more than thirty yards away were the glowing furnaces that drive the pumps. They blaze in the open and are fed with fuel from the well. If this fountain of oil should reach the furnaces the village would be destroyed by fire and the well would be ruined.

Robert Lindsay saw the situation as in a lightning flash. The pumps must be stopped and the oil supply to the furnace must be cut off, so that the furnace should die down. Lindsay called to Still to shut off the pumps, while he ran to cut off the oil pipe feeding the furnaces. To get to the tap he must pass through the fountain of streaming oil, and must reach the glowing furnace with his clothes dripping with petroleum.

But the thought of what would happen did not hold him back. He ran through the shower of oil, he reached the pipe that fed the furnace, and he shut off the tap. Then he turned away, and fell, a blazing torch. He was burnt to death, but he had saved the well, the village, and three hundred lives.

DYING WITH HIS FRIEND

In a terrible colliery explosion at Seaham a man and a boy lay side by side. The man was Luke Dixon ; the boy was his mate. Dixon was strong and well and could have escaped, but the boy could not be moved, and

he was dying. Dixon was urged to save his life while there was still a chance, but all the answer they could get was a nod of the head and, "Nay; I will stay with the lad." He stayed with the lad, and they died together.

Self lay dead where the lad must die,
And he let Deliverance pass him by.

NOW THEN, SMITH

In the appalling days of the Messina earthquake, when Mount Etna burst out in eruption, flinging fire and death over the majestic hills and plains of Sicily, there was a man named Smith who crowned himself and all the British Fleet with honour.

In the midst of the disaster a British ship came up to help the stricken people of Messina. Fires were raging everywhere, houses were toppling down, and the sound of explosions filled the air. At the top of a burning building a number of people were crying for help.

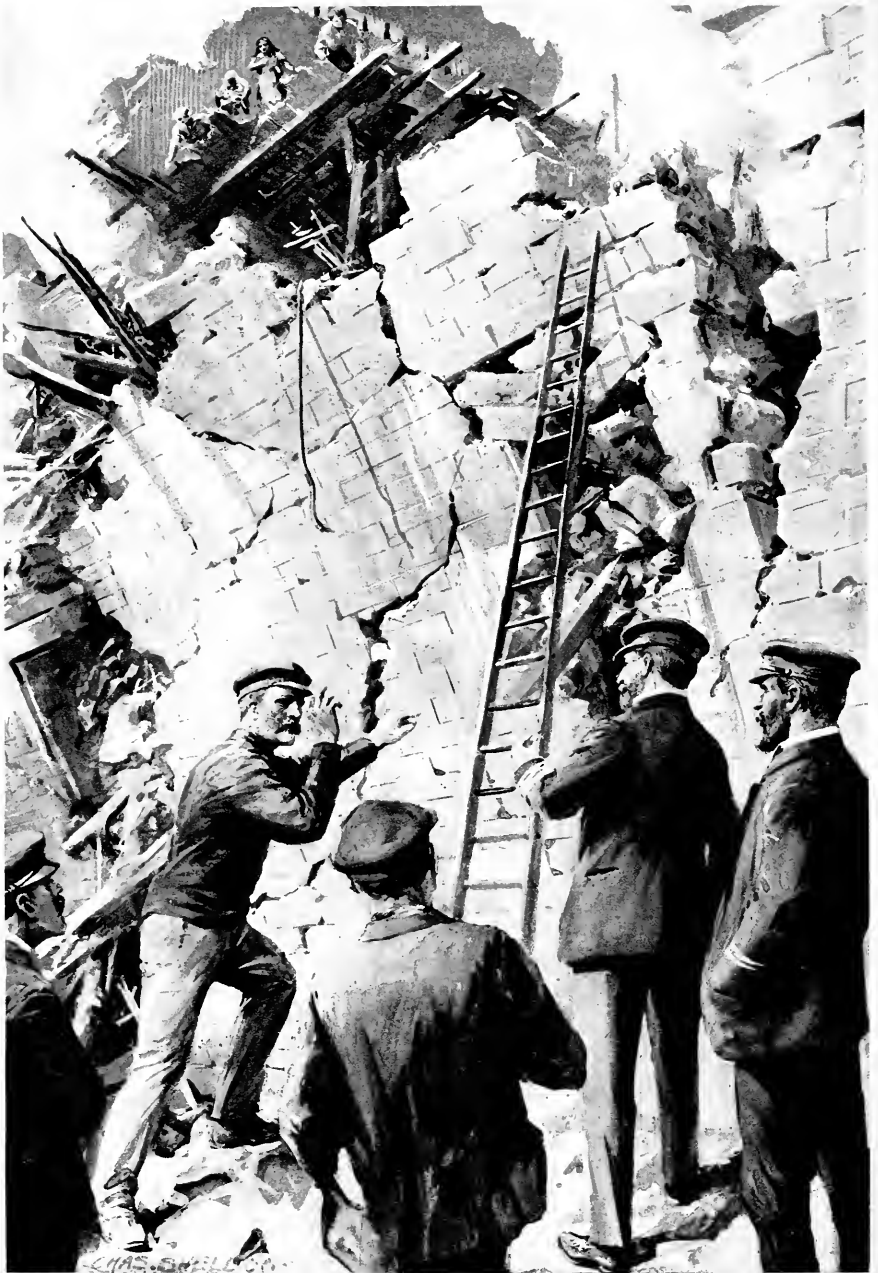
The sailors brought a ladder and leaned it against a wall that threatened to topple over every minute, and somebody was wanted to climb the ladder and bring the people down. It might be thought, perhaps, that there would be a call for volunteers, a gathering of the crew and a consultation. But there was nothing like that; it was all very simple. The Captain looked at the men, and his eye fell on a man he knew. "Now then, Smith," he said; and in an instant Smith was up the ladder, bringing the people down.

A PRIME MINISTER'S MEMORY

Among the many distinguished men who came to London to see the crowning of King Edward was Mr.



THE MEN OF THE BIRKENHEAD STAND AT ATTENTION WHILE THE SHIP GOES DOWN IN THE WATERS



AN ENGLISH SEAMAN MOUNTS A LADDER LEANED AGAINST A TOPPLING WALL. AT MESSINA
IN THE PITIFUL DAYS OF THE EARTHQUAKE

See "Now then, Smith," on page 230

Alfred Deakin, at that time Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. The King was crowned amid scenes of great splendour, and the "captains and the kings" departed, taking with them glittering memories of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

An Englishman visiting Australia afterwards asked Mr. Deakin what most impressed him during his visit to England, and here is Mr. Deakin's answer. "One night I had been to a great reception. It was midnight. I was making my way home, and I turned aside into a dark and narrow alley. There, on a doorstep, I saw a little lad about twelve, with his arm round a little girl of three. The lad had taken off his coat and wrapped it round the child, and with his cap he had covered her feet. Of all that I saw during my visit to London, that picture will ever be strongest in my memory."

Though he had seen England in all the majesty of her prosperity and power, that poor boy outshone it all by his devotion to his sister. Let us hope there will be no children sleeping on doorsteps in dark alleys, and no dark alleys at all, when our next king is crowned.

THE JAMBOREE BOY

Ten thousand Boy Scouts filled Olympia for a week at the 1920 Jamboree, heroes all—for are not the Scouts the glory of our Youth?

Who does not love the Jamboree Boy, racing the politician fast in the march to save the world? No cynic can see the Jamboree and live. No Junker can see it and be a Junker still. It is as certain as the rising of the sun that the spirit of the Jamboree will make an end of War.

It used to be said that wars are necessary to keep men fit, and there are still a few people left in the world who think the only way to keep the human race going is to train men up to kill each other.

What pitiful nonsense it is! Not a thing does military training teach a man in the name of War that the Jamboree does not teach a boy in the name of Peace—not one thing *save killing*. If there is any good thing in militarism; if there be in it any virtue, or wisdom, or courage, or discipline; if it teaches men to face sudden danger, to be ready for whatever should come whenever it may come—all these things the Jamboree can do without the idiocy of war.

The Jamboree can beat the War Office all the time. The War Office can take a boy and train him to kill his brother for the sake of his country; but the Jamboree can take a boy and train him to love his brother for the sake of the world. Put these two boys together, in a race or in a crisis, set them to build a bridge, or put out a fire, or carry a despatch, or face a pit explosion, or make a road or a shirt or a boat, and the Jamboree Boy will win through everywhere.

He knows what to do. Give him a knife, a stick or two, a box of nails, and a bit of string, and he will build a house. Give him time and he will build a new world. Militarism takes a lot of boys, makes them like sheep, and thinks it has done wonders. Your scoutmaster takes a lot of boys, makes them masters of themselves, and thinks nothing about it.

It is not for nothing that these Jamboree Boys are coming up in every country in the world; it is not for nothing that the Jamboree comes as the Junker goes. It

is part of the order of things. The way to kill war is to give men better things to do, and the Jamboree has shown the way.

Attention! Salute the Scouts of all nations, guardians and defenders of the peace and honour and glory of the world in the great days coming.

THE READY GIRL

How many Florence Nightingales, Elizabeth Frys, Grace Darlings, are growing up among us in this army of Girl Guides, stirred by the heroic spirit of our race to take their place with the Scouts, ever ready for what may come?

May we not be thankful, all of us, for this great sisterhood of little women, the Guides, as for that great brotherhood of little men, the Scouts? Who does not hope to march with them to the Millennium?

On their honour these Guides are to Be Prepared to do what in them lies for this land of ours; on their honour to be fit and clean and true; and soon they will be millions strong, their sticks and belts in every street and every lane, and their spirit spread in every corner of our land.

A great and noble thing we shall see then, for we shall have within our gates two citizen armies, a million Guides and a million Scouts, every Guide a sister, every Scout a brother, all of them patriots.

All who love their country love these splendid Guides, striving for peace and not for war, growing up to love and not to hate, eager to build up and not to destroy, cherishing life and all that is beautiful in it, believing in liberty for the opportunity it gives to every man, rendering service

for the joy of it, seeking to be useful always, worthy citizens of their country, worthy comrades of mankind.

On their honour! *On their honour to do right.* No words can measure the influence they will have. Guides they will be, the pointers of the way; and their passion for their country, their love of service, their way of being useful in difficult situations, their scorn of being helpless, their willingness to be faithful even unto death, will be among the most priceless possessions their country has.

Hail to these bearers of good tidings for the future, the hope and promise of this race that has been once more through the darkest night, but will march again, with eyes bright and hearts uplifted, to the dawn of a nobler day.

XIII

THE HERO OF KNOWLEDGE

BENJAMIN HARRISON

*We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.*

*The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

*Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.*

*Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.*

Longfellow

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Children of the Empire, here is Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of the Old Plateau.

From the gate of the Weald of Kent to within sight of the Thames—has any corner of this land another little piece like this? If we want great heights and depths, we find them here. If we would wander through a wood packed with wondrous sights and sounds, such woods are here. If we would hear the peewit and the linnet and the nightingale, we need no farther go. If we want great landscapes that never seem to end, forget-me-nots just peeping through the earth, and aged trees bent with the weight of time; if we would be far, far away in the silences, alone with the mighty past, we come to these twenty miles swept by the hill outside my window.

But now we will saunter slowly on this Old Plateau; we are following in the footsteps of an old man picking up stones. A rare kind of hero is he, giving his life for a page in the Book of Knowledge. I never think of him without thinking of Punch's picture of the countryman who loved geology, and would wander through the fields finding the precious stones that are the written words in Nature's Book of Life. The landowner found him trespassing. "What are you doing in my fields?" he asked, and the geologist assured him that he was only picking up stones. The landowner must have thought it a very sad case.

“ Ah, well,” he said, “ put them in your pocket and take them home to mother.”

Well, our old man of the Old Plateau picked up the stones and put them in a bag, and carried them about the hills for hours and hours and days and days and years and years, and this hero with his bag of stones has put a new page in every book of the earth that ever was written. He has made our Table-top immortal in the story of the world, and his name, the name of this village grocer, will live when names that fill the papers now have perished in oblivion. The years will do him justice, but we who walk in his footsteps may surely pay our tribute while he is with us still.

He began life eighty-three years ago in the lovely dip in the hills of Kent where Ightham lies, at the foot of the North Downs as they run past Sevenoaks, and for eighty-four years Ightham has been his world. You could count on one hand the times he has slept out of it since he went to school, but you could never count the interests he has found there. Except for a few hours when he sailed from the cliffs of Dover to see the cliffs of Calais, he has never once been out of England in these eighty years. He has not seen the boundless spaces of the desert, the leaping peaks of Switzerland, the beauty of Venice, and the glory of Rome, but he has found a limitless horizon at his door. He has never seen America, but he has found a world Columbus never knew.

He has written no books, but men whose names are famous owe page after page of their books to him. He is an explorer who has never travelled far, a discoverer whose map is a few miles round his door, an historian whose every word is an imperishable stone, a hero whose life has been

a patient toil without reward except the joy of doing a noble thing.

What is it that he has done ? It is one of the greatest things that ever has been done. He has made a revolution, a revolution as great as that which flung the Bourbons off the throne of France, as that which flung the German kings of England from America, as that which flung the Kaiser from his throne. He has made a revolution in thought ; he has changed the whole vision of the past, and therefore the whole outlook of the future. He has found new things so startling that men who wanted to believe them dared not, and men whose faith in God was weak and feeble were afraid their faith would break if Benjamin Harrison's discoveries were true.

When most of us who read this book were born, it was thought that man had been upon the earth not many thousand years, but now things have been found in Crete which must have been made by men ten thousand years ago, and the men who made them were artists and builders and dreamers. Then men found the signs of human life among the relics of the days when all that could be seen of Britain was the top of Snowdon breaking through the ice, and we knew that man was living in the great Ice Age thousands of centuries ago. The feet of man were planted deep down in the past, and we saw that the mighty works of God were grander and older than we dreamed. God is not like some conjurer with a magic wand, touching this and touching that and bringing hills and valleys into view. He works through laws which never fail, through ages without end, and on and on He leads the world to His eternal day.

But what has Benjamin Harrison to do with Crete ? What has he to do with the great Ice Age ? Almost

nothing at all. He is ages and ages beyond them ; *he has found things made by man perhaps a million years ago.*

We live in the age of discovery, but no discovery can quite compare with that. Edison and Marconi and Kelvin loom big in our imagination ; their work has changed the visible world for all of us. But if these men have thrown open the earth in a flash to the mind of man, Benjamin Harrison has raised the veil that hid a million years. These men, with their great fame, have opened Space so that thought can fly at an instant where it will ; this quiet man whose fame is coming has opened Time as with a flash, so that we see man groping slowly through the ages, rising from his dim beginnings to his illimitable powers.

It is a happy thing for mankind that our friend was born among the hills. The world might not have heard of him had he been born out in the Weald that stretches southward from his door. Had he been born anywhere but at Ightham the world might well have been a poorer place, for it is here, in these twenty miles of earth that Benjamin Harrison calls his world, that the oldest witness of the life of man lay waiting while the centuries rolled away. The flints that man had used as his first tools were known when our friend was born, and here and there a curious flint had found its way to some museum ; but even those who knew something of these things could not have guessed their mighty meaning. A flint lying anywhere, shaped by human hands, was something wonderful and strange, for it meant, whenever it was found in its original bed, that man had been there before it, and long enough before to learn to make and use a tool.

But until Benjamin Harrison came no flints were found

in very startling places. They were found in the valleys, carved out by wind and rain and rivers and ice not so very long ago in Time. What this man with the patience of Job was to do was to find them on the hills, where they must have been dropped from hills higher still, rolled down from mountain slopes that have vanished for ever from the eyes of men. It is one of the impressive chapters in the story of the earth; let us see the manner of man he is who for fifty years has walked these hills and found these stones which, lying there so still, tell tales of truth and wonder that outrun all imagining.

There have been Harrisons in Ightham for hundreds of years, and Ightham has no cause to be ashamed of them. Benjamin comes at the end of a worthy line. His mother's father was a sort of Stephenson, who must be given his lawful place in the history of engines, for he invented a dredging engine for removing mud from the Thames, which little Benjamin's mother pointed out to her boy as she took him up the river one day. He made a traction engine which must have created some sensation on the Medway at that time, for the farmers who carried Ightham stone to the wharves seem to have been rather difficult to deal with, and to have held up stone as profiteers in war-time hold up food. Benjamin's grandfather spoiled their plan by taking the stone with his traction engine, and we may hope he made more money out of carrying stones in Kent than his grandson has made by picking them up.

Benjamin was born with the Victoria Era, in 1837, and even as a boy he must have loved those hills in which he was to spend his life. The world has never been an empty place to him. He found his first friend in Nature, and we may all be thankful that the influences that shaped his

mind and gave him his first interests in the world were those of zealous men, a watchful mother, a studious brother, and a few rare and splendid books.

Those who see nothing but chance in all these things will think it a curious coincidence that the very man this Old Plateau was waiting for was born at the foot of it, in the very atmosphere that was to fit him for its exploration ; but we who know that these things are not chance see in it all the natural order of the world.

The elder brother must have seemed, perhaps, a sort of Joseph to Benjamin, for he was clever at all the wizardry of science, and he made a model of the Weald in paper, and covered it with a coat of many colours. He was one of the early students of geology, the science which, more than any other, has been built up by simple men. We owe to this brother the first inspiration Benjamin ever had for probing in the earth, for the brother started a fossil exchange through a small magazine, and set little Benjamin to search for them. But something we must owe, also, to those men who have the future of the world in their keeping—the schoolmasters.

They were splendid men at Platt and Seal, where Benjamin Harrison went. One of them loved geology, and in 1851 he took Benjamin with him to London to see the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and they called at the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. It would have thrilled his teacher could he have known that the time would come when little Benjamin would have his own exhibits there, turning the ideas of Jermyn Street all upside-down. There was another schoolmaster to whose words his pupils must have listened as a boy would listen to Sir Francis Drake, for he had been to Nineveh with Layard,

he had climbed up to the rim of the crater of Vesuvius, and he would give the boys such lectures as country boys could rarely hear.

We can guess how the mind of this Ightham boy was opening out to all the knowledge that was flooding in. He borrowed every book he could. He revelled in all this talk of science that was then so new. He loved to read of Thoreau and his life in the woods. He was only thirteen when he read Gilbert White's explorations in his village of Selborne. At fourteen he read Lyell's great book of the Elements of Geology. He read whatever he could. He would borrow books from a library at Sevenoaks, but books were rare things then for boys, and he would wait a long time for them. He still remembers the Sunday afternoon when his brother left White's Selborne on the table. He picked it up and read it, and longed to have a copy of his own, but it did not come for years.

While he was still a boy his brother went out to Australia, and perhaps we may count the beginning of Benjamin's library from that time, for ships were not little cities then, and passengers were limited in luggage, and it happened that the brother had to leave a box of books behind. It can hardly have disappointed Benjamin, and we can imagine how eagerly he would seize upon the books. But his mother's watchful eyes were on him, and the good woman, afraid of things she did not understand, threw some of the books on the fire. Benjamin used to send out scientific papers to his brother, but as the mails went very rarely he could read the papers during the waiting for the post.

It is easy to guess how the mind of the boy travelled out into the distant world on great adventures as he read

book after book and paper after paper about the marvels of the earth. Once upon a time, he will tell you, his brain was full of bison and buffalo, Blackfoot and Pawnee, and he dreamed of adventures in the great Far West; but it became plain to him while still he was a little lad that he must stay at home and earn his bread quietly in Ightham. "Ightham," he will say in talking of his boyhood, "was henceforth to be my prison or my palace, as I chose to make it; and I have made it, by Heaven's help, my palace."

It must have been hard for him to stay at home when illness forced his brother to travel, and it was like the irony of life, for the brother loved to roam about these hills, and would have gladly found his interests there, while Benjamin read Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper and yearned for wide adventures. Just when he might have satisfied his yearning his brother's illness came, necessitating a long sea-voyage, and the would-be traveller stayed at home while the would-be stay-at-home went out.

He stayed at home and became the village grocer, and has lived for fifty years behind the counter. Not more than one or two men are there on England's roll of fame who have earned their bread behind a counter and served the world so well. The little shop in which Mr. Harrison worked for fifty years is still a grocer's shop, and we may think of it as a monument of industry, the workshop of one of the busiest men who ever spent himself for knowledge. But Mr. Harrison lives quietly next door, most of his hours spent in that little upper room lined with grocer's boxes full of stones. They are worth more to Ightham than all the stones of its old houses, truly noble as these houses are, for they give Ightham its niche in history and fame,

and they are the visible monument of surely the most astonishing life that has ever been lived in this glorious village of Kent.

Day by day for half a century Benjamin Harrison has been picking up stones. He must have picked up hundreds of thousands, looked at them, turned them over, and thrown them back again; but he has kept ten thousand of them—ten thousand witnesses to the amazing life of man. He must have spent at least fifty thousand hours of his life on the Old Plateau; he must have walked about it for a hundred thousand miles; he must have carried tons of stones upon his back; and he has done it all for the love of knowledge and not for love of money, for he has lost money and not made it by his work. His life has been a sacrifice for knowledge, and he has given his strength to add his stone to the temple of truth.

He would work all day for nothing and work for his bread at night; he would spend his day on the hills and his evening at the counter. He would set out at half-past seven in the morning and be missing till half-past four, when, as sure as people were laughing at him, he would turn up with his bag of stones. He would take no holidays, and would walk everywhere. Every day he had a stiff climb of five hundred feet before he reached his ground, and perhaps he would find his patch a mass of weeds, or lost in a field of growing corn. But he had freedom to go where he would; he had not to deal with that Lord Lymington who refused to allow a great scientist to seek a rare plant in his woods lest he should disturb his lordship's pheasants. He would work almost always alone, yet never lonely, for new witnesses were always turning up, and his interest in his work was growing like a passion. I

have looked into his diary, and here is one of the days I noted there :

January 8, 1888. I woke at 2.50. Brain lively, so that I could not sleep. Got up to copy and arrange the list of implements. Began 3.15 till 6.10; then back to bed, and work again from 9.30 till 12. Walked to Oldbury Farm. Work began again at six and finished at eight.

That was the year in which he showed his first stone to his famous friend Sir Joseph Prestwich, who had built himself a house above the Darent at Shoreham. He and Lord Avebury were the first men to give our friend any great encouragement. They believed in him, but it was not easy to believe in his stones, found at such great heights that the time they must have lain there seemed too long for the life of man.

But, whether the world would believe him or not, our explorer believed in himself. For years Mr. Harrison went on silently picking up stones, saying nothing and writing nothing, but waiting. As long as he found his stones in quite ordinary places, where their presence is easy enough to understand, he was discovering only what others had discovered before; but it was when he began to dig deep in older ground, and to find his flint tools there, that this village explorer throbbed with the excitement of a traveller who sees a new world, and it was then that he kept his secret to himself. He knew how hard it is to make this world believe a new thing. He knew something of that brave Frenchman Boucher de Perthes, who, when our Ightham boy was twelve years old, had found flint implements in France in the valley of the Somme, and had published a book with sixteen hundred pictures of them, only to be scoffed at and derided by those who said it.



BENJAMIN HARRISON ON THE OLD NORTH DOWNS PLATEAU



THE ANCIENT TENANT OF THE OLD PLATEAU—PERHAPS TEN THOUSAND CENTURIES AGO

was impossible for flints so old to have been shaped by human hands.

All this time he was finding implements himself, but there was dawning slowly on his mind the difference between some stones and others. We must remember that men can read the age of the various levels of the earth as we can read the age of trees by their various rings, and the grounds in which Mr. Harrison was working were those laid down in the Neolithic or New Stone times, and in the Paleolithic or Old Stone times, and he was working also in ground laid down *before either of these times*. A Paleolithic stone was, of course, older than a Neolithic stone, and Mr. Harrison's great discovery is that there are stones shaped by man which are older than either of these. What Mr. Harrison has found, his real contribution to the history of man, is actually this. He found Paleoliths on higher and older ground than they had been found on before, and he found rudely shaped stones older still, so that we now divide flint tools, not, as before, into two groups, but into three.

His Paleoliths threw back Paleolithic Man far beyond all previous belief.

His Eoliths, as he called the older stones, threw back man to a period older still, beyond conception.

There are, therefore, now three groups of stones—the Neoliths, the Paleoliths, and the Eoliths, which mean the New Stone, the Old Stone, and the Earliest Stone. We may call them the New, the Old, and the Very Old. What Mr. Harrison did, and what is to his tremendous credit as a great observer and a man of judgment, is that, besides contributing enormously to our knowledge of Neolithic and Paleolithic Man, he gave us a conception of man older

than either of these. He dealt with not two groups of stones, but three—the well-finished stone, the roughly finished stone, and a stone with merely a suggestion of human shaping about it.

To the ordinary eye the first flint implements shaped by man look very much indeed like stones that have simply worn themselves into very curious shapes, but the practised eye sees a difference with a world of meaning. Mr. Harrison, whenever he has found a stone, has had to determine these differences. He has had to reject thousands of stones because there was some doubt about them; he has pored over stones for hours and thought them out; and he has accomplished the almost impossible task of training labourers to understand the subtle differences between two stones. Upon his capacity to do this much has depended, and it was only after years of discovery that he trusted himself and made his finds known to the world. It was not till he had found 464 Paleolithic stones, till he had lived with them and sketched them and labelled them, till he knew each one as a gardener knows his shrubs, as an author knows his books, that he dared to face the critics. He knew in 1865 what no great scientist accepted till 1888.

And then, when at last he revealed his discoveries, he found what other men have found—that the world likes its old, old ways of moving and thinking, and that the prophet is stoned. It took Boucher de Perthes twenty years to get a hearing for the flints of the Somme; it took Benjamin Harrison thirty years to establish his case. But from the day when he found his first implement he has pegged away, his feet set firm on Mother Earth. He remembers that day as if it were last year, yet it is sixty years ago. His father was draining a bog on his land at

Ivy Hatch, and Benjamin was watching old Bob Jessop throw up the soil. "Here's a queer stone," said Bob; "it's like a whetstone." Benjamin picked it up. He was reading Charles Knight's *Old England*, and had seen such a stone pictured there, so that he recognised it, and was delighted with his find.

He has never lost his interest for an hour since then, and he has known that his day would come. It has not yet come, but it is coming. There are those who still doubt his ten thousand witnesses, as there are those who doubt that the earth is round, but these stones packed in their little cardboard boxes, scattered in museums, and catalogued in his marvellous note-books, each with the height at which it was found, the place where it lay, and a drawing of the stone itself, are not to be denied. Their story is written on the face of them, they bear the mark of the hand of man, and they were found where they must have lain for about a million years. A mountain range has gone, incredible masses of Kent have crumbled into dust, the sea has swept the hills and rolled away again, since men made these things that Mr. Harrison has found.

He will end his work in the little world where he began it. He will end it with the natural pride that he has made his contribution to the sum of human knowledge, but with a deep humility in the presence of things that are infinitely beyond our understanding. His patience through all these years is wonderful to think of; his devotion to the work he has set himself to do has been unwearied and unbroken. There has never been an hour in these sixty years when he would not rather have found a stone than a diamond; the contents of these little grocer's boxes are more to him than the contents of his deed-boxes are to a

millionaire. His notebooks are packed with an immense number of notes and sketches and diagrams. They are his reservoir of facts, the sight of which gives us some conception of the energy of this good man's life. He will tell you that he is only a collector of facts, but he is infinitely more. Loving the great world and longing to see it, he has stayed at home and learned the golden lesson to love the thing which is commanded and desire that which is promised. Yearning to ramble over Alps and Apennines, he has taken the nearest path and climbed the nearest hill, and he has made his corner of the earth not only richer for us all, but truly a possession for himself. There is a lesson for all in these few words that he has written :

I call this world around me mine, not because I own it legally, but because I own it in that sense in which ten thousand can use the same thing and no man interfere with another. To whom does the Apollo Belvedere belong but to all who have eyes to see its beauty ? So my little world belongs to all, and therefore to me. Yes, I am very rich, as every man may be. In these twenty miles of chalk plateau I find the material so rich that I have had time to work out only one small fragment of it, and how can I be richer if I have a thousand times more wealth than I can use ?

There is no wealth but life, and our old friend has lived it full. I found him at eighty-three digging in his garden to help to keep Old England strong.

She will not forget him. When knowledge grows from more to more his name will be remembered, and a multitude that no man can number will think with gratitude sometimes of the man who lived and laboured on the Old Plateau.

XIV

THE HERO OF PARLIAMENT

SIR ROBERT PEEL

*While the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land.
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.*

Lord Tennyson

SIR ROBERT PEEL

RARE is the hero in Parliament. We are growing up to understand that the politicians who make so much noise in the world are not by any means the most important people in it.

But once there was a man who passed through the House of Commons and did wondrous things. His character stands out among the politicians of his time like a shining light. He loved his country more than all; he cared for England more than for parties, more than for friends, and he lost both in serving her. He was one of the most unselfish men who ever stood up in Parliament, and his life was one long act of sacrifice.

He was a Lancashire boy, growing up to manhood as Napoleon was strutting about the world, and he lived into the middle of the nineteenth century, sharing the government of the country with Wellington, seeing the visions of the mighty changes that were coming on to make life what it is for us. He steered the Ship of State through deep and dangerous waters; it may be said of him that in one of the most perilous crises in our history he laid the foundations on which have been built up the prosperity of modern England, and the power of the British dominions overseas.

Sir Robert Peel was an aristocrat who loved the people. He was brought up in an atmosphere of great humanity. His father, a manufacturer and M.P., would take deserted children from a workhouse and give them education,

training, and a career. All through life Sir Robert Peel was thinking of the people's good, and as long as his hands held office he served them well.

We read of him at school as a "light-haired, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, good-natured boy," a little indolent physically, but with a mind overflowing with energy, so that Byron, who was at school with him, said that "there were always great hopes of Peel among us all." Very soon he was to justify them, for Robert Peel was elected M.P. when he was twenty-one, and at twenty-four he was in charge of the most thankless task that British politics have ever given a man, the government of Ireland. Tragic it is to remember that over a hundred years ago Sir Robert Peel was trying to bring peace to Ireland. But the British way of governing Ireland disgusted him, and he laid down his office and left the country. It was a sad beginning for this man who was to be pursued to the height of his power by the tragedy of Ireland, and was then, at last, in the very hour of his triumph, to be thrown from power by this same force in politics.

For a quarter of a century Peel was in Parliament before he wrote his splendid page of history, and many notable things he did. He gave London its police and the country a sound system of metal coinage—an achievement of which a statesman said that it was the greatest wonder he had witnessed in the political world. As Home Secretary he passed eight acts in five years, consolidating the criminal law and repealing all or part of 250 other laws, making so great a change in the legal world that a famous lawyer used to say that he could almost think he had lived in two different countries. In Ireland Peel had been against the Emancipation of Roman Catholics; his first

great speech was made against it when he was twenty-nine, and at thirty-nine he resigned his place in the government rather than approve of it. But as the years went on, and the Irish crisis grew acute, Peel came to believe that, if freedom for Roman Catholics was a danger, civil strife was a greater danger still, and he gave way. There was a crisis with the King, in which the Duke of Wellington's Government resigned and was called back, and at last Peel introduced Emancipation in a great speech of four hours, which was cheered so loudly that the cheers were heard in Westminster Hall.

Peel was too great a statesman to be bothered overmuch about changing his mind. He refused to be bound by any ties or prejudices; he demanded the right of adapting his conduct to the circumstances of the hour and the needs of the country. It was no ignoble ambition, he said, which prompted him to bear the brunt of a desperate conflict. We know it was not, for the ambition of Sir Robert Peel lay far from Parliament; he was there because he felt that he could serve his native land and save it from catastrophe, but his heart was in a happier place, as we have yet to see.

And yet this man who never liked the House of Commons, who all his life was wishing he were far away from it, was all the time becoming the greatest man there. He was offered the premiership by the time he was forty-four, but he refused it. He was even at that age by far the first man in the House; he had held office for sixteen years and carried many great reforms, and he recreated his party and led it to a glorious consummation. He made the Conservative party that has ever since formed about half the nation. He saw it rise to 150 strong in

1833, he saw it 250 strong in 1835, he saw it 320 strong in 1837, and he felt a great hope stir within him. It was said by one who sat in Parliament with him that Peel's chief claim to national gratitude was that he prevented the catastrophe of a class war when the great Reform Bill was passed, and we need not doubt that that was so. He was the great moderating influence in the nation when the power that had been in the hands of the few began to diffuse itself among the many; he guided the nation safely through those times, along new ways, and saved it from the menace of social strife. Again and again he had his friends against him, again and again his old father was in the opposite camp, but the time came when his proud father would go among his friends and say: "Robin's the lad, after all. No Government can stand in this country without him."

It was coming true, and Peel felt within him a power like a rock. He sought to lay the foundations of a great party deriving its strength from the people's will, which should stand between the old and the new, and break the shock of collision whenever it should come between the aristocratic House of Lords and the increasingly democratic House of Commons.

His power was wonderful. We have only to remember the sort of men politicians were then to realise how high Peel must have stood. We have only to remember that Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister was a drunkard—that he would reel drunk from a king's banquet to address the House of Commons—to understand how different things were then, and how the lofty soul of Robert Peel would rise to power and mastery over men like that, and over men who tolerated that. In 1834

Lord Melbourne's Government fell, and the King sent for Peel. He was found in a ballroom in Rome, and he came as fast as a man could come from Rome to London then. A strange light this journey throws on the world in which he lived, for he travelled as Napoleon had travelled, as Constantine had travelled, because there was no faster way ; none of these men could ride across Europe faster than a horse could carry them. Constantine had made the journey that Sir Robert Peel now made, fleeing on horseback from the court of Rome ; and in all the fifteen centuries that had passed no new means of travel had been found.

Peel came home with his wife and daughter, over Alps and precipices and frozen roads, and eight nights out of twelve they spent in carriages. They arrived in London a fortnight before Christmas, and from seven o'clock one morning till long past midnight Peel sat toiling over four great bills to introduce to Parliament. He had formed his first Government and had made his plans ; in the words of a good judge, he had proved himself " the most liberal of Conservatives, the most conservative of Liberals, and the most capable man in both parties." But not yet was Peel's great hour ; it was not his House of Commons. There was a majority of the House against him, and in six weeks his first Government fell.

Peel had fifteen years to live, and he was to do one of the greatest things a statesman ever did, but his time was not yet. Years were to pass before he was to see the vision of his immortality, and most of them were to be years of stress and strain. There is something to bring tears to the eye as we think of Sir Robert Peel, for, though he was for years the greatest man that England had, his heart was at home with his children.

He came into the world to see the upheaval of Napoleon ; he came into politics to see the birth of democracy. He rose to power in Parliament as the great balancing force when political power was passing from the hands of the privileged few to the hands of the uneducated many, and life was for him a struggle that did not end. Yet the place he loved more than all was the home he rarely saw, with the wife he nobly loved, and with their little ones. Tall and strong, he would work for sixteen hours a day, sustained in the faith that he was serving his country, and there are in the archives of the nation a hundred thousand documents that bear his name. Yet what are they (great as they often are), what are his public speeches (noble as they often are), compared with those private letters of Sir Robert Peel that his grandson has given us ?

These letters from Whitehall are surely as interesting as any public documents that were ever written there. They show us that Sir Robert Peel, toiling year after year, decade after decade, for the good of his country, would have been far happier with his wife and children, playing with little Bobbie and his humming-top, carrying little Julia pick-a-back, or tending the garden of flowers that his wife loved so well. He was always thinking of his beautiful home at Drayton. In the great crises of his career he would be writing home about violets, or a parasol for his wife, or hoping that the rains had improved the trees at Drayton. "I cannot mention that name," he wrote to his wife, "without bitterly lamenting that I am away from all I hold dear." And again he wrote : "Tell me how the Portugal Laurels on the terrace are going on. Have they made new shoots since I was at Drayton ?" The very last words he wrote one night were threatening

to resign : " I will not be made responsible for the acts of the Lords. God bless you, my dearest life " ; and the first words the next morning were : " The only thing I could do yesterday was to go as far as Hancock's to execute your commission about the glass for flowers." Picture the first man in England leaving Whitehall to hunt among the shops of London for a plant his wife was wanting for her garden, or for one of those new humming-tops for Bobbie, or for a paper-weight or a thermometer that Lady Peel had written for : " Remember the four nice paper-weights and the thermometer for outside the dining-room ; and you want one for your bath."

" I was in the greatest fright yesterday, just after I had written my letter to you," he began a letter to Lady Peel, and it turned out that the trouble was something the Duke of Wellington had done ; but Peel wound up his letter as if he had no trouble in the world : " I chose your parasol myself. I have got you a little watch, with a very good character of it from Mr. Dent, and have executed every commission myself, except the whip, which I will go for in the course of the day."

Having left his home one night he wrote to his wife from Parliament : " I find no compensations whatever in the turmoil of the scenes to which I have been summoned for the happiness which I left last night. Oh, believe me, my own dearest life, that my heart is set upon home and not upon ambition." And again : " I am most anxious to have you with me. It would be a great consolation to me to be able to retire to you and the little ones from the odious perplexities in which I am involved."

He spent a whole morning over a cloak for Lady Peel : " I mean to give you one of my own choosing, and made

to please my fancy. I do not like what they call merino cloth. It is exactly like the cashmere cloth of which gentlemen's summer coats are made. It would not sit well and would not be warm enough. I have ordered Davis to make one, and have been having a long consultation with him about it."

The responsibilities of power were his, but the joy of it came rarely to him. "I felt very solitary last evening, dining alone after the House had been counted out," he wrote; and once, amid all the tediousness of one of Queen Victoria's ceremonial visits, he wrote: "I shall be most happy when all this is over." His life was wearing him out. "Your tired, but most affectionate, husband," he wrote in one letter; in the next he says: "I want a few days' country air and the sight of something else than letters and boxes"; and two days later he is saying: "My own dearest love, I wish I was with you. I want a little change of air and scene."

Tired out after two late nights in the House of Commons he writes that he cannot help laughing as he remembers little Julia in bed on the morning he left—head downwards, with most of her body under the pillow; and another time, describing a great dinner at which they drank his health with much applause, he adds to his wife: "But they would not have seen me there if I had had my own darling with me."

He would write these letters in the rare moments of waiting that came to him. "I have had ten interruptions since I began this letter," he said in one; and in another: "I can hardly see to write to you, although it is noon; it is excessively gloomy and dark, but I see there are candles in the Lobby of the House." Gas-light and humming-tops

and railway trains were all new things in those days ; and in one of these letters we read that when Peel was Prime Minister he was worried one morning by having to decide whether Lady Peel's new maid should go down to Drayton by train, or whether it would be safer to send her by road.

How beautiful are these two pictures—of this rare, affectionate man immersed in public life against his will, and of the wife he loved far away from him among her flowers. “ I am dreaming,” he wrote to her, “ but perhaps only dreaming, whether it would be possible for me to come to you by the earliest train on Saturday and return on Monday, bringing you back with me. It is something to dream about in my solitude. God bless you.”

He loved her garden. “ You shall have the seeds,” he wrote to her once ; and almost the next words are : “ The violet has been watered.” We can almost scent the fragrance of the little violet root she had sent him up to Whitehall, a little bit of her own garden for his desk. And then he writes : “ I have just returned from executing your botanical commission. I found a *stephanotis* and a plant which bears a yellow flower and grows over the house. The blue companion was not so easy to find.” And who does not like this touch ? “ You ought to be at the drawing-room next Thursday, but you will prefer on that day to collect your fresh-blown violets.”

Never have been letters more true in their affection, more sweet in their simplicity, than these which show a great Prime Minister longing for his home and children. “ Teach the little ones to love me as we love each other,” Sir Robert wrote home to his wife ; and do we not feel that we can almost hear him saying the words as we look at the face John Linnell gave us of this famous man ?

But we must go with him again to that place where duty took him, and see him in his greatest days. He was over fifty now, and it was his last decade. The tragedy of the Corn Laws was reaching its height. War then, as now, had brought the nation to the edge of ruin ; and there were profiteers in those days. When our soldiers had beaten Napoleon our tradesmen sought to grow rich out of the victory ; and thirty years after Waterloo the trade restrictions they persuaded Parliament to pass in their interests had made one in eleven of the population a pauper. In 1842 the whole nation was appalled at the spectacle of pauperism and crime that raged throughout the kingdom, and in the midst of it all the nation was faced with a financial crisis. Everywhere and always, war is as we have seen it, an accursed thing, with crime and poverty and misery and ruin as its foul brood.

The Government fell with the crisis, and once more Peel was sent for ; now his time had come. The brilliant leader had a brilliant host about him ; there were in his party seven men who had been or were to be prime ministers, and five who were to be viceroys of India, and every one of them looked up to Peel and knew that he would lead them well.

There was confronting Peel a task as great as that which any British statesman ever had to face. Peel had grown up believing that a tax on corn was not necessarily an evil for this country, but that it might actually be a good thing. He was opposed to absolute Free Trade in corn because he felt that some measure of Protection was desirable to compensate the agricultural industry for the heavy burdens on land, and also because he believed it would be an admirable thing to make the United Kingdom



THE MOST CHIVALROUS FIGURE OF HIS AGE IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—SIR ROBERT PEEL
AS JOHN LINNELL SAW HIM



IN THE ANXIOUS HOURS WHILE HE WAS PREPARING HIS LAST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT THE FACE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL LIT UP AT THE SIGHT OF THE CHILDREN HE LOVED

independent of foreign corn. There was no selfishness in Peel's Protection; he was never a Protectionist in the selfish and callous sense of that hard word. Once, in his wrath with the Protectionist Party, he burst out :

Protectionist, indeed ! To close their eyes to the result of every commercial experiment that has been made, to find every one of their predictions falsified, to disregard the state of public opinion, to be willing to encounter the risk of bad harvests, not to see that the Corn Laws would in such an event be swept away with dishonour on the demand of a starving population—this is to be a Protectionist. Thank God, I am removed for ever from the trammels of such a party !

And yet there were such men among his followers. There were those who grew rich on Corn Laws and trade restrictions; and the terrible condition of the labouring population, the shadow of famine coming on, did not stir their minds as they stirred Peel's. They were not moved by his greatness of heart; their minds were not for ever broadening out as his mind was; they had none of his love of the people; they could not perceive his far-seeing vision of the greatness of the British race.

So it was that, with this great national crisis facing him, Peel had his party crisis too, for he knew what must happen. Slowly it came to him that only Free Trade could save the country. The principle of the Corn Laws had been to prohibit all imports of corn till the price was very high at home, so that prices soared up against the people, and foreign supplies were kept away from them so long as they could pay the price the farmer asked at home.

The first thing Peel did was to abolish the prohibition of imported corn, and to substitute a tax on a sliding scale,

which eased the situation. But that was not enough, and Peel began a series of budgets that took Parliament by storm. The idea in them all was that if food were cheaper the taxes would lose little in the end, because the people would consume more food. Peel, therefore, reduced the taxes on hundreds of articles and abolished hundreds more. He had to make life easier for the poor by cheapening their food, but he had, also, to increase the national revenue, and, while he removed the burden from the back of the poor, he pleaded with the rich and established for them an income tax of sevenpence in the pound.

Both moves cost him friends and made him enemies in his party, but Peel went on. In 1842 he reduced the tax on 769 articles ; in 1845 he abolished the tax on 522 ; in 1846 he reduced 1035 taxes, and repealed 605 more. It is easy to look back now and see how wise it was, and how necessary it was for the very existence of the nation ; yet we can hardly imagine the bitterness of feeling against Peel. If he had been a criminal, filling his pockets with gold wrung from the ruin of the nation, nothing worse could have been said of him than was openly said in Parliament. We have come to the zenith of his greatness, and we shall understand his chivalry all the more if we bear in mind the bitterness around him, the hate with which he was pursued by those who should have been his friends, the abuse to which he was subjected day by day, month by month, and year by year, while he saved the nation from ruin and the people from starvation, and established those foundations on which the land we love was to rest in prestige and prosperity and peace.

We will take a famous example of the manner of this man and his enemies. There is nothing like it in our

history for the light it throws on the depths of meanness to which politicians can sink or the heights of chivalry to which English manhood may rise. It is the story of that astounding man Disraeli, who became Lord Beaconsfield, and of his relations with Sir Robert Peel.

When Disraeli rose to make his maiden speech in Parliament he was laughed to scorn, and only the rarest kind of courage could have made him try again. Yet when others talked of failure Peel was there encouraging him, cheering him repeatedly, and urging him to make his way. That was in 1837, and in 1843 Disraeli was leading the bigots against Peel; and under Disraeli's influence "the disgust of the Conservatives and their hatred of Peel kept swelling every day."

What had happened in those six years was that Disraeli had come to Peel for office, begging for it almost in tears, and Peel had been unable to give him office. It is a story of which we ought to have the facts.

On September 5, 1841, when Peel was forming his great Cabinet, Disraeli wrote a pathetic letter hoping the Prime Minister would not overlook him. He said he had fought four elections for the party, spent much money, and used his intelligence to the utmost to support Peel's policy. By enrolling himself under Peel's banner he had had to struggle against a storm of hate and malice, but always he had been sustained by the conviction that the day would come "when the foremost man of this country would publicly testify that he had some respect for my ability and character." Then Disraeli went on to say: "I confess to be unrecognised at this moment appears to me to be overwhelming, and I appeal to your own heart to save me from an intolerable humiliation."

As if Disraeli had not said enough, the same night brought to Peel a letter from Disraeli's wife, "overwhelmed with anxiety because her husband's career was for ever crushed if Peel did not appreciate him." At Maidstone alone she had influenced the spending of forty thousand pounds for Peel's party, and she begged that now Disraeli might meet his reward. "Do not destroy all his hopes and make him feel his life has been a mistake," she said. But Peel could not help, and three years later we find Disraeli still whining because he was not recognised.

Now let us come to those great days in Parliament when the Corn Laws were abolished and Peel was at the height of his career. The rains of the summer of 1845, it has often been said, rained away the Corn Laws, but it was Sir Robert Peel who made it possible. The English harvest was ruined, potato disease was bringing famine to Ireland, and Peel was looking on with feelings of which the Duke of Wellington said: "I never witnessed such agony." He had won the Battle of Waterloo, he had seen such sights as men can hardly look on, yet never had he witnessed such agony as Sir Robert Peel endured in the winter of 1845. Three million people in Ireland who lived as a rule on potatoes would have to live on corn in 1846, and the English harvest had failed. There was only one thing to do. "The remedy," said Peel, "is the removal of all impediments to the import of all kinds of human food—that is, the total and absolute repeal for ever of all duties on all articles of subsistence."

He tried to persuade his Cabinet, but they shrank from his path, and in the House of Commons Peel was assailed as if he were a madman or a knave. The Protectionists obstructed him in every way. Once they jeered for five

minutes so that he could not begin his speech, and again and again they assailed him with yells of derision and contempt. It was left to Disraeli to lead the mob, like the political cheapjack that he was; and frantic cheers rang through the House of Commons when Disraeli declared that for forty years Peel had been trading on the ideas and intelligence of other men. From the days of the Conqueror, he said, there was no statesman who had committed political larceny on so great a scale as Peel.

The Prime Minister rose to end the great debate. He would not stoop to meet his enemies, but to Disraeli he felt he might say this—that in view of what he had just said it was surprising that he should have been ready, “as I think he was, to unite his fortunes with mine in office.” He made a great speech and sat down, and it was then that there occurred one of the most remarkable scenes—though all unrealised then, save by two men—in the history of the House of Commons, for Disraeli dared to rise again and say: “I can assure the House that I never asked a favour of the Government, not even one of those mechanical things that people are obliged to ask. With respect to my being a solicitor for office, it is entirely unfounded.”

This man, knowing every word he spoke to be false, trusted in the chivalry of Sir Robert Peel. So, rooted in dishonour, he trusted in a man to whom honour was more than life. He knew that Peel would scorn to meet his lying and abuse, and he was right. The Prime Minister rose and said nothing about the letter he had in his possession which would have shattered the career of Benjamin Disraeli and proved him to be what he was, the meanest member of the House of Commons on that great day.

Peel faced the House with dignity, and said these words : " Every man has a right to determine for himself with whom and on what occasions he will descend into the arena of personal conflict. I will not retaliate upon the honourable gentleman."

After that one would have thought the honourable gentleman would have had some sense of honour, but, seeing that he was free to go on, Disraeli continued his abuse of Peel, and one of the things of which he accused the Prime Minister was of having hounded Canning to his death.

Even in the midst of his abuse Disraeli wrote again asking for a place for his brother, and Peel wrote a private letter to a colleague saying, " It is a good thing that such a man puts his shabbiness on record." That was all he said. He never in his lifetime revealed the letter of Disraeli. Nobody saw it until both men were dead. Only two men in Parliament really knew the greatness of Peel and the meanness of Disraeli on that day when Peel held back. We understand the spirit in which Prince Albert made this note in his diary : " Here we are in the middle of the corn debate. Peel is abused like the most disgraceful criminal. He shows boundless courage, and is in the best spirits. His whole faculties are roused by the consciousness that he is at this moment playing one of the most important parts in the history of his country."

But, though Peel's heroic spirit endured to the end, he was too highly nervous, too noble, and too courageous not to be sensitive to insult, and he was under no illusion about the House of Commons. He wrote to his wife one day that he was just going to that horrible place he had left the night before heartily wishing he might never enter it again. He declared that nothing but " vile office "

would keep him from her presence ; and he begins another letter with the words : “ I again write to you from this odious place where I spend the greater part of the day.” The Duke of Wellington declared that he never knew a man in whose truth and justice he had a more lively confidence, and such men do not pass through an atmosphere of insincerity, tainted with dishonour, without much suffering. Once at a dinner in a great house, where Peel was a guest of honour, somebody told a slanderous story, and Peel got up from his seat. “ You are not going ? ” said his host in great surprise. “ Yes,” said Sir Robert, “ I hope I am a Christian, and I am still a gentleman.” Chivalry and steadfastness and faith in noble things were everything to him, and in Parliament and out of it he was acutely sensitive.

But if nothing else had urged him on he could not have resisted the spectacle of famine approaching in Ireland. The thought of it drew him like a magnet. When his Cabinet shrank from following him he laid down his powers at last ; but in a month he was back in office, “ like a man restored to life,” as he said. He made great speeches for Free Trade, three of them still remembered. In one of them he declared that he had done his best to ensure “ the united action of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed constituency ” ; of another John Bright said it was the most powerful speech ever made in living memory ; and in another Peel said : “ This night we will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England.” His policy had proved itself true, not once or twice, but many times. He had raised the credit of the country throughout Europe, had won for our trade the first position in the world by opening

our gates for the pouring in of raw materials for our industries, and had taken an immense step towards achieving his proud object of making the United Kingdom a cheap and happy place to live in.

The great hour came, and the Corn Bill passed; it was on June 25, 1846. It was one of the greatest triumphs that have come to a statesman; it was one of the greatest days that have come to a people. On June 25 Peel reached the pinnacle of his fame; after five months of struggle he had won. The sun sank in the west, Parliament turned to other things and began to talk of Ireland, and on that very night the Government was defeated on an Irish Bill. Four times in a few months Peel had seen a Government destroyed by Ireland; now Ireland had brought him down.

He could have stayed in power; he could have saved his Government from breaking up, but he scorned the means by which it could have been done; he refused to hold the proudest office in the realm dependent on the votes of men with whom he had no bond of principle, and no true sympathy; and he resigned. He gave the credit for his great achievement to a man who had lived for Free Trade and died without seeing it—Richard Cobden; as for himself, he said, in those famous last words he spoke as Prime Minister:

It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.

Peel had four years to live, and they were years of quiet peace. In the very first days of his retirement he

wrote to a friend : “ We are here quite alone in the loveliest weather, feasting on solitude and repose, and I have every reason to forgive my enemies for having enforced upon me the blessing of the loss of power.” He refused all honours and titles ; it was reward enough for him that he had served his country. Now, at last, he was where he wished to be—at home with those he loved.

One more great speech he was to make in Parliament, and we have a picture of him locked in his room preparing it. Two of his grandchildren had called on Lady Peel at Whitehall Gardens, and when it was time for them to go, Lady Peel exclaimed, “ Oh, but they must see Sir Robert. He will never allow them to go without seeing him.” It seems, however, that Sir Robert had left orders that he was not to be disturbed ; he was making the notes for his last speech in Parliament. But suddenly the library door swung open, and the little ones saw their grandfather, a tall, grave figure, weighed down with cares of State for forty years, and we read that when he saw the children his face brightened with a smile of pleasure ; he bent down and kissed them, and bade them stay with him a while. That night his voice rang through the House of Commons for the last time of all, in what he called a Speech of Peace, in what John Bright once called “ that last, that beautiful, that most solemn speech,” appealing for peace among nations and goodwill among men.

Peel left the House that night a weary man, and his wife begged him to go to bed. She saw him wind up his watch, but as he was so long in his dressing-room she looked in anxiously, and found him on his knees. Every night of his life, however late he came home, he said his prayers. The next morning—it was June 29, 1850—Lady

Peel read his speech in bed, and, not expecting to see him till evening, sent him a note to say how great it was. Peel sent a note back to say he was never so happy as when his dear Julia approved of him. Then Lady Peel got up, and found to her surprise that Sir Robert had not yet gone for his morning ride. "Oh! pray make haste and take your ride," she said, as she passed through the hall, and Peel, calling her back, said: "Julia, you are not going without wishing me good-bye, or saying those sweet words, God bless you?" She embraced him, and he mounted his horse and rode into the park; and in a little while they brought him back again, a dying man, thrown from his horse on Constitution Hill.

The nation mourned for him as a father, wrote the Queen; and it was true. He was the noblest statesman of his time, an upright, truth-loving, selfless man. In him the love of his country was like the love of home, and the spirit that sacrifices all for England's sake burned in his soul like a fire.

XV

THE HEROIC SPIRIT OF CIVILISATION
THE MEN WHO WON THE WAR

*We challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice.
We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay,
Being recompensed beyond our sacrifice
With that nor Death nor Time can take away.*

Francis Bickley

THE MEN WHO SAVED THE WORLD

The British Empire, on the First Anniversary of Armistice Day, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, remained silent for two minutes.

Shall we who open this book at this page be silent for a while in memory of those who died that we might live ?

We marvel at the power of the kingdom of man, but we stand in awe at the solemn stillness of the Kingdom of God.

Standing alone in some great place, in some great hour, do we not feel that silence in which there seems to come a Voice which says : Be still, and know that I am God ?

For silence, shutting out the world that is made with hands, brings us to a world that no man sees but all men know, the world in which they live who once were dead.

And when we bid this world stand still that we may think of them, does it not mean that they who died are living in us still, and that we dedicate our lives, our strength, all we have and are, to those eternal things for which they fought and fell and now are risen again ?

Silence ! for those who bought our lives at a great price, that we too may live like heroes, worthy to follow them.

SCOUTS LAST

When the hospital ship *Britannic* was torpedoed she had on board a number of Boy Scouts. "Women and children first!" rang out from the captain, and those little fellows in their knickers and wide-awake hats went respectfully to the bridge of the doomed ship and demanded that they should not be counted with the children, saying : "We claim to be treated as men, sir!" One of these boys was among the last to leave the vessel, and had

to swim far and long; but he lives to tell his yarns around the camp fires.

ERIC GARDINER

Eric Gardiner, as rare a boy as ever died at sea, was in charge of the wireless cabin on the steamship *Ben Ledi* when she was torpedoed 140 miles from Gibraltar. The captain steered for safety, and Gardiner called up Gibraltar, which flashed back a message that a destroyer was setting out at once. As the captain steered clear of all the torpedoes, the submarine began to shell the little ship, and soon, as the *Ben Ledi* ran short of shells, the fire became so hot that the crew took shelter down below. The captain sent a message to the wireless cabin urging Gardiner to follow.

But the boy had got in touch with an American cruiser much nearer than Gibraltar, and he must await its message, he said, and direct it to the spot. This message saved the boat. Shells fell thick and fast about the cabin, but Eric Gardiner sat at his post, giving directions to the cruiser coming on, and at last the vessel came into view. The submarine dived for safety, and the officers of the *Ben Ledi* returned to the shattered deck. They found the wireless cabin wrecked and Gardiner sitting dead, still at his desk, with the last message from the cruiser unfinished in his log. His own life he gave, but forty-five others he saved.

THE TALE OF A WIRELESS MAST

One night towards dawn, down on the Cornish coast, the huge lattice steel tower at a wireless station, rising hundreds of feet up in the air, began rocking to and fro as if it would crash to the earth. But nothing happened, and it was not till dawn that the mystery was explained.

There, almost at the top of the tower, entangled in

the steel lattice-work, was an aeroplane, caught by its propeller and held fast. The mast was so fragile that it seemed incredible that it could hold an aeroplane, yet the plane was held fast by its nose, and all the rest of its weight, including its human occupant, hung out in space.

Two sailors realised the situation. They climbed up the mast with a rope until they reached the plane not far from the top. Then one of them crawled along the wings and reached the pilot's seat. The pilot sat strapped in, senseless. The sailor loosed the strap, bound the pilot to him with the rope, and carried him along the trembling plane to the shaking mast. Then the two men lowered the boy to the breathless group of spectators below.

DOUGLAS HARRIS

Douglas Harris was the wireless operator on the British drifter *Floandi* in the third year of the war. Eight divisions of drifters were looking after submarine nets in the Straits of Otranto, and the *Floandi* was one of them.

At dawn one day three Austrian cruisers from Pola scattered and shattered the little drifters like so many pleasure boats. On each drifter was a crew of ten men, working like slaves at their little guns, and on one or two of the drifters was a wireless cabin, in which sat boys almost fresh from school, calmly tapping into space the messages that might mean salvation for them all, or might at least bring down destruction on the three cruisers. When the fight was over the *Floandi* lay like a broken match-box, seven of her crew killed or wounded.

But in the wireless cabin sat Douglas Harris, the pages of his log-book open before him, the paper scorched by fire, the writing firm until it ended in a slash across the page. It was the last stroke of this brave boy, sending

out messages while death raged all about him, neatly writing out his log as the answers came. One moment he sat there receiving messages from space; the next he was gone out into the universe, his duty done till his last breath.

SIDNEYS ALL

On one of the terrible days of the Somme, out in the first line trenches, forty Philip Sidneys, raging with thirst, were cut off by shell-fire from the rest of the British line. Thirty-nine of them had not a drop of water.

Their officer produced his own water-bottle and, handing it round, said: "Boys, this has to be divided among the forty of us." It was passed round, and when the fortieth came to drink there was more left for him than any of the others had drunk.

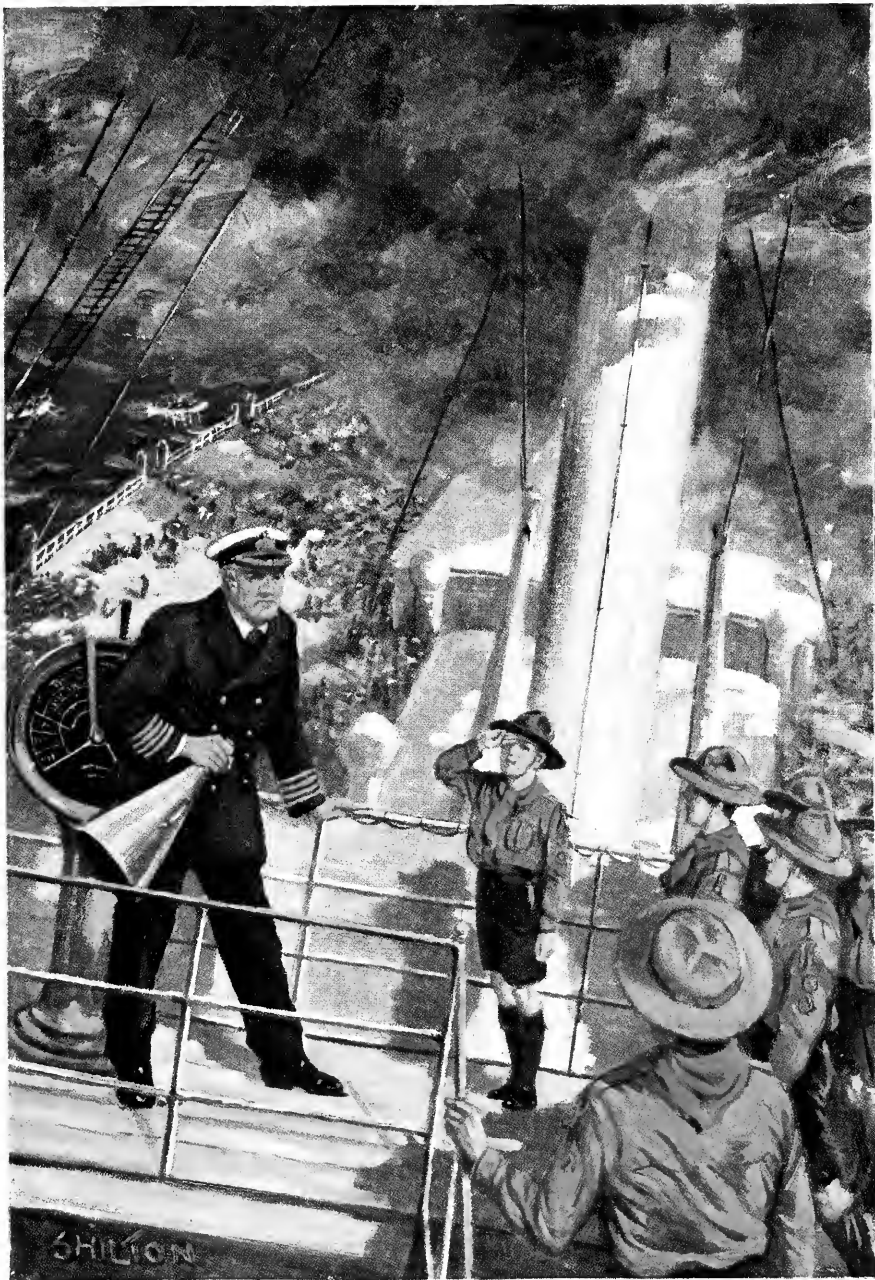
THE DYING MAN WHO SAVED THE FLAGSHIP

The pick of our ships were going down at Jutland. Queen Mary, the wonder ship of the Navy, sank immediately. The Indefatigable followed her, and the Invincible sank in her path. Then twelve shells hit the Lion, the flagship of Admiral Beatty.

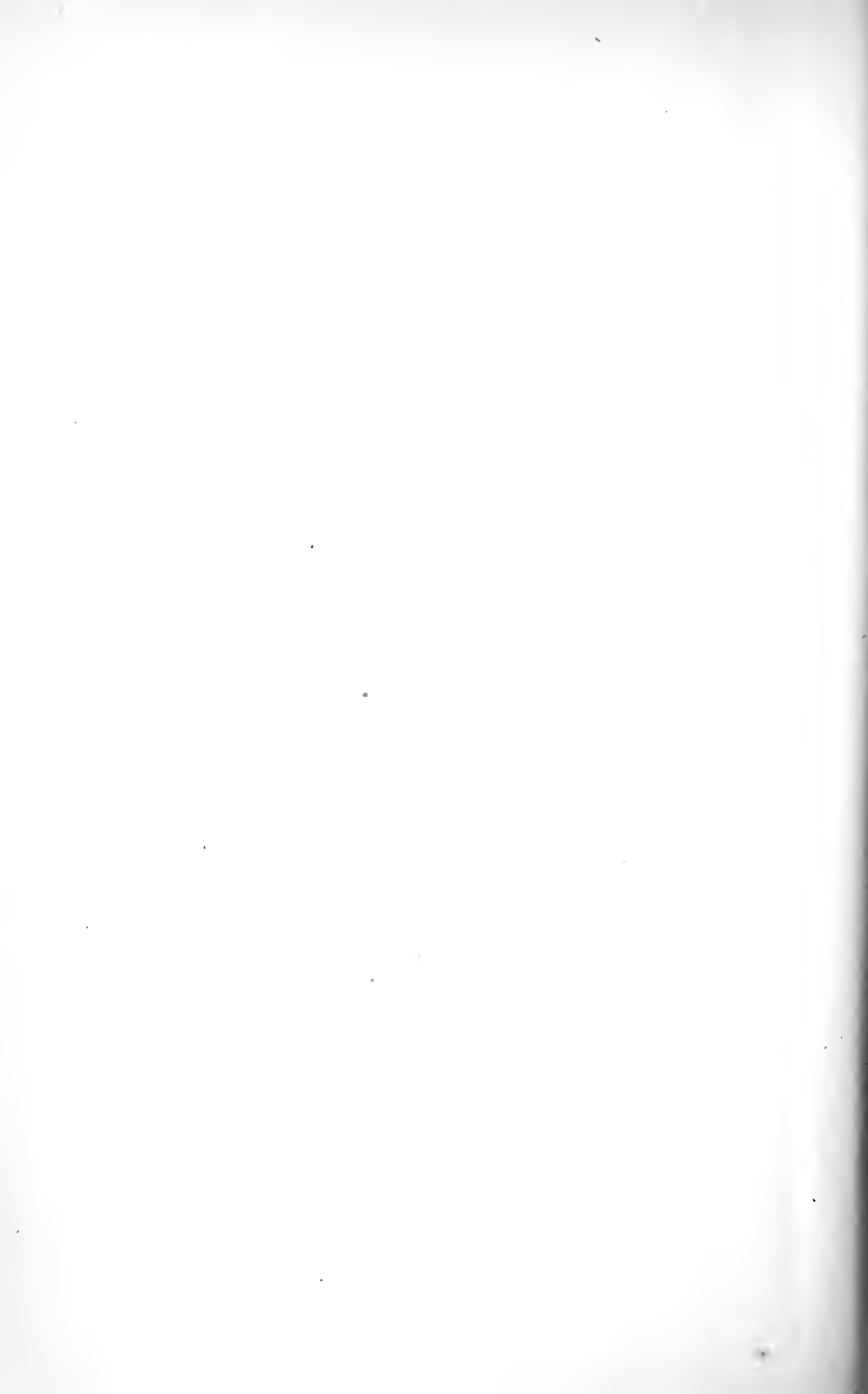
They put a gun-house out of action, and fire, leaping down the ammunition hoists, killed all the men in the magazine. With flames raging there, a few seconds would have sent the Lion to the bottom of the sea.

But close by the magazine an officer lay dying. He was Major Harvey of the Royal Marines. The dying man grasped the situation. He saw that in a minute the flagship would be doomed.

All the strength of his mind and all the strength of his poor body came to him in that great moment. He forgot his agony. He raised himself, and gave the order to shut the doors of the magazine and flood it. It was



AS THE CRY RINGS OUT "WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST," THE SCOUTS ON A DOOMED SHIP DEMAND TO BE TREATED AS MEN



the last thing he did in this world, and it was nobly done. The Lion brought Admiral Beatty home again and endured till Victory.

GEORGE

George was a boy from a Sheffield slum, found by my friend Mr. Robert Holmes, discoverer and biographer of Walter Greenway. Mr. Holmes, as police-court missionary for Sheffield, has been mending broken earthenware for a quarter of a century.

We find George in a squalid hovel, dimly lighted by a candle, with two broken chairs and an empty box for a table, and with a little lad pining for affection and dying for want of care. George is sitting by his brother's couch beside a fireless grate—George is nine and the brother is eight, and George is sobbing bitterly because the food he stole for his brother has made the boy ill, and he wonders if God will kill his brother for eating stolen food. We meet George again in the police court, and in two years we meet him again, always for stealing food. We find him at last haunting the gates of a hospital. His brother is very ill. It was pathetic, the nurses said, to see his grief when his brother died, but one thing it did for George—it broke the last link with his ruined home. He was free at last from his drunken father, and he went to sea.

When the war broke out George helped to sweep the sea of mines. Night and day in that terrible first winter of the war he was out in the cold North Sea. Think of him on his trawler, writing this :

It is lonely, and I don't know how we live through the cold. I'm so frightened that I can't often sleep proper. If it wasn't for thinking that poor folk's food depends on us keeping the sea clear I'm sure I should run away first

time I came into port again. I never prayed much before, but I say my prayers many a time a day now, and in the night as well; and I should be glad if you'd pray for me now and then.

A few days after this letter was written the trawler struck a mine and was blown to pieces. There was only one life lost. One poor man was so badly hurt that he could not swim, and *George gave up the bit of board that would have saved him, and sank into the sea.*

THE BULLET HOLE

George Pargeter was a lieutenant in the Air Force, and his aeroplane was hit while flying over the German lines. One bullet pierced the petrol tank, and the petrol poured over the machine, threatening it with destruction by fire.

The lieutenant took off one of his gloves, climbed on to the lower plane, crept along to the petrol tank, and held his glove in the hole till the pilot brought down the aeroplane safe in the British lines.

PRIVATE BRUCKMANN

Private Bruckmann, of the 99th Infantry of the German Army, fought against us in Flanders, was captured and brought to England, and was set to work in an aviation camp. One day, as a British airman was flying from the aerodrome at which the German soldier was working, something went wrong in the air; there was a swift, mad descent, a crash to earth, and a fierce burst of flame and stifling fumes. The aeroplane was on fire, burning with the horrible fury peculiar to ignited petrol. The airman was helpless, strapped in the pilot's seat, and his doom appeared to be sealed, for there seemed no friend near enough to save him. But our enemy, Private Bruckmann, was there, and the German soldier went

gallantly to the rescue of his foe. He plunged in through the raging furnace, and with cool courage released the tortured officer from his bonds and brought him out alive. He risked his own life to save an enemy.

Bruckmann was forthwith released from his captivity. He was given a sum of money by the British Government ; he was presented with a watch inscribed with the story of his fine deed ; and he was taken back to Germany a free man, honoured by his old enemies. He had left home to kill Englishmen ; he left England with the goodwill of all who knew him.

THE QUEER RICH MAN

In the terrible last moments of the *Lusitania* something snapped in the soul of a man, and heroism of the purest kind burst its bonds. A queer, idle, extravagant millionaire was suddenly transformed into a knight of chivalry. He was Alfred Vanderbilt, one of a family of American millionaires who have made vast fortunes. Inheriting enormous wealth, he had never to give a thought to the problems of life, and seemed doomed to a useless existence.

He was extravagant and showy, flaunting his wealth in all manner of ways. He had palaces in America and in England ; he had a floating palace on the Thames ; he had stables with magnificent coaches and horses. Yet this eccentric young millionaire owned and drove a public coach plying for hire on the road between London and Brighton ! He seemed to have no higher ambition than that. Summer after summer he drove his coach. He charged fifteen shillings each passenger for the journey, made about £500 a season in fares, and spent about £5000

a year on the business. That was one of the odd ways he chose of spending the money he had not earned. He was kind-hearted and generous, a loyal friend; but he made himself a coachman.

Then the war came, and he set aside some of his wealth for the Red Cross. He was coming back from America in the *Lusitania* to take an active part in the work. It seemed as if this eccentric young man was at last to settle down and be serious. But he never reached England again. The *Lusitania* was torpedoed, and as it began to sink Alfred Vanderbilt and his valet stood on the deck, each with a lifebelt, helping women and children into the boats.

“Run, boy, and bring the kiddies out!” said Mr. Vanderbilt to his servant, and the man obeyed. The children were led in safety to the boats, handed in by the queer millionaire. There was now no thought for himself; it was for the little ones alone he cared. At last there was no more to be done for the children, but a supreme trial was to follow.

A woman, old and friendless, came along the deck, palsied with fear of death. Vanderbilt had a wife and children whom he loved, and life was dear and sweet to him. With his vast wealth all the world was open to him, could he but live. We cannot know what problem presented itself to his mind; we can only judge by what he did, and what he did was to remove his lifebelt and place it round the body of this old and friendless woman.

He had given up his chance of being saved, for he could not swim a yard. It was the great redeeming act of his life, and it came in the hour of death. Beneath all his queer ways, his folly and extravagance, lay a vein of

unsullied gold, and it was discovered in the first and last great hour of his career. The young millionaire was a hero after all.

THE FARMER'S BOY

When the Pessimist comes along again let us tell him the story of the farmer's boy.

He was there in thousands, out on the plains of France and Flanders, spending himself for the land he loved. He was the pride and despair of his officers, for he would not be disciplined and refused to salute. But for taking heavy horses about, leading them anywhere, a better boy was not to be found in all the world.

Early in the war a Yorkshire farmer's boy enlisted. There was not a better shot for miles around his home. He could aim at anything and hit it, running or standing. How many rabbits he had shot on his father's farm nobody knows, but anybody could count the number he had missed. When his company went out he was chosen as sniper; most precious his certain aim was to his regiment.

And just because he was so precious he was warned to take great care. "Remember, we cannot spare you," he was told, and on no account was he to go out without instructions. Yet on his first night at the front the farmer's boy was missing. At nine o'clock he disappeared, but he came home at twelve, having killed three Germans. The officer was angry, and Sniper went to bed with hard words ringing in his ears. But the next night he was missing too. At nine o'clock he disappeared, but at midnight he came home, having killed seven Germans. Now the officer was angry indeed. If Sniper did it again he would be court-martialled.

The third night he was missing again, and we know now where he was. He crept along in the dark, close up to the German trenches. He climbed the parapet and fired upon the very heads of the Germans, right and left. But what is one among so many? The Germans fired too; they riddled the farmer's boy with bullets. But somehow he got out. At twelve o'clock he had staggered home again. The officer met him, and he could stand it no more. Sniper must see him in the morning. "It doesn't matter about me, sir," said the farmer's boy; "I came out to kill Germans." And in ten minutes he fell asleep, and did not wake again.

THE RACE WITH DEATH

In the years of confusion that followed the war in Russia many of the Russians with whom British troops were acting proved as unstable as water, and our own men never knew for long whether Russian troops on their flanks might not prove as deadly enemies as the Bolsheviks in front.

On the Dvina river, in villages near Troitsa, two Russian battalions under British command were part of the united force helping to hold the advanced line on our Archangel front. The Russians had seemed loyal enough.

Only two months earlier two hundred had fought bravely under four British officers; but eight weeks went by and they betrayed their friends and mutinied.

There were three posts, two on the river bank, and the third, Kucherika, forming battalion headquarters. Everything seemed normal and comfortable, and Kucherika was apparently sleeping, save for its sentries, when suddenly, at two in the morning, firing broke out from

machine-guns behind the huts in which the officers lay. In one hut were four British officers. Three were slain, and the fourth, Captain Barr, was shot through the shoulder.

He fell down as if dead; this brave man feigned death while the mutineers raged about him. There was a British monitor on the river, and he resolved to make for it with news of the mutiny, so that the rest of the force might be saved. He could not be sure what was happening at the other villages; they might have risen, too; only the monitor could be guaranteed staunch.

He seized what seemed a favourable moment, and then dashed for the river; but he was seen and pursued. "Kill him!" they cried, firing as they ran. The captain received a second wound, but he raced on, entering the water with half a mile to swim before he could give warning. Mutineers rushed to the bank, firing, and four more shots struck the devoted captain. But the dying swimmer laboured on, his life-blood dyeing the water. With six ghastly wounds he reached the ship and gave the alarm; and then he died.

He had been in the nick of time. The mutiny was quelled, and when General Grogan, V.C., arrived in his pyjamas with a few British engineers the tragedy was over.

THE CAN OF TEA

If this should meet the eye of Gunner Evans, God bless him! His name is on the countless roll of heroes, and Lieutenant Causer, for whom he risked his life, wrote down this tale for me.

It is a tale of the early days of the war, of men who were sent by night to occupy an advance position, and to wait there in peril of death in readiness for the great attack.

It was on the fringe of a wood. Behind a large heap of straw and between the trees a round hole ran sharply into the ground, just big enough to let a man through. It ran down more acutely a little way in, so that the bottom could not be seen from the surface. A man could just lie down inside. Gladly I crawled into it, and many winter days and nights I spent there, six feet below the earth, six hundred feet from the enemy.

It was after a battle, and we were expecting attacks. My two guns stood back in the trees. The men dug themselves in beside their guns, and there was no outward sign of life; the little wood was silent as the grave. Only the animals and insects of the underworld knew of the human life below.

All day I lay in my hole in the heap of straw, crawling out only for a few minutes each night. I longed for companionship, but no man could reach this spot by day save in jeopardy of his life, and by night the machine-gun fire on the wood scattered death between the trees. I longed for the warmth of a fire, but it was death to light a fire in such a place. I longed for water to wash in, but did ever a desert traveller find water so hard to get? And how, lying down here at the break of every day, a man longed for a drink of something hot!

Well, on one of these bitter mornings, as by a miracle, something hot came. I lay on the straw and heard a movement stirring above the hole. Then a voice came quietly, "*Are you there, sir?*"

I could hardly believe my ears.

"Who's there?" I shouted; and the voice came back:

"It's me, sir!"

“Whoever are you?”

“It’s me, sir—Gunner Evans!”

“Whatever brings you here, Evans?”

“I thought you’d like a can of tea, sir. I knew as how you’d been having nothing warm.”

I suppose I was more angry than any man not there could understand, for it was almost certain death to cross the space by which Gunner Evans had come from the next section of the battery. Kneeling on the ground, he lowered a can of steaming tea into the narrow hole. He had faced death with it for nearly half a mile.

“Did someone send you, Evans?” I asked.

“No, sir; I just thought I’d come.”

“But you know it’s against orders; you know how dangerous it is; you know it must not be done. It is a wonder you are alive, Evans. How did you get across?”

“Well, sir, I did have a bit of trouble. Coming over the bridge they were shooting at me, but I put the can in my teeth and crawled on my knees.”

I took his can of tea. I suppose I thanked him with some humble words that can never have told him what was in my heart; but I told him to lie down in the dug-out till night, and never again, whatever happened, to repeat this terrible adventure.

Evans was an ordinary gunner with the other section of the battery, more comfortably placed than ours, and in his place of greater comfort and security he had been thinking how pleasant a drink of hot tea would be out in the wood.

And I began thinking, too. All that a man hath will he give for his life, yet even his life Gunner Evans had offered for a man who had done nothing for him.

Another day passed, another night, and another morning broke. I woke up with the light coming through the trees, thinking of Gunner Evans. There was a noise at the top of the hole.

“*Are you there, sir?*”

It was more than a man could believe.

“Who’s that?” I called.

“Only me, sir. No trouble at all this morning, sir.”

And down through the hole came a can of tea, steaming hot.

A LONDON SCHOOLBOY

Eric Townsend went out to the war from the City of London School. With his papers when he died they found this letter, addressed, “Dearest Mother and Father.”

You are reading this letter because I have gone under.

Of course, I know you will be terribly cut up, and that it will be a long time before you get over it, but get over it you must. You must console yourselves with the thought that I am happy, whereas if I had lived—who knows? Remember the saying, “Call no man happy till he is dead.” Thanks to your self-sacrificing love and devotion, I have had a happy life.

It has always seemed to me a very pitiful thing what little difference the disappearance of a man makes to any institution, even though he may have played a very important rôle. A moment’s regret, a moment’s pause for readjustment, and another man steps forward to carry on, and the machine clanks onward with scarce a check. The death of a leader of the nation is less even than a seven days’ wonder. To a very small number it is given to live in history; their number is scarcely one

in ten millions. To the rest it is only granted to live in their united achievements.

But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion, like countless myriads before us. We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives. Even the cattle in the field fare no worse than this. They, too, eat, drink, sleep, bring forth young, and die, leaving the world no different from what they found it.

But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who by their sacrifice won the Great War. Our spirits and our memories shall endure in the proud position Britain shall hold. The measure of life is not its span but the use we make of it. I did not make much use of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now.

Thanks to all that both of you have done, I have crowded into twenty years enough pleasures, sensations, and experiences for an ordinary lifetime. Never brilliant; sometimes almost a failure in anything I undertook; my sympathies and my interests somehow or other were so wide that there was scarcely an amusement, an occupation, a feeling which I could not appreciate. I don't suppose I ever met anybody who was not my superior in knowledge or achievement in one particular subject; but there his knowledge and his interest ended, whereas my interests comprised nearly the whole field of human affairs and activities. And that is why it is no hardship for me to leave the world so young.

Well, I have talked a lot which must have given you

great pain to read, and will not bring you much comfort. I had intended to try and say words of comfort, but, that scarcely being possible, it has drifted into a sort of confession of faith.

To me has been given the easier task ; to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. Be of good courage, that at the end you may give a good account.

Kiss Donald for me.

Adieu, best of parents. Your loving son, ERIC.

THE MOVING DOTS

There came one day from France a voice that will never more be heard on earth, though the things it said will long ring in the hearts of men. It was the voice of one of the men who died for you and me.

He was going into the Battle of the Somme. It was night, and he knew that at half-past seven the next morning he was going to live in history, and perhaps to die in it—though death is only a word we use for the change of life that we do not understand. And in those last hours, with the shadow of the Great Event upon him, this man could think of life and all its meaning, could think of the glory and the wonder of this world and forget himself. He sat down and wrote to the father and mother who were worrying at home, and this is what he said to them :

It is impossible to fear death out here, when one is no longer an individual but a member of a regiment and an army. To be killed means nothing to me, and it is only you who suffer for it ; you really pay the cost. I have been looking at the stars, and thinking what an immense distance they are away. What an insignificant thing the loss of, say, forty years of life is compared with

them! It seems scarcely worth talking about. . . . Well, good-bye, you darlings. . . .

We may pity whoever can read that and not feel a tear in his eye, but we may pity more whoever can read it and not feel lifted up as if a spirit greater than himself had come upon him. This man to whom death was as nothing was killed before the stars were seen again; he gave his life for something greater than, say, forty years on earth.

It is the mystery of mysteries, this power that inhabits a man, but the thing has never been made with hands that is more real. In the final test of manhood the soul leaps out of the house of clay, and neither fear nor hate nor death itself can quench the fire that burns and glows and leads the hero to his place in immortality. In that great hour he sees and knows. The meaner things have gone into their place; the things of yesterday belong to yesterday. There is no room for littleness or self when the soul of a man is face to face with the Eternal God.

So the hero, when he falls, falls at his noblest and best. In one of the stories of the war we read that so many little dots were slowly moving in the distance. They disappeared into a trench, and as they went in other moving dots came out from the other end. Every moving dot was a man. Every moving dot had, somewhere in our Island, a home dearer than any other spot on earth, some spot of our Motherland in which all the hopes of the years were centred for them. But they were willing to be dots on a landscape, they were willing to be crests on a wave, they were willing to leap into death and efface themselves if they might carry on the work of England on the earth. The world had given them something, and they would pay it back.

And so it is the eternal sense of the greatness of life that rings out true from this voice stilled in the Battle of the Somme. Life on earth with all its boundless hopes, death with all its unknown chances, were as nothing to him as he moved there, like a crest on a living wave swept forward to its mighty tide. The sense of humanity, the spirit of the universe, was upon him; he was lifted up by powers without himself, and he was not unworthy to be the chosen instrument of Evolution in this unfolding of our fate. The world is greater than an individual. The whole long history of our heroes proves it true, and he has reached his highest powers in whom the love for others is so strong that he would die for them.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE BELT

A great story has been told of the British destroyer Shark in the battle of Jutland. There were about thirty men in the water, one of them the heroic captain, bleeding to death.

A young bluejacket seized a lifebelt and swam with it to the poor captain, who was struggling in the water with one leg gone. "It's no use, my lad," said the dying skipper; "no use. I can't last long. Don't give it to me; give it to someone else."

And as the belt was given to another man this Sidney of the sea went down for ever to his silent home.

THE SCIENTIST

A Canadian soldier was dying. He was one of the first men killed by gas; and when our scientists went out to France to find the secrets of the poison gas, this dying man was their best friend.

His legs were blown off, but he told his story calmly,

and then said: "Cut off my tunic buttons and take my bayonet, and you will see how the gas is made." They took his bayonet, and the effect of the gas on the steel led them to the discovery of the first means used to protect our men.

It succeeded well—so well that after twenty-six trials they conquered, and out of thirty-five thousand men drenched with gas, only two died.

HER SON JIM

We shall remember for ever, as we grow up, the great joy of the end of the war, and the sight of London with the waving flags. How glorious was our Nelson's Column with its streamers blowing in the wind! We shall remember for ever the day when the Unknown came home, and London's millions streamed down Whitehall to his grave.

And for some of us, standing out in the heart of that great scene, will be always the picture of a mother. She was sitting in Whitehall, by the Cenotaph, where the feeling became deepest, till the human heart overflowed. One could not but feel that about this spot would gather a viewless throng, drawn by the love that centred on the place.

Here in the very heart of England, England's heart was bared—here in Whitehall, where is centred all that our nation has become so wondrously throughout the world; and here, waiting long on the kerbstone with a little basket of food, sat a woman. "You mean to see the procession, mother," said one to her, thinking of the pageantry, of Haig, and Foch, and French, and Beatty, and Sturdee, and Allenby, and all that gallant host that was to pass this way.

“No,” came the answer: “I don’t care much for the procession; but I do mean to see Foch and Haig salute my son Jim.”

And presently she saw pass the great Marshal of France Redeemed, a knightly figure, baton in hand, with Field-Marshal Haig, sad with a thousand memories amid his matchless triumphs. She saw them come, she saw them pause, she saw them—one with baton raised and one with uplifted hand—salute her son Jim; Jim who left his mother to save his motherland, Jim the courageous, Jim the immortal: she saw Foch and Haig and Pershing and Beatty standing there, saluting Jim.

Yes; her son Jim, and all the sons who were not there, those who sleep in France and Egypt and Gallipoli, in deserts and in the seas; in countless places beneath the sun that never yet in all its rolling ages had looked down on such matchless men. We will not forget them. We will march on thrilled with the thought of how they died and what they died for, the greatest heroes since the world began.

THE MEN OF ANZAC

For ever in the annals of our land we shall fly our flags on Anzac Day.

On April 25, through all the years we live, we shall raise our flag in memory of a victory that will never fade. The day that gave us Cromwell gave us Anzac. On this day the immortal heroes of the **Australia and New Zealand Army Corps** landed in that place that will for evermore be known as Anzac Cove. They were out on a journey that ended for them in the tragedy we call death; but there is no death for heroes, and in many a dark hour of England’s story the light of their lives will point the way.



THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR



IN THE LITTLE WIRELESS CABINS OF OUR SHIPS HAVE LIVED AND DIED RARE BRITISH BOYS
FIT TO LIVE IN HISTORY WITH NELSON AND WELLINGTON AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

What is it we shall say on Anzac Day in the years to come? What is it these men stood for, left their homes for, fought for, gave their lives for? They fought for things that heroes have fought for since nations first began, for the things that are dearer than life.

It is the great day of courage; never were seen more daring men, never was heard the tramp of more fearless men in a land they did not know. It is a crowning deed of bravery, carrying us, as we read it, down the great days of history. We think of Balaclava and Thermopylae, where men went out in the thrill and glow of life knowing it was their last hour; we think of all the sorts of men who have been heroes since, and of all the sorts of courage they have shown; and amid all the glory of this story the light of Anzac shines undimmed.

They were not unworthy, these men, of the spirit that made our country what she is, that went out from these islands and covered the earth with freedom and justice and the love of knowledge. They were not unworthy of the men who sailed in unknown seas in little ships that tossed like cockle shells, who stood between the shores of a bay and fondly thought them continents. Something of our Drakes and Howards there was in them, something of that spirit that would not let the Queen of England's future husband scorn our English flag; for when King Philip came from Spain, passing our little Fleet in his great galleons without notice, these founders of the British Empire sent him as a reminder a shot across his bows, and Philip then remembered, and dipped his flag to the English Fleet. There was Anzac courage in that, for on that day King Philip was coming to marry our Queen.

No trained soldiers were these men of Anzac, but men

from the spacious lands across the earth, spending their days in simple ways, in homesteads far from towns, or taking their share in the building up of towns that will be the Manchesters and Liverpools and Birminghams of days we shall not see. And yet there was in them that seed of which the heroes of the world are made. We think of the courage that faced the mocking of the Court of Spain, the threatenings of a rebel crew, and went on, in spite of fear, and found America. We think of the courage of that Stainless Maid who left her peasant home and gave to France a memory and a strength that has lifted up its heart for centuries. We think of the courage of that immortal Captain Cook who found danger and faced it, who found cannibalism and braved it, who found new ways about Australia and put them on the map for us. The courage of them all was in the Anzac men: they, too, were travellers in strange lands; they, too, were servers of a great ideal; they, too, were spreading wider the bounds of freedom.

It was not the thought of a great adventure that brought them from their homes; there was no enemy at their gates. They might have been happy on their farms today, with their fruitlands and cornlands flourishing about them, their little children smiling in their homes, and the golden years before them. But their fruitlands and cornlands will see them no more, their children are weeping, and hope has fled from the golden years, for the Anzac men are on Gallipoli. It was not the dash and daring of a picturesque adventure; they were not great boys setting out to see the world. They were men who knew what they were doing; they had the courage that was afraid and yet goes on. There was a man who hung

back when Wellington called for volunteers, but he came up at last, and Wellington chose him for his hero. He liked the courage that counted the cost and was ready to pay the price.

There was that in the Anzac men. It is hard. It is not like the thrill and glamour of the charge of a great company, when everything in the wonderful body of a man comes up to help him; in times like that men can be brave who have not been brave before. But it is hard to leave the little home and the children, to shut the gate and catch the last glimpse of the garden, to look down the road for the last time, and to set your face to a distant land and see Death waiting there. That is the courage that thinks and counts and calculates—and goes. It is the courage for which we should go on our knees and thank God every day, for a courage like that has given us nearly all we have, has made us nearly all we are, has lifted Little Treasure Island from the level of a barbarous land to be the noblest land on earth, the fortress of freedom, the little land with the secret strength that yet will save mankind and win for us the Peace for which men fought on Anzac Day.

HOW THEY WENT DOWN

There is a strong woman who breaks down and sobs when she thinks of what she has seen.

She was on a torpedoed ship. It was sinking slowly, and there was just time to take the nurses off. Never can she forget the gallantry of the soldiers. As the ship went down they lined up on deck, and sang "The Long Trail" and "Tipperary." They went down singing, and she saw them sink.

Then one of our destroyers rushed up and picked up hundreds of the men. The German submarine waited till the deck was crowded and then torpedoed the destroyer.

"How thankful you must be," said a friend to this strong woman, "that you were saved!" But the strong woman, with this picture that will haunt her mind for the rest of her life, burst out: "No, no! If you had seen it you would never, never think I could be glad. Oh, I would have given all I am, and all I have, and all the world can hold for me, to have gone down singing with those men."

THE SEVEN MEN OF HALIFAX

The great disaster in the harbour of Halifax was one of the most terrible calamities that have ever afflicted Nova Scotia.

It happened during the war, while a ship laden with munitions was waiting in Halifax Harbour, and the loss of property and life in the town was almost beyond calculation.

The munition ship was the French vessel *Mont Blanc*, which was run into by another ship. The collision set her on fire, and her crew, unable to extinguish the flames or stop the ship, escaped in boats.

Like a floating volcano the deserted ship headed straight for the British warship *Niobe*, the naval harbour, and the magazine. On board the *Niobe* was Captain Newcombe, having a wound dressed after the amputation of one of his legs. In that frightful moment he forgot his wound and realised the awful peril developing before his eyes. He called for volunteers to take the ship's pinnace, go up to the *Mont Blanc*, grapple her, and tow her out of the path in which she was carrying disaster and

death. Boatswain Matthison of Toronto stepped forward instantly, and with him six other men, ready for the fearful plunge to death.

They lowered their boat, and the little pinnacle moved like a fluttered bird towards the floating terror. The flames from the Mont Blanc mounted higher and higher, and it was evident that she must soon explode; but the dauntless seven raced on to haul her from her course.

They had almost reached her white-hot side when the catastrophe happened. The Mont Blanc blew up with a thunderous roar, wrecking everything far and near. When the murk subsided all eyes were turned to seek the pinnacle and her crew, but not a trace of the vessel remained. The pinnacle had been blown to atoms, and seven more men were face to face with God.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

As we look back, the human gaps the war has left behind impress us more and more. How many hundreds fell who would have lived to win the applause of their fellows no man can say, but many there were. May we not remember one or two of those who laid aside the promise of a great career to offer all they had for you and me?

Edward Wyndham Tennant fell on the Somme, stone dead from a sniper's bullet, the "Boy Wonder" of the 4th Grenadier Guards, most beloved of all his regiment, who felt, as one of the men expressed it, that they had lost "a great and dear friend."

When the war broke out he was the youngest of recruits, a lad from Winchester School just turned seventeen, tall, handsome, brimming with high spirits, and in love with all things fair and good. He had published a book of verse of high promise, and his personality impressed all who knew him.

When he was a small child, with all the toys and pleasures a child could have, he was taken to see poor children in mean streets who had no similar advantages, and he asked: "But does God know about it?" Hearing people blamed for building ugly houses, he excused them by saying, "If they don't *know* it is so ugly, it isn't so bad of them, is it?"

This was the child who grew up full of "the sunshine of the mind," who had "the manners of the heart" that never go wrong, who put on the back of the motor-cycle on which he scorched the big placard "Apologies for the dust," and of whom it was said "when he comes in the room throbs with him." He had the gift of "banishing from life everything that is commonplace, dreary, and heavy."

More than ten years ago in *My Magazine* I reproduced some charming lines about a mother's face, written as a Christmas card by a boy to his mother; and it was stated then that the little poem was to be reproduced in a book about the sayings and doings of this boy. But none who saw this fine little poet grow up could have imagined the sadness of the world in which the book was actually to appear, for it appeared at last as the record of Edward Wyndham Tennant, one of the rarest and fairest of all that host who fell in France. It was written by his mother, Lady Glenconner, and in it are these lines:

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy,
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my mother.

When the war came, and he was bearing the strain of trench life, he would not be anywhere else for all the world. As one of his men said, "Fun or danger were the same to him." But he drew his strength from deep sources. "I have," he said, "the feeling of immortality strongly, and think of death with a light heart, as a friend whom there is no need to fear."

In that great spirit went from the world a life of unbounded promise, leaving only loving and heroic memories.

RUPERT BROOKE

When Rupert Brooke was buried, on a Greek island, the interpreter of the burial party wrote in pencil on the cross over the grave: "Here lies the servant of God, Sub-Lieutenant in the English Navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks."

How he would have loved that flash of romance! Wherever his twenty-seven years of life had carried him, he was known as a poet who gave almost certain promise of being great. He had lived among the finest spirits of our race, and men had seen in him a faithful interpreter of life as it is developing in this generation.

But it was not till the war came, with its solemn touch, that he reached the full dignity of his work.

He was born at Rugby, son of the master of one of the school Houses, and as a boy he cast a spell over his school-fellows, appearing equally balanced between enthusiasm and fun, books and games, meditation, laughter, and the love of friends. His occupation, one of his friends says, was being in love with the universe.

During a voyage round the world, after he had gained his University Fellowship, he was finding his way to a

manhood stronger even than his splendid boyhood had promised. Then he returned, with one book of verse published, and sheaves of marvellous letters scattered among friends ; and the war changed everything. It was the thought of " these people at the front fighting for some idea called England, some faint shadowing of goodness and loveliness they have in their hearts to die for," that awakened the most moving strains of his poetry.

The lines remembered above all others that he wrote are in that famous sonnet in which he enshrines his deathless love of England :

If I should die, think only this of me :
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
 And think this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
 Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
 And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

None who knows the true note of poetry can miss it from the poems which Rupert Brooke wrote after he encountered the grim realities of life and death in 1914. They have in them a strange feeling of his own fate.

WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON

William Noel Hodgson fell in the Somme advance. A son of the Bishop of Ipswich, he was distinguished both at school and at Oxford as an athlete and a scholar. His

spirit is seen impressively in this prayer, written four days before he fell :

By all the glories of the day
 And the cool evening's benison,
 By that last sunset touch that lay
 Upon the hills when day was done,
 By beauty lavishly outpoured
 And blessings carelessly received,
 By all the days that I have lived,
 Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears
 And all the wonders poets sing,
 The laughter of unclouded years
 And every sad and lovely thing,
 By the romantic ages stored
 With his endeavour that was his,
 By all his mad catastrophes,
 Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
 Saw with uncomprehending eyes
 A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
 Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
 Ere the sun swings his noonday sword,
 Must say good-bye to all of this.
 By all delights that I shall miss,
 Help me to die, O Lord.

There speaks the hero in love with the glory of the earth, yet braced up to leave it all with only a sigh, in devotion to a noble purpose. "He was the only man whom I have never known to show a sign of fear," a brother officer wrote.

JOYCE KILMER

One of the saddest of the tolls levied by war on all that is best in men was the death of the clean-hearted, joyous-minded young American poet, Joyce Kilmer.

He was only thirty-one when he fell in France, but he was known throughout the English-speaking nations as a poet of brightest promise.

One of his most characteristic poems is that charming vision of Christ as a Citizen of the World :

No longer of Him be it said
He hath no place to lay His head.

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendour shining through Its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me,
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

His writing always had the note of sheer simplicity that speaks straight to the heart, and his response to all beauty in Nature was as deep as it was fresh and simple. He wrote this appreciation of trees :

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree ;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair ;
 Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

The War aroused in him a passionate indignation, and no one joined in the strife with loftier motives, as we see from these last lines that he wrote :

What matters death if Freedom be not dead ?
 No flags are fair if Freedom's flag be furled.
 Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread
 To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
 And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
 Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

So Joyce Kilmer passed triumphant to his fate,
 modern Sir Galahad, pure in heart even through war.

TOM KETTLE

Tom Kettle, first a lawyer, then a journalist, then Professor of Economics in the National University of Ireland, was a travelled Irishman who gained his love and knowledge of freedom from wide observation.

Throughout his life he conquered by his breadth of view, united with intensity of conviction. Entering Parliament, he strengthened his hold on it by his attractive personality, and, notwithstanding a terrible keenness of tongue, he was universally admired.

Before he joined the Army he made two hundred speeches in the hope of showing Irishmen their true pathway of duty. On the Western Front he was beloved by his men as Captain Tom, and when he fell, rising with his

last strength to wave them on, they rushed with frenzied valour on the position they were attacking.

Undoubtedly Tom Kettle would have had a great position in the Ireland of the future if he had survived, for he had in him the soul of goodness that solves the most difficult of life's problems.

He, too, is in the ranks of soldier-poets. To him the army he had joined was the army of freedom, crusading for the redemption of humanity. It was marching on

To the fields where the world's remade,
And the ancient dreams come true.

For long years to come men will read Tom Kettle's sonnet to his baby daughter, telling " why he abandoned her " :

In wiser days, my darling rosebud, blown
To beauty proud as was your mother's prime,
In that desired, delayed, incredible time,
You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own.
And the dear heart that was your baby throne,
To dice with death ! And, oh, they'll give you rhyme
And reason ; some will call the thing sublime,
And some deery it in a knowing tone.
So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
But for a dream born in a herdsman's shed,
And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

The annals of the war contain no more pathetic loss than this fine man, abounding with power and high hope.

CHARLES SORLEY

Charles Hamilton Sorley, son of Professor Sorley of Cambridge, was only twenty when he was killed in the

war, but he was old enough to have written poems which stamp him as a fearless truth-seeker, capable of shaping his thoughts in a noble mould.

Of his poetry a poet says: "His death was a loss to English letters as great as Rupert Brooke's—perhaps greater." His was an eager, unfinished quest. He had not fully found himself. How should he do so at such an age? But his ideal was high and spacious, as in this:

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine—and yet, and yet,
This sanctuary of my soul
Unwitting I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou shouldst care
To enter, or to tarry there.

His headmaster wrote that whenever Sorley's housemaster came to talk on business they always found themselves discussing Sorley and his future.

TWO BROTHERS

Julian and Billy Grenfell, sons of Lord Desborough, were distinguished through life as athletes and sportsmen, and were equally conspicuous as scholars; but, even more than in these distinct achievements, they were marked down from boyhood as notable men by their personalities.

Of Julian Grenfell it was said, as of Sir Lancelot, "he was the gallantest man I have ever known, and the gentlest." Julian left ample evidence that he had poetic vision, as well as a fine humour that flowed easily into rhyme. Before he fell in France he wrote a witty "prayer for the young men of the Staff," but in his serious moments he could rise to this lofty flight:

The fighting man shall from the sun
 Take warmth, and light from the glowing earth ;
 Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
 And with the trees to newer birth ;
 And find, when fighting shall be done,
 Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

The thundering line of battle stands,
 And in the air Death moans and sings ;
 But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
 And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

That Billy Grenfell, too, could write verse was shown
 by his farewell to a fallen comrade of his boyhood :

O heart and soul and careless played
 Our little band of brothers,
 And never recked the time would come
 To change our game for others.
 It's joy for those who played with you
 To picture now what grace
 Was in your mind and single heart
 And in your radiant face.
 Your light-foot strength by flood and field
 For England keener glowed ;
 To whatsoever things are fair
 We know, through you, the road ;
 Nor is our grief the less thereby.
 O swift and strong and dear, good-bye.

And all this was true of the two Grenfell boys. Lovely
 and pleasant were they in their lives, and in death they
 were not divided. Julian fell in May and Billy in the
 following July, both on the Western Front.

FRED SELOUS

Frederick Courtenay Selous was a hero long before the
 war. He had been put into romances as their finest
 character, the great hunter following big wild game into
 the midst of wild men, in the unvisited parts of the earth,

and doing marvels as a rifle shot, a discoverer of animal tracks, a surmounter of apparently insurmountable obstacles, and a charmer of men.

And he was all this. He was born to it. From his days as a Rugby schoolboy he was in love with an open-air life, and with all things that hold that life dear, whether man, beast, or bird.

As a boy, when asked what he would like to be, he said, "Like Livingstone," and all his boyhood was a preparation for life in the African wilds. Before he was twenty he was out in South Africa hunting on his own account, and well able to take care of himself. His hunting of elephants and lions was on a very big scale, though he never killed for killing's sake. Elephants he killed, of course, as a business—ninety-two of them on one trip.

When the war came he was well over sixty, and had begun to settle down as an occasional hunter, but a more frequent writer and lecturer. But he offered his services in German East Africa, the region he knew best, and they were accepted. Well they might be, for Cecil Rhodes, the founder of Rhodesia, had himself declared that Selous was "the man above all others to whom we owe Rhodesia," with its 450,000 square miles.

Physically, intellectually, and morally, Selous was straight and strong. When he was nearly sixty-five he marched on foot with his men, carrying his equipment as they carried theirs. Everybody loved him, and honoured him. His love of truth was known from end to end of South Africa, and there was a saying among hunters that "if Fred Selous says it is, then it is." An officer who served with him when he fell, shot through the head in advancing through dense bush, said of him: "He was

my hero as a boy in books, and he remains so now. He was the easiest of all men to cheat, but no one dared to do it. Anything mean shrivelled up in his presence."

He was fighting for freedom in the country that he loved till the very moment that he died, and now he lies out in that country in the shade of an African forest, "where the bush cuckoo heralds the dawn, and the lion roars his requiem to the night."

TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

At the Cenotaph, Armistice Day, 1919

How glad we are to have you home again, dear friend from France! In truth you have been with us since that day you went away, but it is good to feel that you sleep in English earth.

You always said you would come back. Do you remember that sunny day you went away—how beautiful the garden looked, with roses blooming and hollyhocks swinging? Do you remember those last days at home—how we talked of all the years that had gone by, and of all the years to come? Do you remember how we pretended to forget that you were going away, until at last you had to go, and up you jumped, and said Good-bye, and off to the war you went?

How good your letters were to read! Do you remember how it seemed as if the solemn stars looked down and spoke to you? And how thrilling it was to see the shells flash past and never hit you? What a game for a boy—especially as you were winning! For you always said we should win.

You hated nobody, but this stern thing, you said, had to be done if men were to be free and the earth was to

be a garden of delight for all of us. Ah! what a New World we would have when you came home again! No more wars to grind men down to powder, but a world at peace, with nobler things to fight for, lovelier things to live for, and heaven itself to die for.

And so you fought on, believing. All you told us was that we were winning. We did not know whether it was you who lay still and wounded for six hours rather than betray your comrades. We did not know whether it was you who sat still up a tree for twelve hours, and came down with many wounds and an arm in pieces. We did not know whether it was you who lay in pain and raised yourself up again and again to signal the position of the enemy. All we know is that you fell.

But you fell believing, believing in the land you fought for and those you left behind; believing in the New World coming.

And now they have brought you home again, not to the red and white roses, but home to the place where heroes lie; and you will sleep with kings and all that line of mighty men whose fame Time cannot dim.

The King is mourning at your side, the People bow their heads, and on and on from age to age this plot of earth in which you lie will draw men unto it. For you fought a good fight, dear friend; you kept the faith, dear friend; and you shall yet look down from near God's Throne on a land that remembers still.

Hail and Farewell—until we meet again.

DOES THE UNKNOWN KNOW?

November 11th, 1919

The most moving sight the English capital has ever seen was that vast throng of people filing past the

Unknown Warrior's grave ; it seemed as if all London came that way ; and yet these living, moving on by day and night, were not so great a multitude as those of ours who sleep in France.

Who that stood in Whitehall as the Unknown Warrior came can ever forget the day ? Has there been, in all the age-old history of this land, so stirring and solemn a scene ?

Whitehall, the sacred way of human freedom, is silent and still. The great machinery of government that affects, for good or ill, one-quarter of the human race comes to a pause. The windows of these noble buildings are filled with sad-faced women dressed in black ; the streets are lined with the quietest throng of people ever known : are there not fifty thousand people within sight from where we stand ?

Yet all is still as there comes the sound of far-off music, that march of Handel sounding like a world in tears, like the breaking heart of nations pleading for mercy at the Throne of God.

It is coming nearer. A hundred thousand people are listening to it, and not one of them can speak, for words will not come to the tongue. Now comes the tramp of horses' hoofs, the tread of human feet. The King is here with his princes and peers, Prime Minister and Primate ; the most famous Britons since the war began come slowly up.

Around the Cenotaph they pause. The King turns round and stands alone, and a hundred yards away is a coffin wrapped in a flag. It draws up in front of the King, and in the name of all our people the King salutes the warrior home from France.

We say the Lord's Prayer together, great men and small men, rich and poor, those who rule and those who toil, children setting out on their long journey through this world, and old folk passing on; and then we sing that hymn that seems to have the wonder of the world in it, with these noble lines :

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
Through endless years the same.

And these lines the soldier in the coffin must have surely heard :

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

And then Big Ben strikes eleven, the King unveils the Cenotaph, and we stand, we fifty thousand people, through those silent minutes in which it seemed that all the world was as still as a leaf on this rare autumn day. Not a figure moved, not a horse grew restless, not a tree rustled in the wind; all that is most powerful in this nation was bowed and hushed in prayer that England, Mother England and her children far and wide, might be worthy of those who died for us. The glorious dead! Would that we could speak of the glorious living, too; yet how far have we fallen from those great heights to which our Unknown Warrior lifted us on many a valorous field.

Now on he goes, the King behind, and all these famous men—yet none so famous now as this Unknown—move slowly to Westminster. Through the great doors they follow him; there in the grave they lay him down; and

now he sleeps with kings, he whose mother may have seen him pass, not knowing.

But are we to believe *he* does not know? Are we to believe that all this wonder is nothing to him? There are things that God alone knows, but it is the consolation of our human lives that nothing has happened since Life began to shake our faith that God is just. Shall He not give to us a glory greater yet? Our heroes do not die. Our Unknown is not dead. Those men who flung their bodies like a living wall across a cruel path, that multitude of the flower of men who gave themselves

To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time,

have not passed from a battlefield to annihilation in a grave. The something in them that we could not see or touch, the something that we loved them for, the something we saw in the light of their eyes, or heard in the softness of their voice, or felt in their presence near us—these things cannot perish.

Somewhere in the Realms of God the spirits live of those who sleep, and who shall say the Unknown does not know, the Unseen does not see? Who shall say he was not looking down from near God's Throne as London bowed in prayer around his coffin by the Cenotaph?

A man may fall for freedom, but he falls to rise again. We sleep, and the bodies we inhabit pass through changes rich and strange; but we move on with all created things, from step to step, from height to height, from realms we know to realms beyond our dreams, until at last the morning breaks, the full day dawns, and the shadows flee away.

They have Awakened from the Dream of Life

There are no dead. Of all the truths we must allow to sink deep in our minds this is the greatest of all. There are no dead.

This boundless universe, with all that it has been, and is, and is to be, was not fashioned to be a spectacle for human eyes and then to pass away. The toil and sorrow, the triumph and failure, the yearning and achieving of our race, are not for nothing, like the passing of the wind.

Behind the world is God, beyond the world is God; and Life, which fell as the seed from the hand of the Sower, marches to its destined end, and it will arrive in due season. You and I, and all who live upon the earth, are actors in the drama of the world—and what a drama!

To what end we are striving no man knows. No man knows whence he came or whither he goes; it is the everlasting mystery of our lives. In the fine words of Professor Gilbert Murray, one of the rarest thinkers of our age, the great adventure of our lives has certainly that element of thrill which comes from our not knowing how the story ends. "Is it a frozen earth and a dead sun, and the gradual annulment of mind and life? Are we actors in a triumph or a tragedy?"

We read a book and are held entranced till we forget it is three in the morning, but what is there so enthralling as this adventure of a human life, out of mystery into mystery, out of a past we can hardly believe into a future that no man knows? Where is the drama that can match it? Where is a mystery so deep?

It began with wild men living in tree-tops and caves ; it comes up through ages of darkness and ignorance, through ages of sacrifice and heroism, into this age of power unthinkable, with the mind of man as master of the earth ; and it has brought us to a time like this, with man, at the end of his long, long trail, reeling before the powers and terrors he has made as once he reeled before the lion and the bear. Marvellous is the imagination of a man, but more wonderful than all imaginings is man himself.

And in this great chapter of his story at which man now stands, what most impresses us ? It is the solemn thought that under the stricken fields of France, under the green hills of Gallipoli, out in the desert among the ruins of empires, or down in the bed of the sea, ten million men now sleep who gave their lives in that great fight for liberty. Summer comes again, roses are blooming, birds are singing, and the wind is passing over the wheat ; but somewhere, everywhere, a mother is thinking of a boy who lies out there, and the glory of the world is dimmed by the thought of those for whom it is no more.

Yet was ever a triumph like theirs, who gave all to save mankind ?

*They are not dead, they do not sleep :
They have awakened from the dream of life.
They have outsoared the shadow of our night ;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch them not, and torture not again.*

We think of them as a stage farther on in that great march of man towards his destiny. They see beyond the vision of our minds ; for them the door is opened, the veil is lifted ; they know the end to which Creation moves. It was Charles Darwin himself who refused to think that man, with all his powers, was doomed to pass away from the uni-

verse after his brief life here ; and a mad world it would be in which the marvellous human mind with all that it has meant, and the heroic human heart with all that it has felt, were marching through the centuries to a grave of dust and ashes.

Life is not like that. It climbs from age to age, and rises to great heights. It lifts its children up to nobler things. It moves ever onward, ever upward. It works by ways we do not know, in realms we cannot see ; and the sleep we call death is but the passing through a gate between two worlds. We do not understand it ; that is all.

But one thing at least we know ; that there is nothing on the earth today so potent and enduring, so present everywhere, as the silent power of that great multitude of heroic souls who have passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace. They move us day by day ; they urge us on ; they hold us to our faith ; and so we think of them, not as lost or fallen, or as lives crushed out, but as heroes in a triumph, now—in some way and in some place beyond our ken—receiving their reward.

*There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread.
For all the boundless universe
Is Life. There are no dead.*



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